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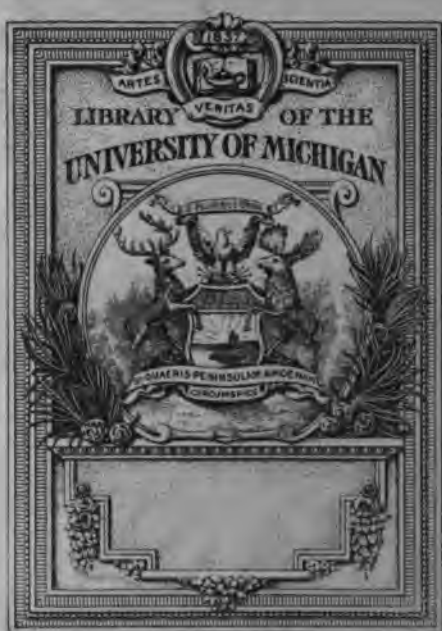
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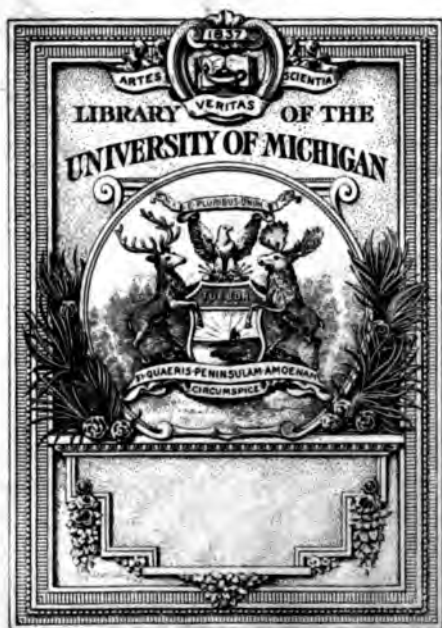
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THE

*Gentleman's*

2

VOLUME CCL

*JANUARY to J*

PRODESSE & DELECTARE

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*Edited by* SYLVANUS U



London

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1899



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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1899.

*THE GHOSTLY ADVENTURE OF  
PETER NICHOLAS.*

BY W. M. CHILDS.

**I**N the dead hour of a February night, Peter Nicholas, the fisherman of Treleven, was roused from sleep by his wife crying out to him from the window.

"Peter!" cried she, "come you out o' bed. There's Jack o' Lanterns all over to Polpeer Cliff."

"Not them," growled Peter from the bed-clothes. "Don't tell me such nonsense. Your head's always buzzing with some passel o' foolishness. Put down the window, Susan; you'll catch your death there in your shift."

"Peter, I see him as plain as ever my two hands! There's one top o' cliff, and another runnin' round him—how my blood run cold to see such! And you frightened to quit your bed! They're ghostës, I do believe."

"Hoosh, woman, there's no call to talk o' ghostës," said Peter crossly, getting forth upon the floor. "You ought to know there be no such things, you with your schooling. He's some light in one o' the housens."

By this time he was at the window. Susan, her face pressed against the panes, was shaking with cold and fear.

"There, Peter! there—there he runs again—running up the cliff, where a mortal can't set his foot, as roguish as ever you see. God o' mercy, there's three of 'em now!" And she broke into dry quavering sobs.

"Gosh!" said Peter, staring whither his wife's finger pointed. "Well, I never see such!"

Peter's cottage was situated, with the other cottage Cove, upon the north shore of a wide bay. The re was bounded by desolate cliffs and sand dunes. The riveted the attention of himself and his wife was a tri shifting lights upon the opposite shore across the b sands of Polpeer. The spot was the loneliest and wilk bay, and Peter knew well enough that lights of any business there in the dead hour of night. The old sto o' Lanterns," or "Will o' the Wisps," which were trad cove, flashed into his mind. Of the three lights, one s steadiness of a ship's lantern upon the crest of the other two danced and capered in the oddest manner up below. They had no abiding places, but hither the thither. Now they chased one another in giddy circles snake-like motion they glided high up the slope, or das level with the speed of gulls. Again and again they these weird gambols; one flying, the other pursuing, I ghostly lovers—cold and hot. Against the black pall their fiery eyes shone with a tigerish glow.

"Gosh!" said Peter again. "I can't put a nam I've a mind to put on my oilers, Susan, and seek 'em c

"Hoosh, Peter, hoosh!" cried his wife fearfully, hear ye in the chamber. I've heard tell o' such marv

But Peter was now really roused. He continued to into the night, jerking off with an impatient word the as she sought to stay his purpose. At length he dr

"Fetch me my oilers, Susan. I'm going forth ' lights be—misleading poor fishermen. The tide's I'll do a bit of wrecking as I go along."

"God keep you, Peter!" cried Susan in terrc got you? They Jack-devils will draw you into bitterness, and I'll be a widow, and poor dear me will come upon the parish! And, Peter, pots in the morning, you know you was."

"I'll haul crab-pots and you too, you'll pulling his jersey over his head. "Shame look as whisht as a sperrit yourself."

And a few minutes later he shut the behind him, and tramped out into the dar

The night was cloudy, and the new between the banks of vapour. The wind ward, bringing with it a flaw or two of ri

upon the rising tide, and as Peter trudged along the sands the dirge of the surf tolled mournfully in his ear. But he was used to the night time and to solitary expeditions; and he stepped out briskly, guiding his course by the white line of foam upon the sand.

Every now and then as he proceeded he cast a glance in the direction of the strange lights at Polpeer. They still kept up their mysterious antics, drawing, Peter observed with a half-shudder, a little nearer. What to make of them he could not tell. Years back when a boy he could just recall seeing something of the kind. The older fishermen of the cove, he knew, shook their heads warily when questioned, and either held their peace or asserted the appearances to be of devilish origin. There was a wild story current of a man from the neighbouring town who had gone out by night to hunt them down, and whose reason had been unseated by an encounter with monstrous apparitions in black hats, yellow coats with broad buttons, and no faces. But Peter was by nature a bold man, and, having been to the reading-room a good deal, prided himself upon his superiority to such old wives' follies; and it had always been in his mind that if ever he saw these Jack o' Lanterns again, he would run them to earth. Still, now that he was abroad in the dead hour of night, with the rain softly touching his cheek, and the moan of the sea in his ears, and these capering eyes before him, he almost wished he had stayed abed. He wished, too, he had not spoken to his wife so crossly. However, if only to keep her tongue quiet, he must go through with it now. He gripped his stick and went ahead stoutly.

By now he was close upon the sands of Polpeer. The clouds had banked up athwart the moon, and it had grown suddenly very dark. Looking through the blackness, Peter could now see only one light, gliding slowly up the cliff. It shone with a bluish radiance and threw a faint tinge upon the waters below. In some mysterious way it carried an air of injured lordship, and Peter was overcome with a sudden sense of intrusion. For a moment he made up his mind to go back. Then suddenly the light went out, and he was left in pitchy darkness by the edge of the creeping tide, the waves crying in his ears their mournful calls. There he stood at a loss, casting fearful looks over his shoulder, a prey to the worst uncertainties. The sand at this spot was wet and shifting, for a dribble of fresh water ran down from the cliffs. Feeling the water soaking through his boots, Peter moved a few steps forward. All of a sudden, as far as he could remember afterwards, something whisked across his face, and in the same moment his foot struck an impediment and he fell headlong. Picking himself up hastily he staggered

a pace or two in a panic and then flung round. Something about the substance his foot had struck filled him with a sick feeling of curiosity; and out of some unseen compulsion, rather than his own will, he crept back again to the spot. Upon his knees he felt this way and that with his hands upon the cold wet sand, dreading he knew not what.

He clutched handfuls of sand, but nothing more; when stooping low, his cheek touched something cold and smooth and soft. In the same instant, a fiery light seemed to glow directly behind him, shadows and lights compassed him about, and by this dreading agency he saw that he was cheek to cheek with the dead body of a man outstretched upon the sand. One thing more he saw upon the chin of the corpse, showing hideous against the milky cheeks, was a mantling of beard, red, like his own.

In an ecstasy of terror he screamed aloud, calling on his Maker, and starting off at a wild speed, he did not pause until he had made halfway up the cliff.

Here he flung himself upon his face, and tried to utter a prayer, but the words choked him. What his wife said came true: that he had a nerve for any storm, but a poor nerve for a dead; but it must be conceded the circumstances were such that a buzzing noise roared in his ears, and putting his hands upon the sand he found upon it a lather of sweat.

For a long while—hours it seemed—he could not think, and when at last he dared get upon his feet he could hardly stand. According to Peter, this was the worst moment of all, worse even than that which was to come, when he was devoured by a passionate longing to get back to the walls of his house, and in the presence of family and friends these unspeakable horrors of the outer darkness were told in his mind to go back to the sand and the corpse above high-water mark. He declared himself to be calling to her by name, and see her stretching out her arms all the while, like the steady ringing of a bell, which was told in his mind to go back. And at last he was told to go back.

There were now no lights, for which he turned to the light of the moon breaking through the clouds and shining out with difficulty, the ghastly object of his search. The tide was lapping about it, and hair and seaweed were fro with the idle motion of seaweed. He beheld the evil thing darkly cumbering the sand, and the insistent voice within brought him to lay

was deadly heavy, clammy to the touch, and smelt strongly of sea water. As Peter hoisted it upon his back, the wet streamed from the sodden clothes with a horrid sound of oozing. One stiff nerveless hand tapped him lightly upon the cheek, but Peter thrust it away with a gasp.

He had but a short way to go. But Peter would go to either Pole with joy, or suffer any peril of the body, rather than tread the sand with that burden again. In the first place, the lights came back. Hardly had he taken a step when a light of the same pale bluish radiance as before sat wickedly between his feet, gliding forward with him. Another shot past his ear with a noise of hissing, and skipped maliciously in front of him, emitting a faint unearthly perfume, which Peter likened to that of lavender. A third settled upon the dangling hand of the corpse, glowing there with the intense glittering fire of a great jewel, and without heat. Still Peter ploughed desperately up the steep slope, but worse was to follow. A noise as of people muttering filled the air, and a score of hands, each one white and drawn, and capped by a tremulous flame, rose slowly through the sand. Peter declared he felt the sand heave convulsively, and human shapes wearing dark robes flit past him in procession. But in face of the unutterable horror of one last thing he was no longer master of himself. The last thing was that the corpse he was carrying slowly unstiffened of the stiffness of death and stood upon its feet and looked Peter in the face. Its eyes were blue, and a flaming blue light sat upon its head. Down upon the sand fell Peter in a dead swoon, and when he came to himself it was grey dawn, and he arose and ran and ran, looking neither right nor left, till he reached his cottage door.

And his wife put him to bed and sent for the doctor.

The story of Peter's terrible adventure soon travelled about the cove, and next day a large party searched the sands of Polpeer from end to end. No trace of the dead body or anything unusual was found; only they saw a track of footsteps to the spot upon the cliff slope whither Peter had fled. And there was another track plainly of another person which ran down into the sea and was lost. This last evidence gave rise to many speculations.

Many times since then Susan Nicholas has roused her husband at the dead hour of night with the news of Jack o' Lanterns on the cliffs. But Peter only shakes in his bed and never dreams of meddling with them again. Nor indeed does any one else who knows Peter and his story.

## THE LAST WRITINGS OF LANDOR.

**I** AM afraid Landor's repute still remains in the world of me-  
 letters, and not in that of national literature. There is  
 doubt that with him the thing said is less important than his me-  
 of saying it." So wrote the late Lord Houghton (Richard Mor-  
 Milnes). The cultured pen of Landor appeals no doubt more  
 literary and the intellectual than to the world at large; but  
 public appreciation of this great writer to-day does not  
 endorse Lord Houghton's verdict. As Landor's works be-  
 come widely known, his genius meets with fuller recognition.  
 It is seen that his place in national literature is incomparably  
 that assigned him by the poet peer. Cheap editions  
 "Imaginary Conversations," "The Pentameron," "As-  
 Asia," have done more to extend the public know-  
 ledge of his writings than even John Forster's volumes. In the  
 Havelock Ellis, who has edited Landor, he will appear as a  
 figure in English literature. "His," says Mr. Ellis, "in  
 form, like Milton's, solitary, it is true, but he stands  
 on the eastern uplands, fairly beyond the ebb and flow of  
 the sea, however, is not popular in the sense that Byron, Scott,  
 or, in later days, Tennyson are. The master of a  
 style, Landor's sentences are like finished gems.  
 A critic aptly terms them. In perfect terms, that  
 and without hesitation, he said exactly what he  
 wanted to say, and was never at a loss  
 in which to express his thoughts. Mr. Sidney  
 regards him as nearly  
 with Shakespeare, and regards him as nearly  
 of the Elizabethan bard in his delineation  
 of historical personae  
 "Imaginary Conversations" of historical personae  
 dialogues transport the reader back in the  
 the atmosphere of days long past, and th

dents are imperceptibly suggested. In his classical conversations, and in the letters of "Pericles and Aspasia," the voices of philosophers, warriors, and maidens of ancient Greece come through the avenues of time, and are heard as from a mental phonograph, recalling the glories of two thousand years ago.

The son of rich parents, Walter Savage Landor from childhood enjoyed all the educational and social advantages that wealth could procure. His father was Walter Landor, a large landowner, and his mother (the second wife of his father) was the eldest daughter of Charles Savage, of Tachebrook, and brought her husband a large fortune. The poet was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, in the year 1775, a period of literary distinction, Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey all coming into the world between 1770 and 1785; Byron, Shelley, Carlyle, and Keats a few years later. Landor was sent to Rugby and afterwards to Oxford, Benwell, the poet, being his private tutor—a fact which may have influenced Landor's devotion to the Muse. Being in Paris after the Peace of Amiens, he saw *the* Napoleon made First Consul for life. Four years later, owing to irritation with his tenantry (one of whom absconded several thousands in his debt), he sold several estates which had been in his family for hundreds of years, and upon which he had expended a considerable sum of money. His drifting into the world of letters seems not in accordance with his fiery nature. From his imperious temperament, one would have expected him to enter the profession of arms. It is not, therefore, surprising to find that in 1808, on the first insurrection in Spain, Landor raised a body of troops and joined Blake, the Viceroy of Galicia. In thus fighting for the independence of Spain, he resembled his contemporary, the poet Byron, who aided the Greeks in their struggle for freedom. Landor not only found men, but the *Madrid Gazette* of that day mentions a gift from him of 20,000 reals. His services were recognised by the thanks of the Supreme Junta, and the commission of a colonel in the Spanish army was conferred on him, which the high-minded poet indignantly returned to Don Cavallos on the extinction of the Spanish Constitution by Ferdinand, declaring that, although he was willing to help the Spanish people in the assertion of their liberties against the antagonist of Europe (the first Napoleon), he would have nothing to do with a perjurer and traitor. In 1811 the poet married the daughter of Baron de Nieuveville, a court official to Charles VIII.; and was living at Tours when, after the battle of Waterloo, upwards of four thousand Englishmen left the neighbourhood, having no reliance on the good faith of Bonaparte.



In the autumn of that year he retired to Italy, the country he loved better than all others, and whose literature he had studied to such good purpose. For the first few years the Palazzo Medici, in Florence, was his home; but ultimately he became proprietor of the villa of Count Gherardesca at Fiesole, with its gardens and two farms, immediately under the ancient villa of Lorenzo de' Medici—the spot chosen by Boccaccio as the place where the tales of the “Decameron” were supposed to be told.

The massy walls at which we gaze,  
Where amid songs and village glee  
Soars immemorial Fiesole.

England, in all thy scenes so fair,  
Thou canst not show what charmed me there,

sang Landor. Among the “citron groves of Fiesole” he conceived “The Pentameron, or interviews of Messer Giovanni Boccaccio and Messer Francesco Petrarca, when said Messer Giovanni lay in/ at his villetta hard by Certaldo; after which they saw not each / on our side of Paradise; showing how they discoursed upon famous theologian Messer Dante Alighieri, and sundry other men/ Amid the delightful scenery and simple pleasures of Fiesole spent the chief portion of his long life, making, however, occasional journeys to England. Late in life he returned to his native land and lived at Bath some few years, went back to Italy and finally died in London on September 17, 1864, in his nin-

Owing to his affluent circumstances, Landor was enabled to pass through life *en grand seigneur* until old age. Irascible, generous, and noble, with a fine scorn of falsity in his seventy years he was a notable figure in the world. For he contributed to the *Examiner*, the journal with which he was connected, and wrote in its columns much trenchant and public events. In one of her letters the celebrated poet pictures the poet as “the courtly, polished gentleman of breeding, of manners, deportment, and demeanour, whom you expect to meet with in one who had passed the greater part of his life in courts. There is no affectation of politeness, no affectation of affability in his urbanity, no far-fetched compliment, no strain of eulogy in the *agrémens* of his conversation; the pleasing things he says to them when he can be of service to their friendship and appreciation of the great mind of Landor's. Various opinions have been expressed upon his works, but the genius of the great English .

acknowledged. At present he is best known by the poetical prose of his "Conversations," which sparkle with brilliant aphorisms. A popular edition of his poems is, however, much wanted.

In his "Autobiography," Mr. G. J. Holyoake gives some little-known facts concerning Landor's later life. In 1858, a lady in Bath brought an action against the poet, who had written satiric verses respecting her, being irate at conduct which he regarded as mean and ungrateful. Landor wrote to Mr. Holyoake that "the action was for verses which the judge would not permit to be recited in court, where two falsifications might be pointed out, one of which (as a jurymen is reported to have said) would have altered the case, and, of course, the verdict." "The 'falsification' thus referred to is," says Mr. Holyoake, "a curious instance of the value of a comma. The appellation which the lady who brought the action against him took to herself was *Caina*, which is, in Dante, a region of Hell. The judge did not remember the meaning of the name, and appears to have assumed that Landor applied it to her. Landor, using Milton's allegory of 'Sin and Death,' whose offspring would not be fair to look upon, alluded to a young lady who, he considered, had been ill-treated by *Caina*, and wrote :

Thou hast made her pale and thin  
As the child of Death by Sin.

'That is, begotten by Death on Sin. But the plaintiff's lawyer,' Landor said, 'inserted a comma which was not to be found in my lines.' The lawyer, by placing a comma after *Death*, would make it appear that *Caina* was guilty of some horrid sin." The lines, therefore, read :

Thou hast made her pale and thin  
As the child of Death, by Sin.

Under this wrong impression it is not to be wondered at that judgment was given against Landor—the trial costing him a large sum of money.

Smarting under the, to his mind, injustice of the verdict, the angry poet prepared a pamphlet entitled "Mr. Landor's Remarks on a Suit preferred against him at the Summer Assizes in Taunton, 1858, illustrating the Appendix to his *Hellenics*." In his letter from Florence, dated March 22, 1859, to Mr. Holyoake, Landor wrote : "I know not whether you will think it worth your while to publish the paper I enclose. Curiosity, I am assured, will induce many to purchase it, my name being not quite unknown to the public. The esteem in which I have ever held you induces me to make this proposal." In view of the recent judgment against him,

it would have been manifestly unwise to publish matter which might have led to even more serious proceedings, and the idea ultimately abandoned. The pamphlet was, however, privately printed by Mr. Holyoake, and a reward of £200 was offered for the discovery of the printer, without result. Copies were sent by Landor's desire to the judge who tried the case, Baron Channell; Moncrieff Milnes, M.P.; Lord Brougham, Leigh Hunt, W. J. Linton, J. Forster, Kossuth, Sir Wm. Napier, and others; also to the *Tribune*, *Daily News*, *Literary Gazette*, *Examiner*, *Edinburgh Review*, and *Quarterly Review*. Mr. Holyoake had afterwards frequent communication from Landor. Most of his Landor correspondence he gave to the late Lord Houghton, a friend of Landor's, who, in acknowledgment of the gift, wrote the critical opinion with which this article commences.

In 1853, when in his seventy-ninth year, Landor wrote "Last Leaves of an Old Fig Tree." The almost, and in some respects, unknown poems, writings, and letters here given were about the year 1860, when the poet was in his eighty-sixth year, and may be regarded as his very latest leaves. They show an undiminished vigour of mind remarkable at Landor's age, and present him as the grand old poet of his day. The more or less elaborate political letters which their venerable author has written to Mr. Holyoake have not appeared in any collective works. Some were printed by Mr. Holyoake in his *Reasoner*, and others appeared in the *Newcastle Chronicle* and *Daily News*.

In 1858, when Orsini had attempted to blow up Napoleon III. with bombs, and Dr. Bernard was tried in England, England was termed by the French Government "the land of assassins," and several French military officers threatened to be sent over and punish them. The following reply for the "land of assassins" was given by Landor, and appeared in the *Quarterly Review* at the time.

A REPLY FROM THE "DEN."

We encourage assassins! Fair Sir! have  
 No hold has the murderer or sympathiser  
 England loathes an assassin, and loathes  
 Whether shameful by failure or great by  
 Whether hiding from sight, or set high  
 Whether killer of thousands, or killer  
 Whether bribe or revenge, or hope of  
 Or dream of a "destiny" "damn his  
 Whatever the prompting, whatever  
 Has he slaughtered a people he swears  
 Has he banded with ruffians, like  
 At a brother assassin—we loathe

E'en where, Cain-like, by Providence guarded from ill,  
With a mark set upon him, that no man may kill ;  
Where prosperity seems all his projects to crown,  
We've no faith in his favour—no fear of his frown :  
Undismayed by his fortunes, unawed by his fate,  
We smile at his " destiny"—*watch* him, and *wait*.

The following extract, in true Landorian vein, is from a reply to a friend who had remonstrated with the poet on a letter of his to Emerson. It was sent to Mr. Holyoake, and relates to the then impending American war, and, singularly enough, Landor, who was always a sympathiser with oppressed nationalities, as his life is evidence, argued in defence of the South. The sentences quoted, however, do not show this.

"Interest is a stronger bond of concord than affinity. Beware of inculcating unintelligible doctrines. Men quarrel most fiercely about what they least understand. Laws are religion ; let these be intelligible and uncostly. It is pleasanter at all times to converse on literature than on politics. However, on neither subject are men always dispassionate and judicious. They form opinions hastily and crudely, and defend them frequently on ground ill chosen. Few scholars are critics, few critics are philosophers, and few philosophers look with equal care on both sides of a question."

The late Lord Beaconsfield in his Disraelian days wrote :

Blessed be the hand that dares to wield  
The regicidal steel, which shall redeem  
A nation's sorrow with a tyrant's blood.

Landor, also, was a believer in the efficacy of tyrannicide, and in the period preceding the emancipation of Italy addressed the following letter to Madame Mario (then Miss Meriton White), who was lecturing on the Italian cause. It appeared in the *Atlas* newspaper, edited by the late Henry J. Slack.

"At the present time I have only one hundred pounds of ready money at my disposal, and am never likely to have so much in future. Of this I transmit FIVE to you, towards '*the acquisition of 10,000 muskets to be given to the first Italian province which shall rise.*' The remaining £95 I reserve for the family of the first patriot who asserts the dignity, and performs the duty, of tyrannicide. Abject men have cried out against me for my commendation of this virtue, the highest of which a man is capable, and now the most imperative. Is it not an absurdity to remind us that usurpers will rise up afresh? Do not all transgressors? And must we therefore lay aside the terrors of chastisement, or give a *ticket of leave* to the most atrocious criminals? Shall the laws be subverted, and we be

told that we act against them, or without their sanction, when none are left us, and when guided by eternal justice we smite down the subverter? Three or four blows, instantaneous and simultaneous, may save the world many years of war and degradation. If it is unsafe to rob a citizen, shall it be safe to rob a people?"

When Garibaldi made his successful struggle for the freedom of Italy, the aged poet wrote: "I hope Sicily may become independent, and that Garibaldi will condescend to be its king, under the protection of Italy and England." The Dictator of Italy, however, handed over his conquests to Victor Emanuel. With his letter he sent to Mr. Holyoake the following beautiful sonnets:—

TO ITALY.

Who in this latter day shall dare arise  
To pierce the cloud that overhangs thy skies,  
Fair trustful Italy?

Too long beguiled  
By one who treats thee like a pouting child,  
Break off the painted handle of his whip,  
And spring no more to kiss that frothy lip:  
Alone on Garibaldi place thy trust,  
There shalt thou find a guardian brave and just.

SICILY.

Again her brow Sicaria rears  
Above the tombs: two thousand years  
Have smitten sore her beauteous breast,  
And War forbidden her to rest;  
Yet War at last becomes her friend,  
And shouts aloud

*Thy grief shall end,  
Sicaria! hear me! rise again!  
A homeless hero breaks thy chain.*

In another letter he refers to the libel trial, of which an account has been given, and mentions the £200 reward offered for the discovery of the printer of his "Defence." Mr. Holyoake, to whom the communication is addressed, in those days was often precluded from engagements on the press by reason of his name; he therefore adopted that of Landor Praed, which in this letter Landor gracefully authorises. His "pen and heart" being all he is able to devote to Garibaldi, Landor enclosed the two poems which appear after the letter.

Florence: *July 2 (1861).*

Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your very kind letter, which came to me this morning, and for the papers it enclosed.

*Before my trial for libel I had been abroad several weeks, and never suspected that more than a farthing's damages would be awarded. Four thousand pounds:*

two years before, had been claimed from a Mr. — by the same woman, and then *one farthing* was the damage awarded. The petty local jury knew her well; the grand jury did not. My estates to the value of three thousand pounds a year are withholden from me by a decree of Chancery, and I subsist in Italy on less than two hundred. My pen and heart are all I can devote to Garibaldi. The advertisement in the *Times*, which I never saw, offering a reward for discovering the printer of my "Defence," has produced a great demand for it, and it has been republished in America. I hope and trust you will reprint the *two letters*. In these there is no libel, either in the daughter's or father's. I will gladly pay the expense. These will be quite sufficient to show the character of the plaintiff.

Mr. Praed does me honour by prefixing my name to his.

I know not whether you are concerned in any periodical. If so, perhaps what I send may be acceptable. I have larger and better poems at your service, and remain,

My dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

W. S. LANDOR.

TO VENICE.

Dishonoured thou hast been, but not debased,  
O Venice! *he* hastes onward who shall bring  
The girdle that enclosed thy virgin waist,  
And shall restore to thee thy wedding-ring.

A robber sold thee for a worthless wife,  
And left his heir a large domain of lies:  
Contemptuous Valour spared his forfeit life,  
And left him room to rave in, and grow wise.

Venice! on earth are reptiles which lift high  
The crested head, and venomous and strong  
Are they, and many by their fangs may die—  
But one shall crush the worst of them ere long.

So fare whoever twists in tortuous ways  
Strewn with smooth promises and broken vows,  
Who values drunken shouts, not sober praise,  
And spurns the scanty pittance Truth allows.  
W. S. LANDOR.

TO ENGLAND.

There are two Niles, the White and Blue:  
Little it interests me and you  
Whether *this* springs from a lagoon,  
*That* from the Mountains of the Moon;  
But whether our old Thames be ours  
To-morrow, or another Power's,  
Is now the question in dispute,  
And not a Briton should be mute.

Did ever wily France lie still,  
Unsatisfied her ravenous will?  
Satisfied one brief hour, the next  
Again she springs, and seems perplex

What else to lay her hands upon  
 From Arctic to Antarctic zone.  
 And now she says aloud, "*The Rhine,*  
*With all on the left hand, is mine.*"

Proving it must be hers, because  
 Her sword thrust down his throat her laws.  
 Thus, if you catch a thief and tear  
 From him the stolen goods, "*Beware!*"  
 Cries he. "*Fait accompli! Let go.*"  
 He swears and shakes his fist.

Just so  
 Says France to Europe; Europe hears,  
 Trembles and staggers, and forbears.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Under the anonymity of the signature "Catholico Catholiss Landor addressed two letters to the Marchese Azeglio on the Italian political position. The letter here given is the second of them

Florence: *October*

To the Marchese Azeglio.

(Second Letter.)

Signor Marchese, in writing what passes, and what probably is pass, in our country and its vicinity, it is difficult to exhaust the topics. I attempt it, but shall only lay my hand on what is nearest to us. The question is a difficult one to answer. . . . How much longer is any part to be occupied by her two invaders, an implacable enemy and a perfidious ally. My second is, How are they, or either of them, to be induced or leave her. She lies between two millstones: it is childish to ask whether the upper or the nether, is the grinder; both grind equally and sit tight. Let us have the sack ready for the flour; but let the flour be ready for the sacks with the owner's name on them, and the wains that are to carry stout horses and stout men for the purpose are to be found in every corner. The Liberator was not extravagant in his proposal that a million of men be procured instantaneously. In the first American war against the British, a man who could carry a rifle or a fowling-piece, did carry it; and was triumphant. Similar was the result when the Netherlands were under the domination of Spain, although Spain was at that period the most powerful power in Europe, and her armies the best disciplined, the officers her commanders the most experienced. Three millions of men were successful against the sovereign of twenty millions. A prince whose army was threefold that number was defeated by the citizens of Vienna. Napoleon was their leader, the forerunner of Garibaldi. Prussian administration was more than a match for Austria, and her federacies were quadruply greater. Little Portugal saved herself. France was driven ignominiously from Algiers. The negro slaves determined to be free. Women and children of Zaragoza crushed the helmets of French cuirassiers with their own weapons. I have admitted Prussia among these great nations, and I have armed people can do, and the necessity that has been demonstrated by Hungary has demonstrated the effect produced by

Two traitors deserted her standard, she fell; but she rises afresh. Kosuth, whose effigy stands before my eyes while I am now writing, lives yet; and where he is, hope is. Italy is unconquerable, but Italy has more than once been betrayed. Her first betrayer and her second bear the same name and title. Honour turns his back upon them, and History will follow them with execrations. We have broken our chain; and a broken chain may become an instrument of vengeance. We have every Continental Power against us, or neutral and apathetic. The people of England alone feel an interest in our cause, the patriotic from sympathy, the commercial from clear-sightedness and far-sightedness. The canal of Suez will be only a branch of the Adriatic. Malta will be an emporium. Sicily will again be as flourishing as she was in the age of Hiero and Gelo: Syracuse and Palermo partook the prosperity of Carthage. Rome was as unfriendly to every mercantile neighbour as France is now; therefore Carthage and Corinth fell. Massilia alone was spared, being useful to the invader of Gaul.

It is painful to ride among the lone heaps of ruins which once were cities founded by Greek colonies. Under the protection of their old good-natured gods they flourished through many ages. Barbarous kings, and priests more barbarous, have abandoned them to the wolf and boar. Countrymen carry guns upon their shoulders, not to exterminate wild beasts, but to strip and murder unwary travellers. Paternal government! Protecting, humanising, spiritualising religion! We are forbidden to remove the worm-eaten and slimy chair of the fisherman. A master cabinetmaker has taken possession of what the Spaniards call *la situacion*, and is stuffing its broad bottom with the rags and tow which had fallen out of it. Those are called atheists who believe in one God only. I have not capacity to hold more, and my appetite is weak. The fisherman spreads his net over his neighbour's ground, which makes his neighbour angry; and his remonstrances bring down curses thick as hailstones. The honest neighbour now begins to smile, and gently pushed him back. Whereupon ran up his eldest son, a stout vagabond, who formerly had stopped him, but was caught on the Apennines by the General Manly, and permitted by the captor to escape on his *parole*. But, as you know, *paroles* are, in the language of Homer, *epei pteroenta*. There are other and graver matters for our immediate and serious consideration. We have sound patriots, we have wise and wary statesmen, we have the best generals of any in existence. We must not wait until age enfeebles them or until death closes their career, neither must we be precipitate. Recruits are to be armed and disciplined. Austria has half a million of soldiers; but such is the condition of her treasury, so disaffected her states, she could not bring into the field a quarter of that number. Her fortresses on our confines, including Venice, require half. Now what may our generals do? Is it probable that Cialdini is ignorant of what was done towards the close of the last century by the most scientific of the French generals? Pichegru left behind him the fortresses on the frontier, took advantage of the frost, rode over the ice paving the dykes of Holland; his artillery and tumbrils followed at the heels of his cavalry and rushed together against the frost-bitten and motionless navy. He did nothing rashly, nothing ostentatiously; whatever he undertook he performed. He was covered with no shame by the ashes of a Moscow, nor was he swamped in the puddle of a Leipsic.

Delays are proverbially dangerous, but sometimes they are quite the contrary, as they would have been in the invasion of Holland, and as they are now. It requires several months to collect and organise an efficient army; and it requires



about the same time to exhaust the finances, lower to zero the credit, and subdue the pride of Austria. Let us abide our time. It is not the interest of Europe, or ours, that Austria be demolished. Let her stand the first among the German States, but only among the German. Let Hungary, Bohemia, Istria, Dalmatia, Croatia be confederate, but independent. Their interests will induce them to be our friends.

Every man who reads a newspaper is a projector. Weak as I am, I also have my project. I dare avow to you that I wish Austria to be powerful. This she may become once more by making those her friends who are now her subjects, indignant at cajolery and intolerant of coercion. She would act wisely in throwing an enormous load of debt from off her shoulders, which she may do instantly by accepting a hundred million of francs for what she holds insecurely in our Peninsula. We could afford to pay that sum by instalments within twenty months, the first instalment after ten. Austria, like France, and even the bigoted Spain, hath secularised what was called the property of the Church, monstrous convents and episcopal domains. A bishop in France is paid about eighteen or nineteen thousand francs yearly. We can afford twenty thousand, but we may conveniently reduce the recipients. Five in Sicily, five in Sardinia, twenty in Italy are sufficient, now that railroads render, or are about to render, an easy and speedy communication of town with town. Few sees would be more distant, and none should be nearer than forty miles, which would require but two hours at most. The Holy Father, laying aside his regal crown and resigning his extensive patrimony, might retain the Vatican and Castel Gandolfo. The Apostolic, the Most Christian, the Most Catholic, and the Most Faithful, might each supply annually fifty thousand crowns; Belgium, Bavaria, and Brazil as many. We must by these strong stakes, and by ours of the same dimensions, prop up a tottering and top-heavy edifice.

I remain, &c.,

CATHOLICO CATHOLISSIMO.

MALTUS QUESTELL HOLYOAKE.

## THE NAMES OF THE STARS.

THE names by which the brighter stars are known—at least most of them—have come down to us from a remote antiquity. But the original names have of course been more or less altered to suit the requirements of our English tongue. Some of the ancient Arabic names were long and difficult to pronounce, and these have been curtailed and otherwise modified. An examination of these old names and the changes which they have undergone in modern times may prove of interest to the general reader.

We will first consider the brightest stars in order of brilliancy, beginning with the splendid star Sirius, the brightest of the stellar hosts. The name Sirius is supposed to be derived from the Greek word *σειριος* (*seirios*), which signifies brightness and heat. Professor Max Müller thinks that the Greek word may be traced to the Sanscrit *svar* or *suonasirau*. Sirius seems to have been worshipped by the ancient Egyptians under the names of Sothis and Osiris, and the latter word, without the initial O, very much resembles our modern name. The Arabic name for the star was *al-shira-al-jamâniya*, the bright star of Yémen, or Arabia Felix. Perhaps the word *schira* might, in the course of time, be corrupted into Sirius. It was also known as the dog-star, from the fact of its rising in ancient times with the sun, when the so-called “dog-days” commenced. The Hebrew name is Sihor. Sirius is supposed to represent the three-headed dog Cerberus, who guarded the entrance to Hades in the Greek mythology. It is first mentioned by Hesiod. The French word *soleil* is supposed to be derived from *Syr-ail*, the eye of Sirius.

Next to Sirius in brilliancy is the bright southern star Canopus, which does not rise above the English horizon. The Arabic name is *Kânopus*, or in Greek *κάρωβος*. It was also called by the Arabian astronomers *suhail*—from the root *sahala*—“that which traverses a plain,” referring perhaps to its low altitude in the Arabian sky, where it would appear to move along the southern horizon. After Canopus

comes Alpha Centauri in order of brightness, but, so far as I know, this star bears no specific name.

Next to Sirius the brightest star visible in the *northern* hemisphere is perhaps Arcturus, although it is closely rivalled by Capella and Vega. The name Arcturus is derived from the Greek words *ἄρκτος* and *οὐρά*, which signify a bear's tail, so called apparently because it lies nearly in the continuation of the Great Bear's tail. The Arabic name for the star was *al-simāl-al-ramih*, "the *simak* armed with a lance." According to the Persian astronomer Al-Sufi, who wrote a "Description of the Heavens" in the tenth century, the word *simak* means "elevated," referring to the high altitude the star attains above the horizon. Schjellerup, however, thinks that the word refers to the brilliancy of the star and not to its altitude.

The bright star Capella ( $\alpha$  Aurigæ) derives its name from the goat or kid which is represented in the arms of Auriga, the wagoner or "Charioteer" on the ancient globes and maps. The Arabic name for the star was *al-aijúk*, the meaning of which is doubtful. Schjellerup believed it to be the same as the Greek word *αἴξ*. The Arabians called it the "Guardian of the Pleiades."

The name of the brilliant white star Vega or Wega ( $\alpha$  Lyræ) seems to have had its origin in the Arabic word *vâki*, or *al-nasr al vâki*, "the falling eagle," the wings of the bird being represented by the stars  $\epsilon$  and  $\zeta$  Lyræ, which form with Vega a small triangle called by the Arabians *al-atsaf*, the trivet. But what relation between a "falling eagle" and the musical instrument known as (Persian *al-lûra*) is not very clear. Possibly, however, as Schjellerup suggests, the Arabic word *al-schaljâk* (a goose)—also applied to the constellation—refers to the resemblance in shape between a goose and a Greek lyre. The Greeks called the constellation a tortoise, which also somewhat resembles a lyre in shape.

We next come to Rigel, the brilliant white star in the Orion. The name is clearly derived from the first word of the Arabic name *ridjl-al-djauzâ*, "the leg of the giant." It may be here mentioned that the three well-known stars forming "Orion's belt," were called by the Arabians *mintakat al-djauzâ*, "the belt of the giant," and the star  $\beta$  "sword" *al-lakat*, the "gleaned ears of corn," and the star  $\gamma$  *djabbâr*, "the sword of the giant." Perhaps the latter is the origin of the name *Algebar*, formerly applied to the star. It says:—

Orion's beams ! Orion's beams !  
His star-gemmed belt and shining blade  
His isles of light, his silvery streams,  
And gloomy gulfs of mystic shade.

Following Rigel in order of brilliancy, the bright star Procyon ( $\alpha$  Canis Minoris) may be placed. This name is derived from the Greek *προκύων*, which means the advanced dog, or the dog which goes before Sirius, the dog-star, because it rises or appears before Sirius in the morning sky. It was called by the Arabians *al-schirâ al-schâmia*, or "the Syrian Sirius," because it set in the direction of Syria. It was also called *al-schirâ al-gumaisâ*, "the bleary-eyed Sirius!" the sister of *Suhail* or Canopus.

After Procyon, in order of brightness, comes the red star Betelgeuse ( $\alpha$  Orionis). According to Sir John Herschel this star is slightly variable in its light, and the variation is confirmed by my own observations; but at its normal brightness it is not very much inferior to Procyon. The name Betelgeuse seems to be derived from the Arabic *ibit al-djauzâ*. It was also called *mankib al-djauzâ*, "the shoulder of the giant," and *jad al-djauzâ*, "the hand of the giant."

We come next to Altair ( $\alpha$  Aquilæ), a name which is clearly derived from the Arabic *al-nasr al-tâir*, "the flying vulture," a name also applied by the ancients to the whole constellation, of which the Latin name is *Aquila*, the Eagle.

The red star Aldebaran ( $\alpha$  Tauri) derives its name from the Arabic *al-dabarân*, the attendant or follower, because it follows the Pleiades. It was also called *ain al-tsaur*, "the eye of the bull." It was also known by several other Arabic names, such as *al-fanik*, the great camel, the other stars, or Hyades, being called *al-kilas*, the young camels.

Of the brightest stars in the Northern hemisphere the last is Regulus ( $\alpha$  Leonis). This name seems to have been first used by Copernicus as the diminutive of *rex*, a king. Ptolemy called it *βασιλικός*. It was named by the Arabians *al-maliki*, the royal, and *kalb al-asad*, "the heart of the Lion," whence the Latin name *Cor Leonis*. This star, with  $\eta$  and  $\gamma$  in the well-known "Sickle," the Arabians named *al-dhafirat*, "the tress of hair," and the whole "Sickle" they resembled to the raised tail of a lion. In the figure of Leo, however, given in Heis's Atlas, the "Sickle" forms the head and shoulders of the lion.

Of the stars fainter than Regulus we will consider those in the northern hemisphere in order of brightness as given in the *Harvard Photometry*, and those in the Southern hemisphere in the order given by Gould in the *Uranometria Argentina*. Beginning with the northern hemisphere we have the following:— $\alpha$  Cygni. This star is called Deneb, a name derived from the first portion of the Arabic designation *dzanab al-dadjâdja*, "the tail of the hen," referring to

its position in the ancient figure which represented a hen or swan flying towards the south.

Pollux ( $\beta$  Geminorum). The southern of the two bright stars, Castor and Pollux, in the constellation Gemini, the Twins. They derive their names from the famous brothers in Grecian mythology. Castor ( $\alpha$  Geminorum) was called by the Arabians *mukaddam al-dzirain* and *râs al-tanâm*, "the head of the Twin." To the two stars they applied the term *al-dzira al-mabsutat*, "the outstretched arm." Pollux is slightly brighter than Castor.

$\eta$  Ursæ Majoris. The star at the end of the tail of the Great Bear, or handle of the "Plough," is called Alkaid or Benetnasch, names derived from the Arabic *al-kaïd*, "the Governor," and the name applied to the four stars  $\alpha$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ , and  $\delta$ , namely *sarir banâtnasch*, "the coach of the children of the litter."  $\epsilon$  Ursæ Majoris is called Alioth, probably a corruption of the Arabic *al-djûn*, "the gulf."  $\zeta$  Ursæ Majoris is called Mizar, of which the origin is doubtful. Its Arabic name was *al-anâk*, "the little she-goat." Close to Mizar is a small star now called Alcor, but named by the Arabians *al-subh* "the neglected small star," and also *al-schitâ*, "winter," and *nuaisch*, "the little litter." With reference to this little star Arabians had a proverb, "I show him *al-suha*, and he shows r moon," which seems to imply that it could be easily seen by ancient astronomers and was not, as some have supposed, a keen eyesight in those days.

$\gamma$  Orionis is called Bellatrix, or "the female warrior." Its Arabic name was *al-nâdjid* and also *al-mirzam*.  $\beta$  Tauri ( $\lambda$  Aurigæ) is called Nath, a word apparently derived from *al-natih*, "the butting," referring to its position on the bull's horn. Admiral Smyth suggested that this might be of the saying "Not knowing B from a bull's foot."

Mirfak ( $\alpha$  Persei), from the Arabic *al-marfik*, the elbow, perhaps to its position in the well-known curved constellation of Perseus.

Alhena ( $\gamma$  Geminorum). Perhaps derived from *al-hanat* ("a mark made with a hot iron on the nose"), a term applied to the stars  $\gamma$  and  $\xi$  Geminorum called *al-maisân* ("the star which shines with a mark").

Hamal ( $\alpha$  Arietis), a sheep. The Arabic names of the stars  $\gamma$  Arietis were called *al-scharataïn*, "the two horns," and *al-mesarthim*, "the two called Mesarthim."

Menkalinan ( $\beta$  Aurigæ). Derived, according to

from the Arabic *menkib-dhi-l'inân*; but this name is not mentioned by Al-Sufi, who gives *tavâbi al-aijûk*.

Alpheratz ( $\alpha$  Andromedæ). A name derived from the Arabic *surrat-al-faras*, "the navel of the horse." It was also called *râs al-musalsalat*, "the head of the chained lady."  $\alpha$  Andromedæ was included in Pegasus by Ptolemy.

Almach ( $\gamma$  Andromedæ). From the Arabic *anâk al-ardh*, "the panther."

The Pole Star (Polaris). Called in the Alphonsine Tables "Abrucaba." The origin of this word is uncertain. The Arabic name was *al-djudâi*, "the kid."

$\alpha$  Ophiuchi (Ras al-ague). Evidently derived from the Arabic name *râs al-hawwâ*, "the head of Psylle, the serpent-bearer."

$\beta$  Andromedæ, called Mizar and Mirach. *Mizar* means a girdle, and *mirach* a mantle or apron, both names having reference to the figure of Andromeda, the chained lady.

$\beta$  Leonis, called Denebola, a name derived from the Arabic *dzanab al-âsad*, "the tail of the Lion." This star seems to have been considerably brighter in former times than at present, for Al-Sufi speaks of it as "the brilliant and great star of the first magnitude which is found on the tail," similar words being used with reference to Regulus. Denebola was also rated first magnitude by Ptolemy. But Denebola is now about a magnitude fainter than Regulus. The Arabians called Denebola *al-sarfa*, "the vicissitude," perhaps with reference to variation in its light.

$\gamma$  Leonis, called Algeiba, from the Arabic *al-djabha al asâd*, "the front of the Lion."

Algol ( $\beta$  Persei). The fluctuations in light of this famous variable star were possibly known to the ancient astronomers, as they called it *al-ghûl*, or "the demon," which suggests that the old observers of celestial phenomena may have remarked some peculiarity in the light of the star.

$\gamma$  Draconis (Etanin). Supposed to be derived from the Arabic *râs al-tannin*, "the dragon's head;" but this word is not given by Al-Sufi.

$\alpha$  Cassiopeiæ, called Schedir, perhaps a corruption of the Arabic *al-sadr*, "the breast." This star is slightly variable in its light.

Alphecca ( $\alpha$  Coronæ), a name derived from the Arabic *al-munir min al-fakka*, "the brilliant of the crown," or "the gem of the coronet," as it has been termed by recent writers.

Enif ( $\epsilon$  Pegasi). From the Arabic *auf*, "the nose of the horse." It was also called *fum al-faras*, "the mouth of the horse."

Chaph ( $\beta$  Cassiopeiæ). From the Arabic *al-kaff al-chadhib*, "the tinted hand." It was also called *sanâm al-nakât*, "the hump of the camel."

$\epsilon$  Boötis, called Izar, Mizar, and Mirac. The Arabic name was *tîbi al-simâk*, *rajat al-simâk*, and *râjat al-facca*. The modern names are all probably derived from the Arabic *mizar*, "an apron."

Algenib ( $\gamma$  Pegasi). Probably a corruption of the Arabic name *djanâh al-faras*, "the wing of the horse."

Scheat ( $\beta$  Pegasi). Perhaps a corruption of the Arabic *said*, "an arm."

Alderamin ( $\alpha$  Cephei). A name evidently derived from the Arabic *al-dzirâ al-jamin*, "the right arm" (of the monarch Cepheus).

Alwaid ( $\beta$  Draconis). Derived from the Arabic name *al-awâid*, "the old camels," a term applied to the stars  $\nu$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\xi$ , and  $\gamma$  in the head of the Dragon.

Vindemiatrix ( $\epsilon$  Virginis). Derived from Provindemiator, a name given to the star "because it rises in the morning just before the vintage." The Arabic name was *al-awvâ*, "the crier," perhaps because it announced the coming vintage.

Albireo ( $\beta$  Cygni). A name of doubtful origin. The Arabic name was *minkâr al-dadjudja*, "the beak of the hen" (or swan).

Having now come down the stars of the third magnitude, we will proceed to consider the remaining stars of the southern hemisphere.

Achernar ( $\alpha$  Eridani). A name derived from the Arabic *âch al-nahr*, "the end of the river." Ptolemy calls it  $\epsilon\sigma\chi\alpha\rho\delta\varsigma \cdot \pi\omicron\tau\alpha\mu\omicron\upsilon$ .

Fomalhaut ( $\alpha$  Piscis Australis). Derived from the Arabic *al-hût al-djanûbi*, "the mouth of the southern fish."

Antares ( $\alpha$  Scorpii). Said to be derived from the Greek  $\alpha\delta$  a word meaning redder than Mars. The Arabic name was *a* "the heart of the scorpion." Hence the Latin name Cor Sco

Spica ( $\alpha$  Virginis). A word meaning an ear of corn ( $\acute{\epsilon}\pi\iota$ ) held in the hand of the Virgin. The Arabic name *simâk al-azal*, "the unarmed simak," the meaning of w<sup>t</sup> clear.

$\epsilon$  Orionis. Called Alnilam, from the Arabic *al-ni* string of pearls," evidently an allusion to the three stars "belt of Orion." These stars were also called *mintâ*. "the belt of the giant." Hence the name Mintak:  $\hat{\epsilon}$  Orionis.

ζ Orionis, called Alnitak, from the Arabic *niták al-djauzá*, "the girdle of the giant."

ε Canis Majoris, Adara; derived from the Arabic *al-adzâri*, "the Virgins," a term applied to the stars  $\sigma^2$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\eta$  Canis Majoris.

Alphard ( $\alpha$  Hydræ). From the Arabic *al-fard*, "the solitary one," because there is no other bright star near it. It is also called Cor Hydræ. It is a well-known red star, and is so described by Al-Sufi. The ancient Chinese called it "the Red Bird."

δ Canis Majoris is called Wezen, from the Arabic *al-wezn*, "weight," because it does not rise much above the horizon in northern latitudes, as if weighed down.

β Ceti; called Diphda, from the Arabic *al-dhifda al-tsâni*, "the second frog!" "the first frog" being *al-dhifda al-auval*, or Fomalhaut.

α Aquarii was called Sadalmelik, from the Arabic *sad al-malik*, "the good fortune of the king," or "the lucky star of the kingdom," a term applied to the stars  $\alpha$  and  $\sigma$  Aquarii.

β Eridani was called Cursa, from the Arabic *kursi al-djauzá al-mukaddam*, "the anterior throne of the giant" (Orion), a term given to the stars  $\lambda$ ,  $\beta$ ,  $\psi$  Eridani and  $\tau$  Orionis, which form a trapezium close to Rigel.

There are some other stars which have names derived from the Arabic, but those mentioned above are the most important; and even some of these are fast becoming obsolete. The names of the brighter stars, however, such as Sirius, Arcturus, Capella, Vega, Rigel, Procyon, Aldebaran, Spica, &c., will probably live for all time.

J. ELLARD GORE.



*AN OLD-TIME CHARITY.*

**T**HERE is probably no place in the United Kingdom which for its size contains so many features of interest as the little city of Chichester. Founded in the first century of the Christian era, its four principal streets intersecting at right angles show its Roman origin; its stately cathedral with its lofty spire, and its detached bell-tower, afford good examples of every style of Gothic architecture from Norman to Tudor times; its magnificent market cross standing at the intersection of its four streets would be incomparably the finest example of its kind were it not for the unsightly bell turret which displaced the earlier Gothic pinnacle as "an hourly memento of Dame Farrington's good will" and bad taste; while St. Mary's Hospital in St. Andrew's Square is a most interesting specimen of a mediæval hospital, which at the present day fulfils some of the intentions of its founders; nor should a stranger neglect to walk round the ancient walls or to visit the Grey friars Chapel in the Priory Park. But this list, however lengthy, does not exhaust all the antiquities of the city; till the Reformation, the Black Friars had home to the south of the East Gate, but of this friary not a trace remains; till the thirteenth century there was a castle standing in north-east quarter, but, apart from documents, the only evidence of its existence is the mound in the Priory Park, on which, presumably its keep was erected; and to-day an old tumbledown that cottage marks the site of what formerly was the flourishing Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen and St. James the Apostle, without the East

Those who have driven from Chichester to Goodwood or may remember the cottage, which stands to the left of the house about half a mile outside the walls of the city. On one side flows (intermittently) the brook which is dignified by the name of the River Lavant, while on another side is a deep hole which says was formerly filled by the overflow of the Lavant, and was a bathing-place by the lepers who were sheltered within the walls. But this wretched cottage is not all that remains of the foundation, the name has been preserved to this day. A house erected in 1832 near the hospital to mark the extent of the site bears the name of St. James's Post, while

towards the north gate of the city is called Spitalfields Lane ; and it is a remarkable coincidence that while at one end of the lane stood the ancient hospital for lepers and other sick folk, at the other end now stands the new isolation hospital, which was provided a few years ago by the civic authorities.

Although the earliest direct mention of this hospital is contained in a deed of Bishop Seffrid II. (1180-1204), there can be little doubt that it is the subject of the letters patent of Henry II. (which, from internal evidence, must have been granted in 1156). In these letters that king confirms to the infirm folk of Chichester their previous possessions "in lands and in tithes and in other things."<sup>1</sup> These, from the deed previously mentioned, we know to have been a gift of 10s. a year charged in the Archdeaconry of Lewes, 4s. a year from the lands of Lord Warine de Preston, and the tithes of a hide of land at Colworth ; to these the worthy Bishop added of his own liberality eight cloth tunics for the inmates at Christmas, as many linen garments at Easter, and a bacon pig for a Christmas dinner. And, moreover, because the chapel in the hospital was founded in memory of St. Mary Magdalen, the Bishop granted an indulgence for fifteen days to all who on her feast-day should come to the chapel and (presumably) bring a gift. The preferment to this chapel was in the gift of the Crown, and the Patent Rolls contain many appointments of chaplains to the chantry in the Hospital of St. James : the chapel also possessed the privileges of sanctuary, as there is on record an order of Edward II. to restore to it a criminal that had taken refuge there, and had been unlawfully removed.<sup>2</sup>

Gradually the endowments of the hospital increased. In 1362 Seffrid's gift of clothing was commuted by Bishop William for a money payment of 20s. a year, and other gifts flowed in, until in 1540 a return was made to the king that the income of the hospital amounted to £6. 8s. 10½*d.* a year ; and that its property comprised, besides what has been enumerated above, two cottages in Chichester, certain houses, cottages, and gardens in the parish of St. Pancras without the city, and land at Stockbridge and Postfield.

But more interesting than this list of endowments of the hospital are the rules laid down for the guidance of its inmates in the year 1402 by John of Haseley, Dean of Chichester ; and as he states that

<sup>1</sup> Quoted and confirmed by letters patent, 17 Edward III., p. 2, m. 27. This charter cannot refer to the better known foundation of St. Mary's, which has never been endowed with tithes. Unless otherwise stated, the authority for this essay is a volume in Sir Walter Burrell's collection at the British Museum. Add. MS. 5704, p. 54.

<sup>2</sup> Close Rolls, Edward II., p. 105.

these were the rules that had been "anciently decreed," it is possible that they may date from the time of Bishop Seffrid.

The temporal government of the hospital was in the hands of the prior, who was appointed by the Bishop of Chichester; the muniments and deeds of the endowments were deposited in a chest in his chamber under two or three keys; and he was responsible for preserving a sum of 13s. 4d. there deposited as a reserve fund, which, if it had to be used, was to be replaced within two months by deductions from the shares of the brethren; to him, too, the brethren had to apply for leave of absence, which was not to be granted without reasonable cause. The other officials were the chaplain and the sacristan. The brethren, who before admission must first know the Lord's Prayer, the Ave Maria, and the Symbol, "superficially at least in the manner of the laity," were admitted by a vote of the confraternity; their garments were to be of white or black cloth, and dressed on the surface only; they were to be expelled if they married or were convicted of incontinency or absented themselves three times without leave; any of the brethren who was litigious or quarrelsome or revealed the business of the hospital was to be admonished by the prior; at the third monition he was to pay a penalty at the light of St. James, to be enforced by the withdrawal of his portion as a brother; but at the fourth monition he was to be expelled. One of the brethren was to be appointed to care for the sick, and a spendthrift brother was to be corrected by the deduction by the prior "one halfpenny or more" from his weekly portion. And finally was the custom for the sacristan to call the brethren to prayer the first hour after midnight, when all except the sick were to: and say the prayer for the good estate of the Catholic Church the king and kingdom, a "credo" for all the benefactors living dead of the hospital, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ave Maria; at same prayers were to be repeated for their daily office. But these rules we have no intimation of the objects of the charity that information we have to be content with Seffrid's declaration the endowments were for the benefit of the leprous folk within the gates of the city of Chichester.

For some reason or another St. James's Hospital, like foundation of St. Mary's within the city, escaped the shock of the Reformation; presumably the few sick folk sheltered within were the cause of its preservation. At all events, the nature of its condition shows that it was then fulfilling the intention of ancient benefactors; for in 1594 Charles Lascelles, then William Egles, the proctor of the hospital, reported that it was provided "to receive leprous and other poor people

women, which lacked their limbs and were not able to work," who were supported partly by one half of the income from the endowments and partly by the alms collected by the proctor; the choice of a new brother was in the hands of the master, proctor, brethren, and sisters; and the master received the remaining half of the income, which was a few shillings less than it was in 1540. At that time there were in the hospital, besides the proctor and his wife, eleven inmates—five men and six women. Among these there were six cripples, two "maids without legs," one impotent person, an idiot, and a "diseased idiot;" they went out of the hospital only to ask for alms. It appears to have been customary for every newly elected brother to give a fee of 10s. to the master before his admission; the chaplain received a salary of 26s. a year, and the singing man was paid 20s.

A quarter of a century later the master presented a petition to the justices of Sussex stating that the house had almost fallen to the ground, and that the poor were much distressed for want of lodgings; thereupon an order was made by the bishop and other justices that the sum of £10 quarterly should be paid to the hospital by the Treasurer of Charitable Uses within the county, upon condition that the number of the inmates should be limited to eight, and that in the future no poor should be admitted without their appointment.<sup>1</sup>

From this time the charity appears to have sunk into decay; when it was visited by Bishop Lake in 1685, its only inmate was one idiot,<sup>2</sup> the old buildings were burnt down on December 13, 1780,<sup>3</sup> and Lord Brougham's Commissioners reported in 1825 that the master received the rents and profits, amounting to £42 a year, to his own use, and that out of this he gave £5 a year to the poor. They further reported that the committee of the Chichester Infirmary were desirous of transferring the endowments of the hospital to the infirmary with the consent of the bishop and the master, and that in return for this transfer the bishop was to have the right of appointing the chaplain to the infirmary; but this was not done, and the Commissioners referred the whole matter to the Attorney-General.<sup>4</sup> However, to-day part of the income of the hospital is paid to the chaplain of the infirmary, and in 1896 the general funds of that institution were increased by the sum of £155. 9s. 10d., being the surplus income of the hospital for that and the preceding year.

A. BALLARD.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Brougham's Charity Reports*, vol. xxx. p. 645.

<sup>2</sup> *Sussex Archaeological Collections*, vol. xiii. pp. 645.

<sup>3</sup> *29 Sussex Archaeological Collections*, p. 219.

<sup>4</sup> *Lord Brougham's Reports*, *ubi supra*.

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF BOAT- STEERER NICHOLSON.

THE auxiliary steam whaler *Fish-eagle* was rolling southwards across the glassy heave of the Arctic sea, one starlit night when every air was still. Frost-crystals glittered along her rail, the loosely furled canvas above was strewn with silvery powder, while the smooth-backed undulations that lapped her sides flashed with a steely gleam. A thin crescent moon hung low down towards the western horizon, but the heavens seemed charged with a curious azure light which is only seen in the high latitudes of the frozen North.

The mate, who, like her master, held shares in the vessel, stamped up and down the little bridge—for it was fiercely cold—watching the topmast-heads swing raking among the stars at every roll. The throb of the fine-pitch propeller and the song of the clanging engines awakened an echo in his heart, for he knew that every turn of the whirling cranks brought him so much nearer home and the young wife he had left behind.

Head boat-steerer Nicholson grasped the wheel hard by—and Nicholson was an important person on board that ship. He was old and wise in the ways of the ice and currents, which take a lifetime to learn partially, though no man may fully understand them; with something in the weather-beaten face, and eyes that were bloodshot with much staring into icy spray, stamped him as one to be trusted when there was dangerous work to do. Captain and mate met command on the bridge above, but when the boats were on the water the word of head-steerer Nicholson was law.

Presently a broad-shouldered man in a long fur coat came forward and leaned over the bridge rails. "A fine enough night," he said, "I suppose it's foolish, but I always feel uneasy when we're bound ward bound with a full cargo on board. We should make for Barrow to-morrow evening, and there's generally ice about the time of the year, eh, Nicholson?"

The ways of a whale ship are not those of a liner, th

boat-steerer gave his opinion frankly. "That's so, sir. Southern drift crosses the eddy, an' comes back with the Behring Stream. It's always the full ship that comes to grief. Look at the *Shasta*, an' the ——"

"Well," broke in the captain, "we should soon leave the ice behind, for they're burning coal recklessly below," and the mate glanced aloft at the lip of flame about the blackened funnel-ring, and the jet of steam pulsing from the escape-pipe, which told that the engineer was also thinking of the welcome waiting him at home. Circumstances, however, justified this unusual consumption of fuel, for winter was already closing in across the northern seas, provisions were running out, and there was no time to be lost if they would reach safe waters before grinding pack and floe barred the gates of the South. So the mate counted the days until, with her breadths of smoke-grimed canvas unfurled again, the *Fish-eagle* should sweep southwards across the blue Pacific.

Suddenly a harsh hail, "Low mist ahead, sir!" fell through the frosty air from the crow's-nest on the foremast, and there was a clatter of feet across the fore-castle head. Dark figures clustered along the rail, and the mate carefully polished the lenses of his night-glasses. Mist in all probability meant ice, and ice was the last thing he desired to see. Then a Nootak Indian somewhere forward cried aloud in the Chinook tongue, and the mate, staring through his binoculars, saw a line of white ruled straight, as it were, between the blue transparency above and the depths of indigo below. The telegraph clanged out "Half-speed!" and the song of the engines sank to a deeper tone. The boiling beneath the bows grew still, and the captain said: "There may be ice, or there may not, but we take no chances. Keep your eyes lifting forward there."

Soon the *Fish-eagle* slid into a ghostly veil of white, and crept with softly panting engines across the centre of a narrow circle of sea. For a time there was no sound outside her to break the stillness, save the gurgle about the screw and the welter of water along her bends, and then something which might have been the moan of ground-swell on a steep-to beach reached the anxious ears of the crew. The temperature fell—the mist-circle closed in, swathing the vessel in woolly wreaths, and the look-out hailed sharply, "Pack right ahead, sir!"

The engine-room gong clanged again, and the *Fish-eagle* quivered through all her length when the reversed propeller checked her way, while as she slid astern a curious crackling noise came out of the vapour, and the mate said, "Very near it that time."

"A small piece; we'll try further west," answered the captain; and the wheel-chains rattled, as swinging round the whaler crept on again. Twice a warning hail came down from forward, and something that glimmered faintly slid by; then there was a startled cry of "Solid ice ahead, sir!" and once more the clanging engines turned astern.

"All round us now. I'd give half the catch for an hour's daylight," said the puzzled skipper, clenching his fists, and a deep silence settled down on the crowded deck as the whaler backed astern. Her crew stared aft into the whiteness that walled them in, scarcely daring to breathe, with sullen rage in their hearts, for they knew that the hand of their enemy was upon them, and there was nothing they might do. Then the Nootak Indian raised his voice, and even as the captain seized the telegraph the engines brought up with a bang that set the skylights quivering, started again in a mad race of a few seconds' duration, and then with a horrible grinding and crunching stopped dead. The mate's heart seemed to stop with them, and a numbness crept over him which was colder than the chill of the ice. As if in mockery, the vision of his far-off home rose up before him, and he pictured the anxious woman waiting day after day for the *Fish-eagle's* arrival, while he lay bound fast in the grip of the northern ice.

A throbbing jet of steam roared aloft, and a grimy engineer stood beneath the bridge. "The propeller has struck the ice," he said. "Two blades at least have gone, and it's jammed hard and fast by a bent guard. We may be able to do something when morning comes; till then we can only wait."

"Yes," answered the captain fiercely, "we can only wait," and he ground his heels into the planks as he added, "and that's the worst of all." The rush of steam died away, and for a time the *Fish-eagle* floated motionless, with a sound of water lapping and gurgling on an unseen barrier rising all about her, until the fog stirred mysteriously, and the ocean heaved from no apparent cause. A sharp crackling noise commenced again, and a glimmering mass slid out of the vapour and ground along the steamer's side. Lanterns shone above her rail, and men with set teeth and straining sinews thrust at the ice with steel-tipped pike-poles; but they might as well have essayed to thrust aside an island. A second rasping and scraping began, to starboard this time; then the *Fish-eagle* shivered as something smote her bows, and for a nerve-trying hour, which might have been a year, the invisible field about her groaned and stirred as if alive.

The crew shuddered as they listened, for they had all been in those dangerous seas before, and knew that a swirl of the current, which, sweeping along the eastern side of the Behring Strait, for ever sets north past Points Hope and Barrow towards the lonely Pole, was packing the ice about them hard and fast. At last the steamer's hull twisted and creaked—they could feel her bilges yield and crush, in spite of steel stringer, massy oak, and bracing bulb-beam. Suddenly the long deck rose up beneath their feet, tilted over at a sharp angle, and lay still again, while a succession of sharp detonations rang out through the mist like the sound of musketry firing.

"All over now," said the captain beneath his breath; then he raised his voice: "See two boats provisioned; set the watch, and let the rest turn in. There's nothing man can do till daylight comes."

No one slept that night, for the ice rang hollowly all around them, and when the late dawn shed down a dim grey light, men with very anxious faces slid down to the pack and climbed the frosted shrouds. Confused murmurs rose from below, but no sound of voice fell from the clinging figures in the rigging, until at last a little fanning of bitter air piled the vapour into fantastic wreaths and wafted it aside. Then a despairing growl ran from man to man, for on every side of them there stretched away into the mist an uneven white plain, strewn with heaped-up masses whose jagged edges shimmered green, and cloven by fissures where water of a vivid bluish blackness slowly rose and fell, as though the deep sea were breathing uneasily beneath.

Captain, mate, and engineer were busy an hour outside on the ice, and their faces were very grave when they climbed on board again. Two of the propeller blades had gone; the starboard bilge which lay upon the ice bulged inwards a foot throughout its length, and half the outer sheathing was torn away. While the three officers took counsel together, a second and quite unofficial examination was made by the crew, who afterwards held an informal meeting among the hummocks of the ice. Weather-beaten men of many nations, some of whose faces were dark by nature, while others had been bronzed by ice glare and lashing brine, argued the matter out, their breath rising like steam into the nipping air. Then when man after man had stated his views, ramblingly and at length after the manner of his kind, only to confirm the opinion of a predecessor that it was a very bad case indeed, boat-steerer Nicholson proceeded to settle the matter.

"No need to waste time a-provin' that," he said. "The *Fish-*



*eagle* will never float again—don't ask me why, but look at her an' see. How long the ice will hold her up, or where it will take her, only the Almighty knows. Most of you is married—more fools you in a trade like this—an' you've got to do somethin' for your own lives now." Here the speaker stooped down, and drew lines in the frosted feathering beneath his feet as he continued: "We lies here, an' Point Barrow yonder, two hunner miles south—so says the mate. There's a rescue station at the Point—I've been thankful to see it twice—where the cruiser calls. Now if eight of the strongest take the little whaleboat that can be dragged across the ice, an' make for the Point, they can send the cruiser to search for the *Fish-eagle* when she comes. Get froze on the way, says you? That's as may be, but if you stay here froze an' starved you'll be most sure before this ice breaks up. I'll take charge—you know me. Who'll come?"

Then followed dissension and much vain talking, but the end was that eight resolute men, British, Canadian, Siwash, and one Japanese, boarded the *Fish-eagle*, and, going aft in a body, demanded speech of her master in the name of the united crew, as was their right according to the deep-sea law.

The captain listened gravely, then he said: "We were already talking of this, and I put the matter before you plainly, as man to man, in the face of a common peril. There should be two fishery gunboats still north, and more steamers, but whether we shall drift across them is more than man can say; failing that, all will starve. On the other hand, you will almost certainly be frozen in the boat or swamped long before you reach Point Barrow. The chances are dead against you. If you go the mate goes with you."

"Well an' good," answered spokesman Nicholson, "we agree to that, but I take command, in the name of the crew. The mate he knows navigation, but I know the ice an' tides."

The three officers looked at one another, until the young mate said: "I agree to leave the handling of the boat to the head steerer. I take charge when we reach Point Barrow."

"Well," said the captain quietly, "I wish you God-speed, and the sooner you start the better."

It was noon when a small whale boat mounted on runners was swung out over the side, and lowered to the ice. Nine stalwart men stood beside it, and the whole crew of the *Fish-eagle* clustered round. There was a grasping of mittened hands, and amid cries of "You tell them at home if we never come back; good-bye and good luck," the adventurers seized the hauling lines.

"We'll send the cruiser for you. All together—start her aw

said the boat-steerer ; and a cheer which came hollowly from throats that were strangely husky rose through the frosty air as two lines of bending figures and the bumping, clattering boat moved forward across the ice. The men followed the little procession with straining eyes until the mist swallowed it up, and, when the last ring of the runners died away into the icy stillness, went back to the *Fish-eagle* with set faces and silent lips.

“ We’ll never see none of them again in this world, an’ I’m not sure about the next,” said a fireman when they stood upon the sloping deck. “ No more you need be ; they’ll keep a croakin’ coal-eater like you too busy at his purfession there,” was the answer ; and next moment the despondent prophet was flung bodily through the doorway of his grimy quarters, while two boat hands seemed comforted by this opportunity of relieving their feelings. A crackling laugh that had little merriment in it went round, and afterwards there was stillness again.

Day by day the *Fish-eagle* drifted steadily north beneath a shroud of clammy mist. At times a rush of icy wind swept the vapour aside, and her crew could see a streak of grey ocean stretching away until it was lost in the eastern haze. Then the captain climbed to the crosstrees and sat until his limbs were useless sweeping the horizon with his glasses, but the sea-rim was always blank and void. Afterwards the haze closed down again denser than before, and crept into the very hearts of the men as the frost grew keener. The carpenter occasionally amused himself by chipping at the injured bilge, while the engineer replaced the propeller blades, and this they did that they might not think, for they knew the uselessness of it all. At first the crew rambled about the ice, but crevasses and fissures barred their way, and after two were nearly drowned and one had broken a leg they gave it up, and sat in listless despairing idleness about the stove as the endless hours dragged by.

One morning, clearer than usual, when the captain stamped up and down the deck with fierce wrath smouldering in his heart, a frantic yell from the man in the crow’s-nest set the blood stirring in his veins. In a few moments he stood aloft on the topsail-yard, and, straining his eyes, made out a patch of something which was not white, but grey, contrasting with the mist that walled the circle in. Clutching his glasses, he watched it breathlessly, until the patch took shape and form, developing the hazy outline of a vessel. Yellow smoke was wreathing about her, and he could see the loom of canvas against the mist ; then the glass slipped from his grasp and fell clattering upon the deck.

A clamour of voices rang out, and the captain came down. "Don't make too sure yet, men, she may not see us," he said slowly and deliberately, though his voice trembled. "Load the brass gun to the muzzle, and you, Mr. Mayne, take plenty of oil and build the biggest bonfire you can upon the ice. Lend a hand every one, and burn whatever can be torn adrift. There's no time to lose."

The men needed no second telling. Doors and scantling were wrenched down, and a fine whaleboat was ruthlessly hacked to bits; busy figures swarmed like ants up and down the *Fish-eagle's* side, and soon a ten-foot pile of timber drenched in oil was burning like a volcano upon the ice. A column of ruddy flame roared aloft, wisps of smoke eddied about the steamer's mastheads, and her master turned his anxious eyes seawards. The stranger was plainly visible now—a strip of black hull with a pyramid of dingy canvas above it, rolling across the heaving levels as fast as steam and a light air out of the north could drive her. But streaks of mist were already crawling across the sea between, and a filmy whiteness obscured the low-hung sun.

"Heaven send they keep a good look-out and it holds clear just ten minutes more," he said; and a bank of vapour hid all the stranger's hull. Then he gave the order "Fire the gun," and a long red flash blazed forth from the bows, while a jarring crash set every spar quivering. The ice took up the sound and flung it from hummock to hummock, echoing and ringing, and then a puff of blue vapour rose up above the mist that crept higher and higher about the distant sailcloth, and a faint boom came down the wind. "Thank God for that!" the captain said.

A confused roar, which was half a cheer and half a delirious shout of relief, went up from the *Fish-eagle's* deck. One fireman swore vigorously and profanely, a grimy comrade leaned forward upon the rail with his head between his hands, sobbing like a girl, while a French-Canadian beside him called aloud on the saints above. The little second mate, who also hailed from old Quebec, flung his arms into the air, gesticulating wildly; and the gaunt engineer rubbed his reddened eyes with his knuckles—the smoke of the fire had got into them, he afterwards explained. Two hours later, escorted by half the *Fish-eagle's* crew, who crowded about some of the comrades they had long given up as lost, a fur-clad man reached the steamer's side, and grasped her master's hand.

"Very glad to see you, Johnson," he said. "We picked your boat up a week ago, and we'd never have done that, only the Yankee cruiser told us to creep along the shore, for there was ice

outside. We hunted you three days on the mate's reckoning, and you're lucky it's comparatively clear, though we'd have burned half our coal before we gave it up. And now, the sooner we get all the oil we can out of her and clear of this condemned ice, the better."

"First—have you got all the men?" asked Captain Johnson; and the other answered: "All but one—he died of frostbite. The mate's down too, and the old man who brought them through is pretty near his end. But there's no time for talking now, if we don't want to be frozen fast before we see the Diomedes."

It was dusk when they left the ice in three boats loaded deep with odds and ends of value, and pulled off towards the lights of the auxiliary screw *Pribiloff*, which swung to and fro through the gathering mist. The boats were hove on board, and comrades who had never expected to meet again on earth looked into each other's eyes, and found it strangely difficult to know what to say; while the *Pribiloff's* crew crowded about the strangers, patting them on the back, and pouring out a flood of questions all at once. Then an uncouth figure, clad in a coat of pure white fur, which would have cost him six months' pay but that he slew its original owner with a sealing rifle, leaned over the low bridge and said: "If you'd quit that foolin' an' clear the orlop-deck to berth them, it would be more to the purpose. Let draw headsails, haul lee braces, hard up helm!"

The tiny propeller commenced to throb, the yards swung round, and the *Pribiloff* headed out from the ice to wait for dawn, that they might transfer some at least of the *Fish-eagle's* oil and gear.

At midnight Captain Johnson bent over a narrow berth, opening like a cupboard above the lockers of the poop cabin. A brass lamp shed down a flickering radiance on the grizzled hair and rugged face of the man who lay within; but the bronze had faded from the weather-beaten cheeks, and the lips were grey. Boat-steerer Nicholson—for he it was—raised himself feebly on one elbow, and made an effort to stretch out a hand, only to fall back again while the arm dropped upon the covering; and the captain of the whaler whispered, "Frost-bitten to the elbow."

"I wanted to see you again, sir," said a faint voice, "for you were as just a master as any man might sail under; but I'll sail no more; it's ebb-tide now." Then the dim eyes brightened. "It was a good voyage—two hunner miles in an open boat, in spite of the bitter frost—an' we done it, an' sent relief."

"It was a voyage any man might be proud of. Is there anything I can do?" said the captain quietly; and the dying boat-steerer continued: "I've been a very lonely man, but there's a grave

on the hillside above Porthallows quay, and only grass upon it ; but the sexton he knows who lies below. There's money o' mine not drawn, an' I'd like a stone set there, an' carved in : ' Mary Nicholson, beloved wife of— ' the mate has got it down ; an' underneath : ' James Nicholson, died at sea.' Nothing else. You won't forget ? ”

“ It shall be done,” the captain answered. “ Is it long since she died ? ”

“ Ten years an' more. I was third of the *Oxbird* whaler then. Two sons I had, better men than me, and one an officer of a liner too ; but he died of fever, and the other went down in the *Cedar Grove*. Then the wife went, an' I took to drink to forget—a drunken, wastrel sailor-man—till the night the China boat went through the *Emir* like a knife, and put the fear of death before my eyes. I had no hand in that, but the bos'n he swore against me I'd let the lights go out, an' I went back to the whalers, a hard man with a bitter tongue, an' a broken heart beneath, to earn my bread among the ice and forget what lay behind.”

“ The finest seaman that ever put his foot aboard my ship,” said the captain. And the thin voice went on : “ I can't talk no more, an' I've not spoken so for ten years—ten long years an' more. I'll be called at the change of the morning watch, but you'll not forget—Mary Nicholson, above Porthallows quay.”

The boat-steerer turned his head from the light, and lapsed into sleep or unconsciousness ; and the master of the *Pribiloff* said quietly : “ He's probably right. Strange how it's always about that hour they go. It's time I looked round on deck ; the mate will tell you how we found the boat.”

Captain Johnson leaned back on the locker, and the mate briefly told his story. “ We were creeping down the coast five knots under steam, with topsails set, that night,” he said ; “ there was brightness above, and mist low down over the water, and a hail came out of the fog. I thought I was dreaming, and said nothing for a moment, but the look-out heard it too. We stopped the engines and whistled, and a boat came alongside, four men pulling, four more lying in the bottom, and one of them frozen dead. They were too played out even to climb the side, for a breeze had soaked all they had with spray. One fell backwards as he let go his oar, and when I slid down into her the poor fellow who lies there was sitting with his hand clenched round the tiller. ‘ I can't let go,’ he said, ‘ but thank the Lord I brought them through.’ It took me five minutes to loose his frozen fingers, and then he fell all in a lump upon me—he couldn't bend a limb. We lifted them aboard, and the rest came

round except your mate, and he's doing better now ; but the boat-steerer was frozen too much for that. It was his last voyage, as he said, poor fellow !”

Then the mate lapsed into silence, and a clock ticked noisily overhead. There was a gurgle and swash of water outside as the steamer rolled lazily on the swell, and now and then the sick man murmured in his sleep. So the time dragged by, until the mate thrust fresh fuel into the stove. “How cold it gets at this hour ! Ah ! there's the change of the watch,” he said.

The clear tones of a bell rang shrilly through the frosty air ; a cry of “All's well !” fell muffled upon their ears, followed by a tramp of feet along the deck, and some one beat upon the skylight overhead. Then the coverings of the berth rustled, and a feeble voice murmured : “All's well. Lights—burning—brightly,” and the poop seemed strangely still. The *Fish-eagle's* captain sat very quietly with his head turned aside, and his right hand covering the chilly fingers that gripped the coverlet, for what seemed to his companion an interminable space. Then, rising to his feet, he softly slid the curtain along the rings, and the two went out noiselessly into the bitter night. They knew the head boat-steerer had kept his last watch on earth.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

NOTE.—At the time this story was written there were five vessels fast somewhere between Points Hope and Barrow, and a U.S. gunboat looking for a place to land sledge teams to reach them. The writer heard several similar accounts when in a sealing schooner.—H. B.

*THE POETS' HEAVEN.*

## I.

OF DANTE, MILTON, AND OTHERS.

The fields of joy described : none there must dwell  
 But purged souls, and such as have done well :  
 Some soldiers there : and some that died in love ;  
 Poets sit singing in the bay-tree grove.

THOMAS DEKKER, *A Knight's Conjuring.*

**L** EIGH HUNT regrets that none of the great geniuses should have given us his notions of Heaven. The hint as to eye having not seen, nor ear heard, nor its having entered the human heart to conceive of the divine secret, may have sealed the lips of some. A feeling of this restraint is expressed by Nicholas Breton at the conclusion of his "Pilgrimage to Paradise," one of the precursors of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress :"—

Shall I describe Thy sweet and gracious seat  
 But as Thou art unto Thy servants seen ?  
 Or shall my spirit humbly else entreat  
 Some angel's help that in the Heavens hath been,  
 That to the world such glory may unfold,  
 Or say it is too glorious to behold ?

And yet the imaginations, both of the greater and lesser geniuses, have often dwelt on the prospect which gleams and fades on the human horizon beyond where sight fails ; that prospect which Southey said was the only one in this world that had any attraction for him. Milton's Heaven, earthly and obvious, though with none but celestial inhabitants, where eve and morn succeed each other, and "grateful twilight" has its appointed hour, where

the trees  
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines  
 Yield nectar,

whose angels sleep, "fanned with cool winds" in their celestial tabernacles, and eat, not seemingly "nor in mist," but "with keen despatch of real hunger" verging on excess, from any injurious effects of which, as the poet takes pains to tell us, their spiritual nature avails to save them. Dante's Heaven, no less definite and

orderly to its minutest detail, but mystical and ethereal, even while peopled by the sons and daughters of earth, passing from glory to glory in ascending brightness, with divine visions that come and go like stars in a cloudy night, and attended by the music of the spheres. These are the two extremes, between which lesser poets paint and plant their Edens.

The one Heaven is of Italy, the mother of beauty, the other of England in its least poetic aspect. Or rather—for England and the poetry of England are no less rich in loveliness and magic than Italy at her fairest and in her prime—the one is of this world, the other has caught some ray of ineffable splendour from a world beyond. Its very mists are the mists of autumn illumined by a sun which though out of sight transmutes them to gold. Behind is ever the suggestion of

Realms that though unseen exist,

and interfuse the air with subtle radiance. Milton, indeed, gives away his point of view through the archangel Raphael's lips when, rebuking Adam's too curious enquiries as to the heavenly state, yet with a fellow-feeling for his curiosity, the heavenly visitant half archly suggests—

though what if earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein  
Each to other like more than on earth is thought.

One has thanked the stern Puritan poet for that homely surmise, and for the angel's yet sweeter words when, comforting Adam in his fall, he foretells the redemption of man and how, when the time is ripe, he shall be received once more into bliss :—

Whether in Heaven or earth ; for then the earth  
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place  
Than this of Eden, and far happier days.

A thought to which Milton seemed to cling almost as pertinaciously as did Lamb.

Woman, next to God, constitutes the charm and glory of Dante's poem ; man, under God, the worship of the other. Dante firmly believed that Beatrice knew of his doings while he was glorifying her as no woman had ever yet been glorified in poetry, or has ever been since, and he lived in the glad assurance that when his weary exile was over he would be rewarded with her smiles ; while Milton's proud spirit no doubt solaced itself by making the woman fill that submissive *role* in his earthly Paradise which he assigned her with such indifferent success in his own household, and to which he, no doubt, in his individual hopes of Heaven, relegated his "late



espousèd saint." Was it that there was no Beatrice in England, or that Milton had no eyes for her if there was?

It is Giles Fletcher, among English poets, in his great poem, "Christ's Victory and Triumph," who has approached nearest to Dante in the imaginative beauty of his Heaven. In numbers mystical and musical that move along in one unbroken flow of inspiration, the old poet imparts to us his heavenly vision, though his Paradise, for all the streams of light and beauty that he pours upon it, is in some respects more far-fetched and unreal even than Dante's, whose saints are never other than men and women. As Milton, making a virtue of necessity, has hinted, it is only through images of the seen that our ideas of the unseen can be derived, the angel saying to Adam—

and what surmounts the reach  
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,  
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,  
As may express them best.

So it is from his joy in the loveliness of earth that Fletcher sets out on his ecstasie dream of Heaven:—

Gaze but upon the house where man embowers:  
With flowers and rushes pavèd is his way,  
Where all the creatures are his servitors;  
The winds do sweep his chambers every day,  
And clouds do wash his rooms; the ceiling gay  
Starrèd aloft the gilded knobs embrace:  
If such a house God to another gave,

How shine those glittering courts He for Himself will have?

For Himself and the favoured souls of ransomed men, those **who**

before they were invested thus  
In earthly bodies carried heavenly minds,

and who now joy before Him in eternal day—

Pitched round about in order glorious,  
Their sunny tents and houses luminous.

Free henceforth from sorrow, sickness, poverty, and shame, **unhaunted** by the fear of loss, or change, or death, their winged hours **pass in** one unbroken trance of bliss and peace. Pain and cold and suffering, the helplessness of infancy, the sadness of age, are **gone for ever**:—

The infant wonders how he came so old,  
And old man how he came so young again,  
Still resting, though from sleep they still refrain:  
Where all are rich, and yet no gold they owe,  
And all are kings, and yet no subjects know,  
All full, and yet no time on food they do bestow.

A state of things, this last, that seemed cold and comfortless to Elia, whose humour coincided rather with Milton's notion of the angels' hearty delight in meat and drink, and who queries so wistfully on his own account, in his "New Year's Eve" essay, as to whether the "delicious juices of meats and fishes" go out, among other delights, with mortal life. As also there are some, Christina Rossetti among them, who demur to the thought of parting for ever with sleep, that "best of rest" which Herrick and Keats agree with Fletcher in banishing from the bowers of rest, as if they grudge to lose even one moment in forgetfulness out of their long eternity of bliss :—

For things that pass are past, and in this field  
The indificent spring no winter fears ;  
The trees together fruit and blossom yield,  
The unfading lily leaves of silver bears,  
And crimson rose a scarlet garland wears ;  
And all of these on the saints' bodies grow,  
Not as the wont on baser earth below :  
Three rivers here, of milk, and wine, and honey flow.

Longfellow, in one of his best known poems, says of the floweret-babes transplanted from earth to Heaven—

And saints upon their garments white  
These sacred blossoms wear.

A fantastic image enough, but which may have been taken by Longfellow from paintings, especially perhaps Murillo's "Assumption," in which the winged cherubs hang about the virgin's floating garments with very much the effect of flowers. Giles Fletcher's fancy, of flowers growing from out the saints' bodies, is a wilder one.

Spenser's gentle and humble spirit loved rather to dwell on Faerie-land, Heaven, as he conceived of it, being "too high a ditty for his simple song ;" though over his very Faerie-land there often breathes an air of Heaven. But he has left us a vision, pure and clear as crystal, of the Celestial City, shining high above the enchantments of his magic world. Simplicity and directness are the features of his description. In two stanzas he imparts as perfect a picture as Milton or as Dante in their thousand lines, and perhaps steeped in a diviner atmosphere of love and gentleness. His angels, walking in their air of glory, seem yet of familiar aspect, and, whether of earthly or of heavenly descent, we would fain claim them as our kin. It is to the elfin knight, known thereafter as St. George of Merrie England, that the starry vision is vouchsafed. Even as Bunyan's pilgrims were taken by the shepherds to the top of the high hill called Clear, whence they obtained their glimpse of the Celestial City through the shepherds' perspective-glass, so St. George is led by

the aged hermit, Heavenly Contemplation by name, to the summit of a steep mountain :—

From thence, far off he unto him did shew  
A little path, that was both steep and long,  
Which to a goodly city led his view ;  
Whose walls and towers were builded high and strong  
Of pearl and precious stone,

whereon, as he stood gazing—

  he might see  
The blessed angels to and fro descend  
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,  
And with great joy unto that city wend,  
As commonly as friend does with his friend.

A vision before which the great Cleopolis, city of the Faerie Queen, and the bright glistening tower of Panthea pale their splendour—

For this great city that does far surpass,  
And this bright angels' tower quite dims that tower of glass.

Another picture-dream of Paradise, in which faith makes more free with fancy's brush, is contained in one of Spenser's elegies, portraying the happiness of a soul in blissful Paradise—

Where like a new-born babe it soft doth lie  
In bed of lilies wrapt in tender wise,  
And compast all about with roses sweet  
And dainty violets from head to feet.

In "The Pilgrimage," that poem said to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh the night before his execution, and behind which his heroic personality does seem plainly to reveal itself, is presented one of the most alluring of poets' Paradises. Here we follow the spirit's adventures from its first release into the very courts of Heaven, the vision of peace being ever and again broken by the shadow of the executioner's axe. The poet pictures himself as a palmer, quit of the body, hastening on his way to the Celestial City :—

Over the silver mountains,  
Where spring the nectar fountains :  
There will I kiss  
The bowl of bliss  
And drink mine everlasting fill  
Upon every milken hill.  
My soul will be a-dry before ;  
But after it will thirst no more.  
In that happy blissful day  
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
That have cast off their rags of clay,  
And walk apparell'd fresh like me.

Keeping up his character of leader into unknown regions, he marshals these other pilgrims in imagination under his own conduct, guiding them to

those clear wells  
Where sweetness dwells,  
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

Katherine Tynan tells of an old Irish peasant-woman who, in her talk of Heaven, chanced on the same delightful image: "Sure, we'll all be there," she says optimistically, "drinking out of our little mugs at the fountain," showing how ideas that appear in the jewelled phrase of old-time poets will sometimes drop with simple sweetness from the lips of the illiterate of to-day.

The poet pursues his pilgrimage into the heart of the Celestial City, indulging to the full his lifelong dreams of new-world magnificence, of

rubies thick as gravel ;  
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire flowers,  
High walls of coral, and pearly bowers,

till the wilder earthly passions break in. The false charges, the cruel intrigues that have brought him to the block, force their hateful recollections on his mind, and the vision closes in "Heaven's bribeless hall," where, from "Him that made Heaven, earth, and sea" (another touch bespeaking the traveller), he will receive at last not justice only, but mercy.

Jeremy Taylor, a poet who usually wrote in prose, in his heavenly meditations cherishes the same dreams of oriental glory, more directly inspired, as was natural to his calling, by the Apocalyptic vision. He pictures "that bright eternity"

Where the great King's transparent throne  
Is of an entire jasper stone ;

and where the sky is "of diamonds, rubies, chryso-prase."

## II.

### THE GARDEN OF PARADISE.

Some are dazzled by all this magnificence of jewelled splendour. Like the poor dying old woman who, to her minister's kindly reminder that she would soon be treading the golden streets, replied: "Eh, sir, if the Lord would only let me go to some quiet green place in the country; I do be so mortal tired of streets!" so it is as a garden rather than a city that Heaven presents itself to the imaginations of many. Some wistful notion of the Eden in which man spent his days of innocence colours their thoughts of future bliss.

Joy to thee, Paradise,  
Garden and goal and rest !  
Made green for wearied eyes ;  
Much softer than the breast  
Of mother-dove clad in a rainbow's dyes,

sings Christina Rossetti. And it was a garden that inspired Tennyson's vision in "Sir Galahad :"—

I muse on joy that will not cease,  
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,  
Pure lilies of eternal peace  
Whose odours haunt my dreams.

The lover in Mr. Austin Dobson's "Song of Angiola in Heaven," musing by the flowers that had died on the breast of his dead love, dreams of Heaven as a green garden-place,

Well filled of leaves, and stilled of sound,  
Well flowered, with red fruit marvellous,

wherein he discovers his beloved.

Who shall say that flowers  
Dress not Heaven's own bowers ?

asks Leigh Hunt. To which one is tempted to reply, in the words of Betsy Prig, "Nobody, if you don't!" Flowers bloom through all the paradises of the poets, from Homer's meadows of asphodel to the heavens of Dante, Milton, Spenser, Dekker, wherein the flowers known to earth grow sweetly amid those of pure celestial growth.

Heaven his wonted face renewed,  
And with fresh flowerets hill and valley smiled,

says Milton. And again, he tells how at the angels' repast,  
On flowers reposed, and with fresh flowerets crowned,  
They eat, they drink.

So, too, Nicholas Breton, at the conclusion of his "Pilgrimage to Paradise :"—

Here never weed had ever power to grow,  
Nor ever worm could make an herb to wither,  
But in the path where all perfections go,  
Virtue and nature kindly went together,  
And heavenly dews did all the fruits so cherish  
That neither fruit, nor herb, nor flower could perish.

Dorothea, in Philip Massinger's play of the "Virgin Martyr" (as in the old legend), sends her persecutor some of the fruits and flowers of the Garden of Paradise, to prove to him that she has found entrance there. "What flowers are these?" he exclaims—

In Dioclesian's gardens, the most beauteous,  
Compared with these, are weeds : is it not February,  
The second day she died? frost, ice, and snow  
Hang on the beard of winter : where's the sun  
That gilds this summer ?

Beatrice first descends on Dante's vision from Heaven in a cloud of flowers, scattered about her on all sides by angelic hands, which avails to soften the radiance of her beauty to his mortal eyes. And on the banks of light, which in the likeness of a river flows through Paradise, the flowers grow thick and fragrant. In Dekker's Happy Islands "spring is all the year long tricking up the boughs" and decking the arbours, so that the very beds and benches whereon the blest inhabitants repose are violets and musk-roses, "their pillows are heartsease; their sheets the silken leaves of willows."

It is the same with later poets. So Shenstone sings :—

Yet shores there are, bless'd shores for us remain,  
And favour'd isles, with golden fruitage crown'd,  
Where tufted flowerets paint the verdant plain,  
Where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.

And Felicia Hemans sweetly addresses the garden's queen, on whose beauty, as an Italian poet she quotes has said, "is always written this word—death :"—

Rose ! for the banquet gathered and the bier ;  
Rose ! coloured now by human hope or pain ;  
Surely where death is not, nor change, nor fear,  
Yet may we meet thee, Joy's own flower, again !

The American Quaker poet, Whittier, indulges a similar fancy :—

Through groves where blighting never fell  
The humbler flowers of earth may twine,  
And simple draughts from childhood's well  
Blend with the angel-tasted wine.

It is an Arcadian shepherd Paradise, the road to which is by the milky way, that Andrew Marvell depicts in his exquisite little pastoral, "A Dialogue between Thyrsis and Dorinda." A shepherd and a shepherdess are discoursing of Elysium. In their fresh young gaiety and fondness they are in an Elysium of their own; but not content with that they must needs secure their bliss by making it immortal. Dorinda asks,

But in Elysium how do they  
Pass Eternity away ?

And Thyrsis replies,

O ! There's neither hope nor fear,  
There's no wolf, no fox, no bear ;  
No need of dog to fetch our stray,  
Our Lightfoot we may give away ;  
And there, most sweetly, may thine ear  
Feast with the music of the sphere.

• • • • •

There sheep are full  
 Of softest grass, and softest wool ;  
 There birds sing consorts, garlands grow,  
 Cool winds do whisper, springs do flow ;  
 There always is a rising sun,  
 And day is ever but begun ;  
 Shepherds there bear equal sway,  
 And every nymph's a Queen of May.

This last item of blessedness is too much for Dorinda. She weeps in a petulant longing to be away to such happy regions, and they agree to bid the world adieu together in a draught of popped wine, and thus smoothly pass to Heaven in sleep.

On the lovely Mary Lee of Carelha', in Hogg's poem "The Pilgrims of the Sun," Heaven took pity when

she grew weary of this world,  
 And yearned and pined the next to see,

and sent a guide from a far-distant land to take her to the place she longed after, and show her a glimpse of its delights beforehand:—

And Mary saw the grove and trees,  
 And she saw the blossoms thereupon ;  
 But she saw no grave in all the land,  
 Nor church, nor yet a churchyard stone.

Hogg's fascinating poem has an almost startling parallel in the story of "The Land of Souls," as told from the Red Indian in Mr. Andrew Lang's "Yellow Fairy Book." It was with heavenly homesickness that Hogg's "maiden of the wistful mind" yearned. In the version of the Red Indian poet, perhaps the more human of the two, it is a young chief sorrowing for his dead bride to whom the celestial experience is vouchsafed. He too, like Mary, has to cast off his earthly weeds and, crossing land and storm-tossed lake (a more perilous journey than Mary's through the lither air), comes at last upon the Happy Island, where, amid all fair delights, he enjoys a blissful hour of communion with his beloved. "The air fed them, and the sun warmed them, and they forgot the dead ; for" (as in the case of Hogg's virgin-pilgrim) "they saw no graves." After which solacing glimpse of the worlds beyond, the young chief, like the Scottish maiden, has to return and dree his earthly weird till the time of his release falls due, when his bride shall be restored to him fair and youthful as when the Master of Life first summoned her from the Land of Snows.





## III.

## THE POETS IN PARADISE.

Poets have ever loved to picture their fellow-poets in Heaven. Dekker, in the picturesque Paradise he presents us in "A Knight's Conjuring," done, he says, "in earnest, discovered in jest," and in which he anticipates the fancy of a later day by setting forth "how in Elysium chat the unsilenced dead," introduces us to the laurel grove hard by the Fortunate Islands wherein the children of Phœbus, poets and musicians, dwell retired into themselves, and from which come forth such harmonies "that birds build nests only in the trees there to teach tunes to their young ones prettily." Dan Chaucer, who was not much given to heavenly visions on his own account, reigns supreme, by virtue of priority, in this poet's Paradise devoted, it would seem, to none but British bards. Benign and blithe of cheer he holds his court among them, their eyes fastened on his, "their ears all tied to his tongue by the golden chains of his numbers; for here (like Evander's mother) they spake all in verse." Here also is Spenser, singing forth "the rest of his Fairie Queen's praises;" Marlowe, Greene, Peel, Nash, and others. A liberal admission of mad, bad poets, considering the sort of passengers Dekker had just enumerated as having a license to land upon these blessed shores— young infants because of their innocence, "holy singers whose divine anthems have bound souls by their charms, and whose lives are tapers of virgin wax set in silver candlesticks, to guide man out of error's darkness." Dekker's singers carouse to one another even at the holy well. So madly clamorous, indeed, do they become, drinking healths "to all the lovers of Helicon," that the dreaming Dekker wakens with a start.

It has been suggested that Keats's famous ode which pictures the poets in their glorified Elysium,

Underneath large blue-bells tented,  
Where the daisies are rose-scented,  
And the rose herself has got  
Perfume which on earth is not,

was addressed not to departed poets in general, but in particular to Beaumont and Fletcher, since it was on a blank page of their works that he indited it. But Keats himself, sending a portion of the ode to George and Georgiana Keats, writes, "it is on the double immortality of poets," thus giving it a wider application.

Boccaccio, when his "dear master" Petrarch had deserted Italy for Paradise, conceives of him as forming the centre of a group of

welcoming bards, among whom Dante shines supreme. Cowley, in a half-jealous passion on behalf of the poets of earth, bereaved of Crashaw, consoles himself with the thought that in Heaven he is the same poet still, only with the angels for auditors and rivals :—

Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,  
And joy in an applause so great as thine ;  
Equal society with them to hold  
Thou needst not make new songs, but say the old.

So, too, Mr. Swinburne, in "Transfiguration," beholds in vision the arrival of his blind young poet friend, Philip Bourke Marston, in Paradise, where—

Already may his kindling eyesight find  
Faces of friends—no face than his more fair—  
And first among them found of all his kind  
Milton, with crowns from Eden on his hair,  
And eyes that meet a brother's now not blind.

Holmes wonders whether King David, even in Heaven, might not remember his own lovely pastoral lyric, "The Lord is my Shepherd," "with a certain twinge of earthly pleasure." Did the genial Autocrat recall how Giles Fletcher with a sympathetic poet impulse imagines the monarch-minstrel devising "new songs" as in his celestial throne "he sits emparadised" ?—

Now mayst thou pour  
That overflowing skill, wherewith of old  
Thou wou'st to comb rough speech, now mayst thou shower  
Fresh streams of praise upon that holy bower  
Which well we Heaven call.

#### IV.

##### OF THE BEAUTY AND LOVE IN HEAVEN.

"All earthly beauty is but the shadow cast by heavenly beauty," says Joubert. Or, as the old French poet, Joachim du Bellay, puts it in his sonnet to Heavenly Beauty, as translated by Mr. Andrew Lang :—

And there in the most highest heavens shalt thou  
Behold the Very Beauty, whereof now  
Thou worshipp'st the shadow upon earth.

Beatrice became ever more and more radiantly beautiful as she ascended with Dante from Heaven to Heaven, from the time she first unveiled to him her face, which even beneath its veil

in loveliness appear'd as much  
Her former self surpassing, as on earth  
All others she surpass'd,

till she was compelled at last, for his sake, to withhold her smiles lest their beauty should dazzle him to blindness. And finally, when they had reached the seventh splendour—

mine eyes did look  
On beauty such as I believe, in sooth,  
Not merely to exceed our human, but  
That, save its Maker, none can to the full  
Enjoy it.

To Petrarch likewise, in his dreams of Paradise, Laura appears "less haughty and more fair." Michael Angelo beautifully attributes this investment of beauty to love :—

Our love makes still more fair  
Our friends on earth, fairer in death on high !<sup>1</sup>

The idea is pursued by Herrick, after his fashion, in his dainty little poem, "The Transfiguration," addressed to Julia :—

Thou, thou art here, to human sight,  
Clothed all with incorrupted light,  
But yet how more admirably bright  
Wilt thou appear when thou art set  
In thy refulgent thronelet,  
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit ?

And, in loftier vein, by Beaumont and Fletcher in "The Lover's Progress :"—

My nobler love, to Heaven climb,  
And there behold beauty still young,  
That time can ne'er corrupt, nor death destroy,  
Immortal sweetness by fair angels sung,  
And honour'd by eternity and joy !  
There lives my love, thither my hopes aspire !  
Fond love declines, this heavenly love grows higher.

Those even who have worn no veil of beauty when on earth are to be invested with it as a celestial dower in Paradise. Coventry Patmore makes exquisite use of this thought in "The Victories of Love," where the homely wife, Jane, in the presence of her husband's old love, the beautiful Honoria, writes, humbly conscious of her own deservings as well as her defects :—

Not but that I'm a duteous wife  
To Fred ; but, in another life,  
Where all are fair that have been true,  
I hope I shall be graceful too.

And later on, near death, she recounts how, in a dream of Heaven

<sup>1</sup> From the sonnet "Celestial Love," translated by John Addington Symonds

“a strange kind lady,” looking on her, kissed her, and bade her look at herself in the crystal floor :—

And bright within the mirror shone  
Honorias smile, and yet my own !

Mahomet, according to the story, once checked an old woman in her importunate demands as to her chance of future bliss with the rebuff that there would be no old women in Paradise—“because,” he had the grace to add, moved to pity by her lamentations, “they would all have become young and beautiful.” Petrarch solves the same problem of transfiguration and yet identity when, of the souls in Heaven, he says :—

Tanti volti che 'l Tempo e Morte han guasti  
Torneranno al lor più fiorito stato.

Transfigured but not transformed. The old familiar faces at their loveliest, only idealised to the likeness of Heaven.

Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in his poem “The Idea,” compares the soul to a statue assuming within its mould of clay the form ordained for it from the first by Heaven, which form attained, the outward covering is cast aside, and the spirit, like the statue, shines forth in its perfection of ideal beauty. And he concludes in lines addressed to her whose beauty had evidently inspired the poem :—

From whence ascending to the elect and blest  
In your true joys you will not find it least  
That I in Heaven shall know and love you best.

For it is love that humanises the heavens of most poets, from Dante downwards :—

And when this life of love shall fail  
We'll love again in Heaven.

So Goldsmith rounded off, in its original form, his ballad of the loves of Edwin and Angelina. Around Rossetti's “Blessed Damozel”—

lovers newly met  
'Mid deathless love's acclaims  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
Their heart-remembered names.

It will be remembered how Browning transcribed in his wife's Testament Dante's unalterable expression of belief that from this life he would pass to a better, “where that lady lived of whom his soul was enamoured,” the aspiration of the passionate Florentine being thus linked with the memory of the most famous poet-lovers of modern days,

Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The English poet, indeed, made the hope his own in "Prospice," where, anticipating with dauntless spirit the one fight more awaiting him, his vision pierces through the prospect of darkness, pain, and cold, and he sees how of a sudden the "black minute" will be at an end:—

And the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a piece out of pain,  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

Boccaccio sets the seal of his assurance on Dante's expression of belief, as Lord Houghton did on Browning's. "There [in Ravenna] he rendered his weary spirit to God. . . . And there can be no doubt that he was received into the arms of his most noble Beatrice, with whom, in the presence of Him who is the chief good, leaving all miseries of the present life, they now most lightsomely live in that happiness to which there comes no end."

For the old poets had the courage of their human love no less than of their heavenly. With them the earthly affection takes as high a flight as the divine. It was always in the presence of God that they looked forward to the fulfilment of their human longings, no more disturbed at the prospect of that supervision than little ones playing about their mother's knee by the consciousness of her glance upon them.

D. G. Rossetti faithfully followed the tradition of his master, Dante. His "blessed Damozel," leaning out from the gold bar of Heaven, with the lilies in her hand, the stars in her hair, and the white rose "of Mary's gift" at her breast, longs for her lover in Heaven even as he longs for her on earth, though the ten years of their separation that seemed to him as ten times ten had passed for her as a day. She looks forward to teaching him the songs and showing him the sights of Paradise. She will lead him "to the deep wells of light," through the mansions of God's house, to where Lady Mary sits with her handmaidens, fashioning birth-robcs for those "who are just born, being dead." And she muses—

There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
 Thus much for him and me :  
 Only to live as once on earth  
 With Love—only to be,  
 As then awhile, for ever now  
 Together, I and he.

V.

HEAVENLY GLEANINGS.

Stray gleams and glimpses of Heaven shine through the poets, like birds of Paradise in their mystical quest, ever since Dante invited others "with better voice" to follow him heavenward. It would be difficult to catch them all. Little heavens lie compact in a few enchanted words that linger in heart and memory. Of such is Waller's—

for all we know  
Of what the blessèd do above  
Is that they sing and that they love.

Sir Walter Scott's—

For love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.

Dekker's—

In Heaven is no wooing, yet all there are lovely ;  
In Heaven are no weddings, yet all there are lovers.

Marvell's, honouring alike to this world and the next—

If things of sight such heavens be,  
What heavens are those we cannot see !

Or, to quote a poet of our own day, Coventry Patmore—

All I am sure of Heaven is this :  
Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss  
One true delight which I have known.

What a whole Heaven is suggested by Quarles's lines to the happy saints—

Ah, you whose care-forsaken hearts are crown'd  
With your best wishes ; that enjoy the sweet  
Of all your hopes !

In Sir John Beaumont's description of that

eternal house above,  
Wall'd and roof'd and paved with love.

In Henry Vaughan's rapt line—

And Heaven's gate opens when this world's is shut.

In the very title of Burns's wistful poem, "To Mary in Heaven ;" or of Lady Nairne's, "The Land o' the Leal," with its soothing refrain—

There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither could nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal.

In Shakespeare's own allusion to Heaven as the trysting-place—

So part we sadly in this troublous world  
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

Says Herrick—

I sing, and ever shall,  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

It is in his poem, "The White Island,<sup>1</sup> or Place of the Blessed," that he has given the most definite form to these anticipations. In this world, "the Isle of Dreams," we sit by the waters of sorrow discoursing of tears and terrors, a description that applies, how aptly! to poets such as Cowper, or Tasso, Edgar Allan Poe or Johnson's "poor dear Collins," but which one would scarcely fancy the lively Herrick to have chanced on. But

In that whiter island where  
Things are evermore sincere,  
Candour here and lustre there,  
Delighting;

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horror call  
To create or cause at all  
Affrighting.

Through Philip Massinger's play of the "Virgin Martyr" not only does the vision of Heaven gleam, but, "as if to show what creatures Heaven can breed," the boy-angel, Angelo, keeps appearing and disappearing on the scene.

"What is this life to me? not worth a thought!" cries *Dorothea* to her persecutor on the scaffold, when he taunts her with the loss of earthly joys and mocks her hopes of Paradise. She is already in Heaven—

There's a perpetual spring, perpetual youth:  
No joint-benumbing cold, or scorching heat,  
Famine, nor age, have any being there.

The fleeting radiance seized on the youthful Coleridge, bringing him a foretaste of strange bliss which he should "recognise in Heaven." It soothed the aged Landor, in whose "Last Fruit off an

<sup>1</sup> Herrick's designation of Heaven as "The White Island" has a counterpart in the inscription, in Welsh, on Bishop Thirlwall's tomb, of which the translation runs, "White is his world," or, as Dean Perowne explains it, "Blessed is his state." The poet Vaughan, himself a Welshman, is similarly attracted by this idea of whiteness in connection with heavenly things.

old Tree" there is a mystical little poem which hints at rather than tells of Heaven :—

To his young rose an old man said,  
" You will be sweet when I am dead :  
Where skies are brightest we shall meet,  
And there will you be yet more sweet,  
Leaving your winged company  
To waste an idle thought on me."

It flashes on us ever and anon from Milton's shorter poems, as when he looks forward to the time when Time shall have spent itself, and

long eternity shall greet our bliss  
With an individual kiss ;  
And joy shall overtake us as a flood.

Over and over again it surprised the melancholy Cowper with a ray of light. It swept over Thomson's spirit with scenes of splendour compared with which

All beauty here below . . .  
Would, like a rose before the midday sun,  
Shrink up its blossom.

Blake is full of celestial visions. His little children "dream and tell of Heaven," as Keble says they do. Motherless infants in his poems walk with their mothers amid the mountains and streams of Paradise—

Among the lilies by waters fair . . .  
Among the lambs clothèd in white.

Small chimney-sweepers, set free by an angel from their coffins, escape from their sooty surroundings, and sport in a clean bright world of sun and stream. His soldiers slain in battle are exalted to those heavenly fields

Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,  
Where peace and joy and love and calm content  
Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew  
Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table.

A poet older than Chaucer by about half a century, Richard Rolle, has left us a picture of heavenly joys such as they appeared to the simple pleasure-loving hearts of generations richer in hope than our own. "Children," once said Luther, "imagine Heaven a place where rivers run with cream, and trees are hung with cakes and plums. Do not blame them. They are but showing their simple, natural, unquestioning, all-believing faith." The rime of the



ancient hermit bears the old solacing refrain of peace, and joy, and plenty, of eternal youth, eternal summer, and "all manner liking of life."

Christina Rossetti's eye for heavenly things is clear and straight as that of the old poets. It penetrates the mists of doubt and derision, and "finds the fountain" where others "wailed *mirage*:"—

I see the far-off city grand,  
Beyond the hills a watered land,  
Beyond the gulf a gleaming strand  
Of mansions where the righteous sup;  
Who sleep at ease among their trees,  
Or wake to sing a cadenced hymn  
With cherubim and seraphim.

Holmes, like Lamb, allows his fancy to sport delightfully about a humbler and less solemn Paradise; or rather, he brings his human Paradise into the "downright Bible Heaven" itself:—

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth,  
And laughter's gay surprise,  
That please the children born of earth,  
Why deem that Heaven denies?

Methinks in that refulgent sphere  
That knows not sun or moon,  
An earth-born saint might long to hear  
One verse of "Bonny Doon."

Or, walking through the streets of gold  
In Heaven's unclouded light,  
His lips recall the song of old,  
And hum "The sky is bright."

Is Heaven fading from the pages of our poets? Has the celestial vision lost its charm? Or, at least, is Heaven being despoiled of its fairer features, its more soothing spells? Those sapphire walls, those star-paved streets whose very dust are pearls, those bowers of unfading bloom, those crystal streams, do the singers of our day reject them as inadequate and childish?

The voices of some have only lately been hushed—the voice of Christina Rossetti, of the last of the Tennyson poet-brothers, that strove towards Heaven's gate, and sang to us, as sweetly almost as any of old, the

tales and golden histories  
Of Heaven and its mysteries.

And even though the images of Heaven may have changed, the allurements suggested by some of the sweet old terms have lost

their force, may we not hope that there will always be poets—those messengers, as Carlyle considered them, “sent from the Infinite unknown with tidings to us”—to gaze through the dim stained glass of our mortal life into the mysteries of what lies without, and to beguile our hearts with rumours of the vision?

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

## SCENES OF SIAMESE LIFE ON THE MENAM.

THE Menam, though smaller than the Mekong, is by far the more important river to the Siamese. Its true name is Menam Chow Phya. "Menam" means "mother of waters," and "Chow Phya" is the title of the highest rank of nobility. Bangkok—the present capital—situated about thirty miles from its mouth, is in regular and constant steamship communication with Singapore, Hongkong, and Saigon. About fifty-five miles further inland is the ancient capital Ayuthia, and though the glory of the royal court and state has been transferred to Bangkok, and its commercial importance has lessened, it is still a large and busy town, and the centre of an extensive rice-growing district. The surrounding jungle is full of noble ruins of grand old temples—relics of past magnificence. Many of these must have been remarkably fine both in design and construction. From the top of the tower of the old palace enormous masses of brickwork, toppling monuments, and graceful pagodas may be seen rising from a sea of rank vegetation.

The main stream of the Menam, nearly 800 miles long, is the great highway to Chang-mai and the North-West Provinces of Siam, and on its waters, impelled by the current alone, is floated down the result of each season's teak cutting. For about 450 miles it flows through what is called the Valley of the Menam, covering an area of over "20,000 square miles of territory, whose fertility is not exceeded by any portion of the globe."

Between Bangkok and Ayuthia there is enough traffic to employ a large fleet of passenger and towing launches, or "fire boats," as they are called by the Siamese. As these are generally crowded with natives, Europeans, except in cases of emergency, seldom travel by them, preferring to use their own; for in that roadless country, unless so provided, there would be no getting about either for business or pleasure. To an emergency I am indebted for an interesting trip on one of these launches, and selected one noted for its speed.

It carried his Majesty's mail—one bag ; and chickens ran loose under the benches, which were fixed so as to economise space. I bought up the front row that had room for three, and was thus sure of getting the air before it was contaminated by my fellow passengers. Just over our heads was an upper deck, on which the people squatted or lay at full length, the awning above them being so low that there was only room to sit up. It also served for carrying a large quantity of freight or provisions, and consequently the boats are sometimes a trifle top-heavy—in fact, have been known to capsize. But there is no Board of Trade in Siam !

It was one of those delightful mornings early in the rainy season, when the atmosphere has an unnatural clearness about it, everything in the distance looks clean and fresh, and the temperature is lower than usual. The boat scarcely stopped at my landing, and was away at full speed. After going about 300 yards the steersman shouted to the sleepy-looking occupants of a miserable canoe, who suddenly steered for the launch, as if the idea had just struck them. We slowed up, and a man climbed in. The Siamese are an apathetic race—the next launch would have suited him just as well. I have seldom seen them excited except by pleasure, and then they behave like children. At the south end of the town is a large temple, called Wat Chong, containing one of the largest images of Buddha in the country. It is a lively place, and is generally crowded with people, for near it is held a market, and there the towing launches make up for their trips to Bangkok. There is a good deal of traffic, and many passengers were picked up. The river on both sides is lined with some of the finest floating houses in the town. These certainly form the most distinctive feature in the river scenery, and very handsome they look when built of stained teak with carved woodwork in the windows and doors. A platform, or verandah, is made at the back and in front on the projecting ends of the flooring joists. The roofs, which are steep and gracefully curved, are peculiar to that part of the world, and the whole building rests on large bundles of bamboo securely fastened together to form a compact raft, and this is attached by ropes to iron or rattan rings passing round piles driven into the bed of the stream in such a manner that the houses rise and fall with the tide or flood. Others, instead of using rafts, build their houses across two large barges or pontoons, and these not only have a distinctly neater appearance, but are cleaner, as there are no bamboo ends to catch dead animals and other *débris* floating down the stream. In the rainy season, when the current becomes so strong that they would be in danger of being swept away, the houses

in exposed positions are removed into the quiet water of side channels, being brought back after the subsidence of the floods. And it is by no means uncommon to see a man moving his house when dissatisfied with his locality. But they are not all works of art; some are the merest hovels on rickety rafts of rotten bamboo, and the sizes range from a few feet square to a good-sized dwelling. They are used both as shops and residences. On the whole, those owned by Chinamen are the most showy, being generally adorned with "joss" decorations and vases.

As we rounded the next corner, two Malays paddled alongside, and the launch crossed the river, backed into the bank to pick up another fare, and then on again, rushing through the delicious cool air. Every minute or two the steam siren shrieked through a discordant scale to attract passengers, and I soon began to think it was the most awful sound I had ever heard. We passed several tows, for they go slowly. To a long cable attached to the stern of the tugs, paddy, *chowboats*, and houseboats lash themselves as best they can. One had fifty-three boats of various sizes in tow, that formed a tail nearly half a mile long. The paddy-boats are generally 40 feet long, 10 feet 4 inches beam, and 6 feet 4 inches extreme draught when loaded. They go up the *khlongs* or canals buying paddy from the small growers, and convey it to the rice mills in Bangkok. The deck is at the level of the gunwale, and a long low arched roof of cleverly plaited bamboo forms the cabin accommodation. When the wind is favourable a calico lug-sail is used; but the usual method of propulsion is by "*chowing*" with three or more long oars that are attached by a rope grommet to the tops of uprights fixed in the sides. The boatmen stand and push the oar after the manner of a Venetian gondolier, with a peculiar swing of the inside leg which is sometimes very fantastic. Even the women take their turn, and I have seen small naked children standing with their hands on the oar learning the stroke. When under sail the steering is generally done with a rudder, but at other times by a peculiar twist given to the oar that is always astern of the cabin. The *rua pet* is similar to the paddy-boat, but built on finer lines, and has only 3 feet 4 inches draught. But more graceful than either of these is the *rua nua*, a boat of a more highly developed type and some twenty feet longer.

The river here is about 300 feet wide, with banks from eight to ten feet high fringed with bamboos, trees, and jungle; while here and there a few open spaces disclose long stretches of paddy-fields that extend far away on either side. Growing rice resembles barley: the grain is termed paddy, but when the husk is removed it becomes

rice. During the floods thousands of square miles on these plains are covered with water for two or three months at a time, and on this depends the yield of the crop; for, curiously enough, unless the fields are under standing water, the rice grains do not harden, and the greatest curse to the rice-grower is too short a flood season.

Along the bank there are houses at short intervals, either floating or on land, and at every point where a *khlong* or branch joins the stream there is always a larger collection boasting of a name. At one of these, Khlong Fakien, is an important settlement of Malays, who have been there for years, and intermarried with the Siamese. One cannot help noticing the difference in dress and physical appearance. But more noticeable still is a Mohammedan temple, above the dome of which a crescent is seen clear cut against the sky. The landing is formed of brick steps built down into the water—a distinct improvement on the wooden ladders in various stages of decay that are used at most of the Buddhist *wats*, which are met with at short distances apart all the way to Bangkok. They occupy the best and most commanding sites, and are always surrounded by the finest trees. To each temple is invariably attached one or more *salas* or rest houses, which are open to the use of any one, either native or foreigner. There are constantly a lot of yellow-robed priests hanging about; for most of these gentlemen, after having collected the daily supply of food, appear to have no other object in life than that of killing time. A rich Buddhist, anxious to make merit, builds a new *wat*, and many of them well repay inspection; but the attainment of Nirvana is not hastened by repairing an old one. For this reason fine old buildings and monuments are allowed to fall into ruin, while a new temple is being constructed perhaps within sight.

Soon after passing Khlong Fakien, we took on board a man and his wife. The former wore a blue *panung*, with a scarf round his neck, and the latter carried a naked baby, whose face was daubed all over with some sort of yellow ochre. Then, crossing the river for some Chinamen, we passed a *sampan*, or boat, being chowed by two women wearing nothing but *panungs*, while in the bottom, on some strips of split bamboo, lay a child—just like all Siamese children—in a state of utter nudity. I may mention that a *panung* is the universal form of dress worn by both sexes in all stations of life. It may be of any material, from the commonest cotton to the richest silk. It consists of a long strip wide enough to reach from the waist to about the knees. The middle of the cloth is placed at the back of the body, and by means of a special hitch is fastened in

front. The two long ends are then folded carefully together, passed between the legs, and tucked into the belt at the region of the small of the back. I use the word "belt" to simplify the explanation; for although some are used, and even pieces of rope, it is by no means universal, and I do not remember ever having seen one used by a woman; so that the way they keep this garment in place, even when actively engaged, is positively astonishing. The men—I am speaking of the poorer classes—often have no other garment, though many of them wear undershirts or jackets. Grown-up girls and young women always have a brightly coloured cloth about six inches wide that is passed under the arms and either tied tightly in front over the breasts, to the utter ruination of their figures, or, which is far more graceful, passing under them, the ends crossing over the opposite shoulder and tied at the back. Those, however, who are in constant intercourse with Europeans adopt the bodice, while the older women, especially in the country, go innocently about in only a *panung*. Missionaries, as usual, try to dress the natives; but it is open to serious doubt whether the result is attended with any benefit, as there is certainly nothing in their method of dressing in any way incompatible with the highest form of religion.

At one of the temples that had plates and saucers (?) built into the walls by way of decoration, a function was in progress, and the congregation was sitting on the floor. But that was no hardship, for although they have a word for chair, I have never seen one, or even a substitute, in any of the poorer houses. When tired of their heels they use the floor. At this *wat* we were joined by a native dressed in a green *panung* and an earring, who had his chest tattooed with Siamese characters. In the temple grounds was a fine specimen of the sacred Bo tree (*Ficus religiosa*) hung with the decaying robes of some defunct priests—a curious but untidy custom.

Some evil spirit made me look round at the boiler, and I noticed to my horror that the pressure of steam was more than the gauge could indicate. In fact, the needle was pressing hard against the utmost limit of its range, and the safety-valves were still tightly shut. The boiler trembled with the pent-up energy of Heaven knows what pressure of steam. I pointed this out to the captain, who also acted as steersman and purser, but he only replied "*Dai*," which was more cheering than it sounds, as its meaning is the pigeon-English expression, "Can do." It was no good talking to him, as the boat was racing hard against several others, and the only comfort was that it had probably safely borne the same strain on many previous occasions. Finally, the safety-valve lifted, and an awful rush of

steam followed ; but the needle only shivered, and the valve closed down again before the pressure had been sufficiently relieved to get within the range of the gauge.

The next stoppage was at Wat Talat, a large temple surrounded by some fine rugged trees, that was then so important a place that scores of boats, canoes, and *sampans* crowded about the landing. The attraction was due to the wonderfully healing properties of a certain medicine concocted by a priest, who, during a severe illness, dreamed of a mixture that would cure him, and its effect was so great that in gratitude he freely dispensed it to others. It was mixed in a huge earthen jar, and its great curative powers were claimed to be efficacious in any disease ranging from fever to paralysis. The engine-driver got a small bottle of it, and though he appeared to be in an eminently healthy condition, he drank a little and then poured some in his eyes, assuring me that it was "good medicine." I inwardly prayed that it might save his boiler from destruction.

On the opposite bank was a shed of Chinese coolies working on the Bangkok-Khorat Railway. One of these made a lasting impression on me. His yellow-skinned body was uncovered, saving! for a blue loin-cloth that was hitched up to the hips. A blue dragon was tattooed on the front of his leg, and a white bracelet encircled his wrist. His pigtail, as well as a green cloth, was wrapped round his neck, and for a hat he wore the crown of an old brown slouch from which the rim had been cut off. In addition, he had one of the most indescribably evil faces I have ever seen. Even the features of Geronimo, the late chief of the bloodthirsty Apache Indians, were not stamped with such an expression of concentrated vice.

After about an hour and a half from Ayuthia we reached Bang-pain, the King's country palace; but only a glimpse of the roofs can be seen from the channel used by the launches, as the view is blocked by an island on which are a Buddhist monastery and a temple designed like a Christian church. I believe this temple enjoys the unique distinction of being the only building of the sort in the whole world that is used for Buddhist worship. The architect is said to have been a Roman Catholic. At the south end of the island is a lighthouse that shows a dim red light. The outside is cased in plaster, and as some of it is badly weather-stained, it presents a very rusty appearance.

One of my neighbours was an interesting creature, and evidently well pleased with himself. He wore long finger-nails, and, seeing me look at him, spread out his left hand, evidently for my admiration. On the fourth finger he wore a large Chinese ring, and all the nails



were long, particularly those of the fourth and fifth fingers, which had grown to a length of at least an inch. They looked like huge claws, especially when he tried to pick up anything from the seat. The owners of such nails regard them with extreme satisfaction, and cultivate them so carefully that they sometimes attain a prodigious length. They are largely affected by Siamese and Chinese clerks, who fancy themselves exquisites. It is supposed to indicate the fact that their owners do no manual work. Curiously enough, in so far off a place as Mexico, the same idea exists; but there it is generally confined to the little finger. I do not know what else he had to be proud about, unless it was his right leg, which was elaborately tattooed above the knee. He was dressed in only a *panung*, and to a cord round his waist was attached a wallet for his tobacco, betel-nut, &c. He also carried some food wrapped in a piece of green plantain leaf.

By this time the launch was pretty full, and I was amused to see two Siamese, who had their necks wrapped in scarves, sitting with their backs as near the boiler as they could get. Some Tamils had coiled themselves up and settled down to sleep, and many of the natives sat from choice on the seats with their legs curled up under them. Most of them spent their time chewing betel-nut, a practice which blackens the teeth and causes them to freely expectorate a red fluid. Some of those in the middle of the boat were thoughtful enough to use small spittoons, which they carried with them. I shall never forget my horror and disgust, when in a crowd of natives, soon after my arrival in the country, at seeing a woman a few inches from my face open wide a black cavernous mouth half filled with a chew, and lined with teeth the colour of ebony, and not teeth only, but tongue and gums.

All Siamese chew betel—I have never known an exception; but all have not such horrid-looking mouths. A Siamese gentleman has a servant or slave always in attendance with the necessary supplies as well as a spittoon. These are of any material, from tin to silver, or valuable old china, and even gold ones are sometimes presented by the King as a special mark of royal favour. So universal is the habit that the daughters of wealthy parents who have been educated in Europe have to resume chewing at once on their return, as any native woman with white teeth is looked upon as unfit for virtuous society. The moderate use of betel-nut is said to be anti-dyspeptic in its effect, preserving the teeth and purifying the breath. Its constant and inveterate use, however, is even more unsightly and objectionable in appearance than tobacco-chewing.

Other passengers smoked native tobacco, which they wrapped with strips of dried plantain leaves into sizes varying from an ordinary cigarette to an exhibition cigar. Conversation among them was not animated, though one individual, with a loud harsh voice, made himself very objectionable. Luckily he was not with us long.

A slight sensation was caused by the arrival on board of an almond-eyed woman dressed in a brick-red *panung*, white bodice, and yellow scarf. The scarf was a thing of beauty (being of silk with a pattern) which had been cunningly folded so as to have regular transverse creases like a concertina. As soon as she was safely in her place she produced a penknife and cut off a quarter section of a betel-nut, which she put into a mouth almost as black as coal. Then from a little bag she extracted a ceri leaf and added that to the mouthful. Next, with some fine-cut tobacco, she wiped her lips and teeth, and, that being accomplished to her satisfaction, placed it in her cheek as a *bonne bouche*. All three, after being chewed together with evident gusto, were emptied into the river, her hand in the first place being used as a spittoon. She then refilled her mouth as before.

At about 10.30 we began to meet launches coming up from Bangkok, and the river here changes somewhat in appearance. It is broader, and there are more cocoa-nut and sugar palms on the banks. Here grows the attap palm, the leaves of which when threaded on thin strips of bamboo are invaluable for roofing and walls. The houses, too, are more numerous, and stretch continuously in places for quite a mile, increasing to villages at the mouth of the numerous *khlongs*. They are all built on piles, to raise them above the flood level; but even in places beyond the reach of water the same system is used. They do not extend for more than a few yards from the river's edge, for the paddy-fields begin just on the other side of the fringe of bamboos. Many of the houses are only sheds, with walls occasionally made of large leaves stiffened by bamboos or rattan. One that I noticed was composed of thatch, planks, mats, sheet iron, and tin. During the floods on these plains the natives can only get about in canoes or *sampans*, and all their poultry, ducks, pigs, and small live stock are collected in the houses or on floating platforms. I have even seen a pony stabled in the verandah of a dwelling not more than fifteen feet square.

The number of boats here is increased by the traffic from the main stream that comes from Pak-nam-po and the Chang-mai district. We passed some teak rafts of enormous length, which float down with the current and ebb of the tide, but tie up to the bank

during the flow. In the dry on the and of the tide even at Ayuthia, some eighty-five miles from the mouth of the river, the water is between two and three feet. The teak logs are laid side by side to make the required width, and lashed together with ratta twisted into ropes. Others are added in the same way until a long flexible raft is formed. Men live on these for weeks at a time, and erect small huts on them for shelter. The steering is done by long sweeps at both ends, and in difficult places a rope is carried ashore. The life just suits the Siamese, for it requires no great hurry or exertion; there is plenty of time for bathing and sleeping, and an unlimited supply of fish at their very doors. Where the river is wide enough, it is a common practice to get the logs across the stream, or even diagonally with it, so as to expose a greater area to the action of the current. It makes a material difference to the rate of progress if they can utilise a broadside 100 yards long instead of a beam ten or twenty in width.

Towards midday we stopped to pick up a passenger at a little settlement where refreshments were eagerly bought. These consisted chiefly of cold rice wrapped in leaves and seasoned with a sauce made of putrid fish pounded into a paste, which, in spite of its awful smell, is much appreciated by both Siamese and Chinese. Next to rice, fish is the most important article of diet, and is cooked in every conceivable way. It being contrary to Buddhist tenets to take life, very little meat is used by them—not that they object to eat it, for they do so readily enough, and they have often asked me to allow them to take the dead chickens from the fowlhouse. Fortunately they are not all orthodox; but it is a dangerous thing to buy meat except from most reliable butchers, as the chances are strongly in favour of the animal having met with an accidental or natural death. I have known a Siamese servant object to kill the fowl that formed the only hope of a dinner; but foreigners usually employ Chinese cooks, who have no such scruples. Fish, however, any Buddhist may kill, and as the river is simply alive with them, the natives live pretty cheaply. I have frequently seen them jump into a small launch when going at full speed, and some are able to live out of water a long time. These attracted the notice of Sir John Bowring in 1855, who mentioned the “novel sight of fish leaving the river and gliding over the wet banks . . . they will wander more than a league from the water.” I have myself seen these fish travelling across dry land from pool to pool. The natives believe that they live underground. I can only assert that after a heavy rain they are sometimes found in what, a few hours previously, had been a dry depression.

sions or water holes. Another curious species is the "barking fish," that makes a sonorous half-musical sound under the bottom of boats, to which they are said to attach themselves. At times the sound is very loud—perhaps they are barking at each other, though it has been described as "singing in concert."

As we approach Bangkok the houses are no longer confined to the banks, but extend inland in dense masses intersected by *khlongs*. It was formerly a walled city, and all the palaces and finest native buildings are situated within the walls which still exist, even to the huge gates. But the city has long since extended itself, and now covers some five or six miles along the bank. In mid stream, opposite the gorgeous palace buildings, are moored the gunboats and royal yachts, which, under Danish officers, are well kept and smart in appearance. Here, too, on the right bank, are the dockyards and the famous Wat Yai, with an enormous terraced monument rising high above the trees, a blaze of light being reflected from the multi-coloured pieces of china with which it is inlaid. The temple roof is also a striking feature, with its red, green, and orange tiles; while part of the *façade* looks as if it had been embroidered in colours. A fine building has the word "Sanandalaya" built into the walls in large Roman characters, and beneath it a panel filled with Siamese words. This is the Royal Seminary, where trained English ladies educate the daughters of the Siamese Upper Ten. But scholarship was not the sole object of the Siamese Prince, who especially asked the English superintendent that his daughter might be taught to carve a chicken!

This part of Bangkok is the centre of native officialdom, and is the most picturesque and interesting. As we push on, the river becomes thickly lined with floating houses and shops, paddy-boats, lorchas, warehouses, piled with cases all looking black, dirty, and grimy, relieved occasionally by one or two new clean buildings with bright red roofs, &c. There are row after row of Chinese shops with all sorts of goods—paper umbrellas, ropes, onions, tea; shops for tinware, crockery, and lamps. In the cooler part of the day the river swarms with every variety of native boat, and the steamboat traffic is incessant. But early in the afternoon it is almost deserted, and the people lie lazing and sleeping behind the screens, some of which are entirely made of old kerosene tins nailed to a frame. The heat behind these, exposed as they were to the sun, must have been terrific. It was frightfully hot, too, in the launch, the rays of heat being reflected from what seemed a sea of molten glass. After going a couple of miles further we reached the Hotel landing—the

centre of the commercial quarter, with its banks, trading and shipping offices. The English and French gunboats were anchored opposite their respective Legations, and still further down lay numbers of large steamers, sailing vessels, and all manner of river craft. But here our journey ended.

C. DIMOND H. BRAINE.

## *OATHS AND THE LAW.*

**T**HE law is like a lady. It has, as she has, the right, without any assignment of reason, or with all sorts and fashions of wholly incompatible and contradictory assignments of reason, to determine. Those who are put in grievous plight by its determinations and caprices must find for themselves, as poor rebuffed Dr. Brown was compelled to, such consolation as they can :—

I love thee not, I know not why,  
But this I know, I love thee not.

If at times, therefore, we find even perfervid utterances as to that which is desirable or not, and in the course of a generation or two, or even of a decade or so, discover that the lovely has become hateful, the powerful imbecile, and the convenient revolutionary, we must ascribe it to some change in shape or texture of the magisterial wig—or to evolution of thought, or communal interests, or to utilitarianism or higher light, or (to borrow the seventh and final reason of the drinker for drinking) to “any other reason why.” And this degree of delicacy is required, not merely because to dispute with the lawgiver has always proved pitifully perilous, but because we are assured on the high authority of an esteemed author on “Pleadings” that the fictions of the law—say the old action of ejectment—“form part of its simple beauty.” We will endeavour, therefore, to run into no great vehemency of extremes, and merely to follow playful Rosalind with her “by my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and all pretty oaths that are not dangerous.”

It is not, however, our present intention to tell anything of the history, often curious and of innocent origin, of profane oaths, of “swear oaths”—except so far as to see in what manner they are forbidden by law ; but we propose rather to devote the bulk of our space to the judicial oath, and the strange varieties and complexities under which it has from time to time been administered, or riddance of it has been gotten. Still it is as well to remember that there are

still upon the Statute Book enactments which disallow in the street what—or some essential semblance of what—is enforced in the courts, and that our legislators have troubled to deal with the “horrid, impious, and execrable vices of profane cursing and swearing.” Nor do we the less readily invite attention to this aspect of the subject on the ground that if the silly and iniquitous practice of foul speech required repression as notorious in the time of George II., there is at least among many of those educated under the fostering care of our School Boards, the urgent need of strong discipline. It is, indeed, to our minds curious that the inanity of gross and nauseous language has, in the brightening rays of education, not become more apparent; though of course we are not insensible to the influence upon young minds of a large audience and a woefully perverted sense of fashionable manliness. If there are any that believe in the value of competition, staunchly do we; but there is an unrighteous striving not to seem eccentric in well-doing, or even in its first element of self-restraint, that painfully strews the path of those forced—unsupported by the restrictions of gentility, of pure home influence, of family tradition—upon a publicity mistaken for a subdued applause, and where the compelled grieved gaze is misinterpreted to be but half, nor altogether unpleasingly, shocked interest.

We have not, indeed, in this country gone to the length which has elsewhere been followed; for Justinian, in the “Novels,” treated profane oaths as blasphemy and punishable with the extreme penalty of death; and coming to later times, Donald VI. of Scotland—anticipating the “Mikado” in his anxiety to “fit the punishment to the crime”—ordered that profane swearers should have their lips seared with a hot iron. But we do find a series of repressive statutes. Thus, in 1623, it was enacted that any who cursed or swore should be fined twelve pence, or, on non-payment, be set in the stocks for twelve hours; or, if under twelve years of age, should be whipped. In 1694 another Act was passed fixing gradations of punishment, and directing that young offenders up to sixteen should be whipped, and this law was, up to 1823, read publicly in parish churches, after morning prayer, four times a year. In 1745 there was a new statute by which a kind of swear-scale was established, whereunder a day labourer, a common soldier, or sailor, or seaman might utter one oath for a shilling; a person under the degree of a gentleman for two shillings; a person of or above that degree for five shillings; and the penalties were doubled after one conviction, and thereafter trebled. Nor were these enactments altogether idle. Thus in 1856 one John Mason Scott, a mealman of Winslow, Bucks, “did pro-

fanely curse one profane curse" in given words "twenty several times repeated," and it cost him two and a half guineas: two sovereigns for the curses, at a florin apiece, and twelve and sixpence for the prosecutor James King. Moreover, the conviction was held good by Justices Wightman and Blackburn. So again, Sir John Strange reports a case whence it appears that William Collier came before the justices and complained that James Sparling, a leather-dresser, of the parish of St. James, Clerkenwell—a district not altogether free from the offence to-day—had profanely sworn fifty-four oaths, and profanely cursed one hundred and sixty curses, *contra formam statuti*, and the leather-dresser was adjudged guilty, and to pay twenty-one pounds eight shillings. We regret, however, to add that this decision was reversed, though only on the technical ground that the oaths and curses ought to have been set out; the Lord Chief Justice, Sir John Pratt, Sir Littleton Powys, Sir Robert Eyre, and Sir John Fortescue Aland being of opinion that it was not for a witness to determine what was an oath—"to swear the law," as it was quaintly put—since "it is a matter of great dispute amongst the learned what are oaths and what curses." And indeed the number of cases in which a conviction was, on some dry question of form, brought up to be quashed—*e.g.* those of Roberts, Popplewell, and Chaveney—show that informations were pretty freely laid. Nor is process at the present day altogether unfamiliar. We recall, for instance, a case of 1884 in which a person luxuriating in the possession of "a semi-detached villa in the suburbs" was charged with polluting the moral atmosphere, and he requesting to "be treated like a gentleman" his aspirant hopes were realised by imposition of the fine of highest degree, five shillings. It is hardly necessary to add that in effect this looseness of tongue is dealt with day by day at our police courts—though the charge is generally coupled with disorder, obscenity of speech, and that most frequent concomitant, drunkenness.

Now, we have it on the authority of no less a person than—indeed we should say no less a personage than—Gregory Nazianzen, of the fourth century, in a spirited poem, that the habit of swearing is comparable to a stone rolling down a steep with increasing velocity, till at last it reaches the brow of a precipice, and then with one bound dashes into the gulf below, and that gulf is perjury. And indeed there is common to them the essential vice, and yet more the mental attitude of flippancy—flippancy which the very matter-of-fact demeanour of a somewhat greasy usher preliminarily thumbing a distinctly greasy Testament does not tend to diminish. It is well,



accordingly, that the law should have seen to it that any imbecility— we use the word in the older sense of lack of power or inconsequence—of mind should be regarded as taking one out of the category of a jurable person. There have indeed been cases where it was only during the course, or indeed towards the close of a trial, that a fatal idiosyncrasy betrayed itself. One of the most amusing of these was that of a Mr. Wood, who having instituted proceedings against Dr. Munro, at Middlesex Sessions, for detaining him unlawfully in a lunatic asylum, could not be made to reveal the nature of the monomania from which he suffered though subjected to the severest cross-examination. The key was wanting. But presently, at the critical moment, arrived in court Dr. Batty, thoroughly conversant with the details, and he suggested to the counsel of his fellow-practitioner this remarkable question: "What has become of the princess whom you have corresponded with in cherry juice from a high tower?" when the plaintiff immediately exposed his malady by narrating how he carried on such ideal correspondence. It is in the same sense that the law of all countries has been tender in taking the oaths of children. It is becoming now not unusual to permit a good deal of elasticity, the more especially in charges the nature of which necessitates the evidence almost of infants. There are, for instance, exceptions made as to the method of taking the testimony of the very young both under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1885, and the Prevention of Cruelty to Children Act, 1894; and the desirability of this is beyond question when we remember the extraordinary proposition which was agreed to by all the judges of England in *Brazier's case*. It was then determined that a child five years of age might be examined on oath provided it was capable of distinguishing between good and evil; though this is perhaps not more remarkable than that the Council of Toulouse should have required of the laity at the ripe age of twelve to swear to a formulary of faith, or that in England boys of the like age should have been compellable to attend Court Leet in order to take the oath of allegiance. But a much more shocking example of headlong ruling, to the fearful detriment of the innocent, is to be found with regard to oaths made about children, and the begetting of them. For it appears from the first part (bk. vi. c. 5, § 8) "*Compendii Clavis Regiæ*" by Gregorius Sayrus that if both husband and wife had made a perpetual vow of chastity, it was irrevocable—except on dispensation—upon the ground that both parties had then made a cession of their several rights, and that violation of this monstrous pledge not only involved sacrilege on the part of the parents, but

the abiding consequence of the bastardy of the child.<sup>1</sup> It is mildness itself to find the same authority fixing for boys the age of seven for the possession of mind having the requisite capacity for deliberation demanded in the taking of a solemn vow, even though this restriction is withdrawn where a capacity for fraud is exhibited at an early age, and therefore at least a simple vow is allowed. Moreover parents were conceived to have the power of discharging or invalidating the oaths of their children who had not arrived at puberty.

One is naturally led at this point to consider something of the legislation which has obtained in compelling, against conscientious scruples, the taking of an oath. The difficulty is very old. Nor is it to this day uniformly dealt with in all parts of enlightened Europe. But there is grace and abstention from exacting the oath of imprecation and execration, even the simpler oath of contestation, for the sake of the "weaker brethren." Experience has, indeed, bitterly proved this needful, and we are eager to allow that that which may be right to, and even called for by the conscience of, one man, to another may be and should be unstintedly accepted as a stumbling-block. For there have been those who have preferred the pains of death to the doing of what to them was sacrilege. Polycarp, rather than swear "by the fortune of Cæsar," wrote with indelible blood his name upon the scroll of martyrs. The virgin Blandina—Eusebius is the authority—suffered bitter torments rather than take any oath. The Phrygians thought it presumption to invoke deities. Clineas, a just Greek, submitted to the substantial fine of three talents rather than call the gods as witnesses to his true statements. Ponticus, a boy of fifteen, was subjected to torment for a like reason. In our own Marian days Elizabeth Young was not affrighted with the horrid threat, "Thou shalt be racked inch-meal." To Maimonides, to Pythagoras, to Philo Judæus, to the old sect of the Essenes, as well as to the more modern sects of Anabaptists, Mennonites, and Quakers has the taking of an oath been revolting. Now and again these scruples have been respected; even as far back as the history of the chaste Susanna, we read that, though her life was at stake, no oath

<sup>1</sup> The passage demands transcription. We quote from the Venice edition of 1621, pp. 159, 160 :—"Si ambo conjuges de communi consensu votum perpetuæ castitatis emiserint non possunt nec reddere, nec petere debitum absque dispensatione. Ratio, quia tunc uterque cedit juri suo. . . . Conjugati post emissum continentiæ votum ex mutuo consensu nedum committunt sacrilegium si illud violaverint, sed et filii qui nascentur erunt spurii. Ratio quia licet per votum non cesset matrimonium quoad vinculum, et essentiam ejus, cessat tamen quoad usum carnis."

was made use of; while the Romans so far recognised the high office of religion that, as Quintilian assures us, neither priest nor flamen was compelled to swear. Nor, curiously, in our own country could an oath be taken, even in a court of justice, during the festivals of the Church, without the previous leave of the clergy. And that this has been a troublesome question within this century in our rule in India appears from an extract from a letter signed by several natives, which was published in a Calcutta paper in 1833:—

“If the magistrate of Nuddea would display his compassion towards us, and touch up some of his officers, more particularly the Nazir and his underlings, by whose outrages we are tormented, we should have much reason to pray to God for the prosperity of the magistrate. For fear of being obliged to take an oath we cannot explain our grievances to him. We pray the magistrate to pass an order allowing us to bring forward the oppressors of the undersigned without taking the oath.” There is then the fear—and not an idle one—that far from adding a security by forcing a reluctant form of obligation, we may rather be weakening allegiance to the paramount law of loyalty and righteous dealing. “We have no right to distrust,” says Chrysostom, “and none to compel another man to remove our distrust by a process which is irreverent and a temptation to himself.”

Nor, indeed, has the value of the oath, as inducing truth-speaking, appeared at all evident to every jurist. The great Pothier said that in forty years' professional experience, having seen the oath tendered in an infinity of cases, he had not more than twice known a witness to back out of a statement on being required to swear to it: “depuis plus de quarante ans . . . je n'ai pas vu plus de deux fois qu'une partie ait été retenue par la religion du serment de persister dans ce qu'elle avait soutenu.” This is curiously supported, though we admit of course that it has but the force of an odd example, by a tale which occurs in a rare pamphlet of the last quarter of the seventeenth century, written by one assuming the name of “Misorcus.” But it is to be observed that though it is related of a “grand Professor of Quakerisme in Ireland,” the “Professor” was also an acknowledged usurer as well as a factor for London merchants. “The story of him,” says Misorcus, “is this: There was a Bill not long since put into the Chancery there against him in a money business, to which he was commanded to give in his Answer upon oath, the which he refused, and after some delays addressed himself to a worthy person, Dr. W——, one of the Masters of the foresaid Court, proffering him twenty pieces in gold if he would

exempt him from swearing, and admit of his Yea and Nay to his Answer and all Interrogatories that should be proposed unto him. The Doctor, as it became him, sent him away with a sharp reprehension for his boldness and wicked attempt to corrupt him. Upon this he was more bold in petitioning the Lord Deputy that his Yea, &c., might be admitted, but was likewise with a severe check dismissed unsatisfied. At last, when he perceived that unless he made oath to his Answer he should be non-suited, he dispensed with his tender conscience, and took it ; after which there came in such strong evidence against him, that he was found guilty of perjury, and cast in the suit between him and the plaintiff. By this," on his extremely narrow generalisation, concludes the oath-hater, "may be collected what credit is to be given to a Quaker's Yea and Nay, when as, if the man has a false heart, under the covert of it a Lye may be sheltered." In short, he who will not stickle at a lie will not stickle at an oath. "Qui non reverentur homines, fallent Deos," says one, Cicero, whose own heartaches and timidity made him a tolerable judge of this side of human infirmity.

The truth indeed is hit, with the iron hot, by that keen perceiver of human nature, Jeremy Bentham, when he asserts that oaths transfer the idea of guilt from the breach of a prior and paramount obligation to the ceremony by or with which the person sworn promises to perform that obligation. For he echoes, in fact, but the proposition which had long before been laid down by Helvetius that the oath is an empty formality which is not binding upon rogues, and which in no wise adds to the engagement of honourable men. It is particularly in this light, so far as our present subject is concerned, that the severity of our older law is to be reprobated. For there can be no manner of doubt that the savagery of the penal code of last century and the earlier half of the present century, until the reforms with which the name of Romilly is peculiarly and honourably associated, invited at least the juror to the clearest perjury—since the direct encouragement was to find the value of stolen property ridiculously below its real value. In truth our judges were, righteously, more than disposed to wink at these valuations only not untruthful because they could not possibly impose on any one. Thus we find one prosecutor, declaring in great wrath that the fashion of the article in question was alone worth more than the value suggested, answered by the observation of Lord Mansfield to the jury :—"Gentlemen, I hope we shall not hang a man for fashion sake." But this was in times when to break down the dam of a fish pond was a capital offence.

It has indeed been argued, and even in France, and by so liberal-

minded a lawyer as M. S. Migneret, that if the legislator cannot constrain a man to respect a legal prescription flowing from belief in a Deity, neither can he compel respect for a rule founded on the notion of property. If, he contends, there is no physical law demonstrating a Divine Being, neither is there any establishing property; and he trots out La Fontaine's seventeenth-century weasel and its observations to the pussy-cat and little rabbit:—

Je voudrais bien savoir, dit-elle, quelle loi  
En a pour toujours fait l'octroi  
A Jean, fils ou neveu de Pierre ou de Guillaume,  
Plutôt qu'à Paul, plutôt qu'à moi.

In short, he finds no more place for recognition by the law of the scruples of him who fears to take an oath, than for recognition of the Socialist insisting on community of property, or of the philosopher denying the sacredness of family ties. At any rate, he will not extend to the Agnostic the breadth of toleration which the Cour de Cassation in 1810 extended to the Quaker, in whose case the Court held valid an affirmation. In Belgium, at any rate, different views have prevailed; and under Articles 1366 of the Civil Code and 226 of the Penal Code the right to make an affirmation, deduced directly from the 14th and 15th Articles of the Constitution, is allowed full sway. The result of the Conseil d'Etat of 1870 was, in short, to regard the oath as a civil rather than—as far as the State is concerned—a religious act. Society, argued M. Raikem, is not a judge of the respective merits of sects. It cannot appreciate external acts; it has no concern in any scrutiny of the depths of human thoughts. As soon as a citizen, though he be the victim of a mental aberration, states that his convictions are repugnant to the invocation of Divinity, society is powerless to pry into his secret motives. Whether from an exaggerated sense of reverence, whether from mere scepticism—no matter; these are questions within his own sole domain. The legislator's right is limited to punishing the false affirmation equally with the false oath, and there ends his power.

And if we may be permitted to refer to the history of the successive sanctions that have been called in force, and to adopt once again the strong, the imaginative, but the by no means unweighed language of Bentham, the wisdom of the generation will not seem belied in having adopted and in adopting a broad and broadening toleration. "First," he traces, "went ordeal, then went duel, and after that went, under the name of wager of law, the ceremony of an oath in its pure state, unproped by the support which this inefficient security receives at present from those efficient ones which are still clogged with it; by-

and-by, its rottenness standing confessed, it will perish off the human stage, and this last of the train of the supernatural powers, *ultima cœlicolam*, will be gathered with Astræa into its native skies."

Nor are we wanting in, at least negatively, happy experience in the effects of abolishing what one may term commercial oaths, which were sprinkled over the land as hotly and freely as though they had fallen, with the brandishing of an untiring arm, from some monster pepper-pot, unailing as the widow's cruse of oil. For example, in the year 1831, more than one hundred thousand oaths were taken at the Board of Customs, very nearly two hundred thousand at the Board of Excise, and at Chelsea, like the old Roman *sacramentum militare*, close upon one third of a million. Can it be with any seriousness argued that national finance has been injured by the doing away with this multitudinous swearing? One might as well revert to the old decisory oath, or the oath of appeal, which fell into such deserved desuetude that even a quarter of a century ago in Paris—for the year 1874—there were in 5,584 affairs heard before thirteen tribunals of first instance, only twenty-five examples of the former and not one of the latter. Nor is the somewhat various legislation of our cousins of America wanting in instructiveness. For instance, that refusal of testimony ought not to result from the holding of any religious opinions was long since established by law in Michigan,<sup>1</sup> Maine,<sup>2</sup> Wisconsin,<sup>3</sup> and Missouri,<sup>4</sup> and in other States only a belief in a Supreme Being was required—as in Connecticut<sup>5</sup> and New Hampshire<sup>6</sup>—while in New York<sup>7</sup> and (earlier) in Missouri<sup>8</sup> the condition was belief in a God who punishes perjury.

It is curious indeed that in our own land the difficulty with regard to perjury appears at first rather to have been felt in respect of the juryman. In Fleta we find a very severe punishment laid down. Not only was the delinquent seized and thrust into gaol, but his property, both lands and chattels, was forfeited to the king, and he was branded with perpetual infamy, and thereby disabled from enjoying the full rights of a citizen or being thereby deemed trustworthy. One has indeed to look, for a good time on, to ecclesiastical precedents to find the sin of false-swearing largely dealt with; and there is indeed no statute before the time of Henry VII.,<sup>9</sup> and then only upon the rise of that court of much-debated powers, the Star

<sup>1</sup> 1846, cap. 102, § 96.

<sup>2</sup> 1847, cap. 34.

<sup>3</sup> Const. Art. § 18.

<sup>4</sup> *Stat. Rev.* 1845, cap. 186, § 21.

<sup>5</sup> *Stat. Rev.* 1849, tit. i. § 140.

<sup>6</sup> *Stat. Rev.* 1842, c. 188, § 9.

<sup>7</sup> *Stat. Rev.* vol. ii. p. 505.

<sup>8</sup> *Stat. Rev.* 1835, p. 419.

<sup>9</sup> 3 Hy. VII. c. 1.

Chamber, which specifically deals with this matter, although as far back as the time of Alfred the importance of the oath was so strongly felt that that great monarch is recorded to have hanged a judge who sentenced a man to be hanged without an indictment or presentment on oath before twelve sworn freemen jurors. "So they hanged Haman on the gallows that he had prepared for Mordcaai. Then as the King's wrath pacified." Indeed the Star Chamber successively took upon itself the punishment of perjury committed first in an Ecclesiastical Court, then if the scene had been the Stannary Court, and then if the delinquent had been a suitor or witness in the Chancery; and it is as late as 1613 that in a case variously styled that of Rowland ap Eliza or of ap Ellis that we find it is resolved that perjury by a witness is punishable at Common Law. There were, indeed, no temporal penalties known before 1540,<sup>1</sup> whereunder subornation of perjury involved a ten-pound fine, while in the early years of Elizabeth<sup>2</sup> the offence itself was meted out a punishment of a twenty-pound fine, the suborner being liable in double that amount, with an alternative of six months' imprisonment and the pillory. The pillory, indeed, appears to have been a chosen form of sanction of the Star Chamber; for we find one Buckett, to offer an example, sent thither for this crime—a penalty lighter than would have befallen him under the statute of George II.<sup>3</sup> But it is to the Church authorities that dealings with this class of iniquity had naturally fallen, and a tolerable number of detailed examples have been gathered together by Archdeacon Hale. It is true, no doubt, that in many of these cases the sin of an immoral connection was the original cause, and we regret to say that even in the close of the fifteenth century there were miserable curs—men of the class of whom a judge of this century has said that he would not believe them on oath if they swore to the dishonour of any woman, denied or denied it not she—who permitted themselves to peach of a woman who had succumbed to their own immodest importunities. We hold up to execration the name of one William Brown, of "Marie att Hill," whose evidence in the Court of Commissary of London shows him to have been guilty of this offence in 1490—though the kingdom soon became well quit of him; and would speak less harshly of even John Handford of the near neighbourhood of "Marie Wulchisch" who no doubt was righteously adjudged "communis violator fidei et perjurus," because after having taken his Bible oath in the presence of co-parishioners that he stood guiltless in the matter of Alice Newsman he was convicted on

<sup>1</sup> 32 Hen. VIII. c. 9, § 3.<sup>2</sup> 5 Eliz. c. 9.<sup>3</sup> 2 Geo. II. c. 25, § 2.

superior evidence. We may note, too, that at this period perjury was interpreted to extend not merely to a denial of that which historically was, but to breach of a promise relating to the future. Accordingly it is grievous to find that one Wilfrid, a curate of St. Andrew's, after having solemnly undertaken to eschew the company of Margaret Bird, was found—once and once again—and that under suspicious circumstances with her drinking at "The Cardinal's Hat" outside Newgate, and then, discovering matters to be somewhat warm, changing his tippling to the Bull's Head, and finally resorting to the miserable makeshift that he entertained for her only the natural love due to a sister.

It was, indeed, with the avowed view of increasing the power of the ecclesiastical courts that the Romish clergy were instructed to urge the insertion of an oath in *civil* contracts. "Pope Boniface," says the Rev. Buat Herport, "having ordained that all civil causes attested by oath should be heard before the spiritual court, it was buzzed into the ears of the lower class of people, as a sure caution, to confirm all their proceedings by oaths, which must have been a farther detriment to the civil courts; and the notaries were carefully instructed not to omit in any instruments which they drew up a *nota bene* that the above contract had been confirmed upon oath." Toullier shows how this custom stuck; for he testifies that a great number of notaries, before the French Revolution, preserved, through mere habit, the old legal style, and at the foot of a deed inserted a memorandum that the parties thereto had "*ainsi voulu, promis et juré tenir.*"

It is not strange, under these circumstances, when a man could no more come in or go out without taking an oath than Pope could drink tea without a stratagem, that casuists should have given validity—where it suited the tenor of their arguments—to excuses of a pitiable weakness. "They have spun," says a writer of the eighteenth century, "the obligatory force of an oath into so fine a thread as to make it like a spider's web, in which only weak flies can be held." A direct result of this—since there have been casuists in all ages—was to make the imprecatory part of the oath often of the most vindictive vehemence, and quite to discard the mere invocation *ut testis* for the more powerful one *ut vindex*—a distinction to which we are disposed to trace the pair of proverbial phrases in use, more or less, to this day: "With a witness," and "With a vengeance." In this manner oaths, as the profane swearing of to-day, often came to serve as nothing more than a mere cushion for indolence. And the curious part of this is that men do not seem to have perceived



that in adopting these robust, and even impious, modes of execration, they do in fact ascribe to man a power over his Maker. "It places the Almighty," is the pungent phrase of Bentham, "in the station of a sheriff's officer."

Very violent have been the imprecations, and sometimes very awful the ceremonies, which have been followed. The subject, full of interest as it is, is much too large to be in any real sense dealt with in the present paper. But it is well, perhaps, just to glance at some of those dramatic forms called into existence in full belief of the proposition enunciated by Sayrus: "Quanto crescunt solemnitates, tanto majus est juramentum," the more so that we fear the result has been rather to justify the author of "Hudibras":—

Oaths are but words, and words but wind,  
Too feeble instruments to bind.

Let us take the Scotch oath, now long abolished, which was formerly administered in the Commissary Court. It is thus described: "The witness kneels, with his right knee on a cushion, and placing his right hand upon one of the Holy Evangelists, pronounces these words after the judge: I renounce all the blessings contained in this book if I do not tell the truth, and may all the curses therein contained be my portion if I do not tell the truth: I swear by God, and as I shall answer to God at the day of judgment, that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." This is only less specific than, and is possibly derived from, the oath which under the latter princes of the Roman Empire was taken by the Administrators of Provinces, the essence of which may be thus rendered: "On failure to keep the subscribed engagements, now or hereafter, may I share the fate of Judas, may I be subjected to the leprosy of Gehazi and the terrors of Cain, and, further, may I be blasted by all the penalties established by the laws!" This oath, especially in so far as sharing the perdition of Judas Iscariot is concerned, finds a counterpart in the laws of Sigismund, the contemporary of Dagobert I. But more interest attaches to the prodigiously long oath which the Roman Catholic Bishop of Hanover was compelled to take to the Duke of Cumberland, and of fidelity to the Crown, the stringency of which consisted, however, rather in its minuteness. For the deponent was forced not only to undertake to foster piety in youth, and to see that Christian knowledge should "take deep root and blossom with vigour," but was bound to promote the power of the Duke "in the practical circle allotted" to him, the form being "All this I swear, vow, and declare, so help me God and His Holy Word." And yet,

as early as the time of Henry III., the evil of strong public oaths had been perceived, for we find it recorded in the ninth charter of London that citizens shall not be allowed to swear upon the graves of the dead—a practice which, it is alleged, had been attended with gross abuse.

It is true that it sometimes happens that the original significance of a particular oath is lost sight of—so far, at any rate, as those of modern days are concerned. For example, there seems no peculiar force in the form required under the Austrian Code of Joseph II. directing that the thumb and the two first fingers of the right hand shall be raised, and that no other formula be used than “So help me God.” But this dates from Charles V.; and a reference to Lindenberg shows that by the thumb, index finger, and middle finger, were intended the Three Persons of the Trinity, that the ring finger represented for the nonce the soul, while the little finger, as contemptible in comparison, was for the body. And the imprecation was distinctly energetic—viz. to be damned with devils to all eternity. This does not fall much short of an oath which, in 1812 and again in 1828, appears in the Court of Colmar (or in the synagogue of Witzenheim, in the presence of the President of that Court) to have been imposed upon, or at least taken by, an Alsatian Jew (or Elsassian must we call it?). “I pray thee, Adonai, to aid me and confirm this truth. But should I herein have employed any fraud, hiding the truth, may I be eternally cursed, devoured, consumed, annihilated by the fire of which Sodom and Gomorrah perished, and heaped with all the curses written in the Thora; that the Eternal, the Creator of leaves and herbs and all things, never come to my aid in any of my business or any trouble; but if I truly say, then, Adonai, succour me.”<sup>1</sup>

Let us turn, however, from these somewhat painful solemnities to curious adjurations which men, not pretending to be “nice and squeamish conscienced”—as Penn and Richardson complained of being called—might less readily be shocked at. For there is an extraordinary variety of seemingly innocent objects—though there is generally some underlying history—by which men have elected to give what an old anonymous writer, who won the commendation of the great Richard Baxter, pleonastically calls “the fulness of plerophory of confirmation.” Of this sort is the peacock oath, which had origin in the Middle Age custom of serving at table a peacock on which

<sup>1</sup> M. de Woolowski's *Revue de Législation*, t. viii. p. 248. The name Adonai is, of course, used to avoid Jehovah. For the same reason Sadaï, Sabaoth, He who is gracious, He who is slow to anger, He who is pitiful, &c., were used.

knights swore to perform deeds of prowess ; the oath by the knocker of the abbey gate, or the ring by which the door was pulled to—that had the peculiar advantage of compelling a hot-tongued gentleman to proceed from abbey to abbey ; the oath of the holy bracelet, to which however so much solemnity was attached that this was the form adopted in the very memorable treaty of Wareham between King Alfred and the Danes, and which five centuries later was in use in Ireland ; the oath by the goose, of which Aristophanes tells ; that by colewort, rather a favourite ; the Irish oath by the oorth (worth or virtue) of any copper or silver coin from a halfpenny to a sixpence ; that by Castor and Pollux, which the learned Donatus particularly recommends as “an ornamental form of swearing becoming females ;” that affected by the Franks, the essential part of which was the holding of a straw in the hand ; the Persian form of obligation, of giving the right hand ; Plato’s fantastic oath by the Plane Tree ; the oath by taking bread and salt, to which both Dekker and Sir Walter Scott refer, but which was obligatory enough in origin ; some of the Shakespearian oaths, as “by cock and pie,” though here again the real historic meaning is doubtless very sacred ; the oath by the broad sword ; such “camel oaths,” swallowed without straining, as “by Jerusalem,” of which, says an old writer, people “make no bones either of taking or keeping them ;” Bishop Bonner’s oath by “All Hallows ;” the Arabian oath “by the wind of the mountain ;” the Sumatran oath “by the bones of my ancestors ;” the widow’s dowry oath “*Maritus meus dedit mihi morgangeba . . . tunc liceat illi mulieri jurare per pectus suum, et dicat : Quod maritus meus mihi dedit in potestate, et ego possidere debeo ;*” the sweet-basil oath of the Hindoo ; the lock of hair oath of the Frisian—though both of these were originally of judicial character ; the Mahometan oath “by the clouds”—though here again the innuendo, if we may so say, is indeed weighty ; or even—to put a point somewhere—the very latter-day asseveration of “by Jingo.”

But to pause. And if any think that these oaths, and their kindred, be now silly, now wrongful ; if any agree with Erasmus that “whosoever is accustomed to swear is cousin-german to the peril of forswearing,” let him not be ashamed to encounter the charge, like enough again to be made as it often has been made, that he is of “the generation of men who stick in the bark of the letter,” but let him rejoice to preserve the pure well of English *undefiled*.

W. H. OLDING.

## THE ROMANCE OF WHALING.

THE other day the following item of news appeared in the papers: "Whaling fleet icebound off Point Barrow, Alaska, since last fall has been totally destroyed." It did not attract much notice at that moment, attention being concentrated upon matters of more immediate concern. But it is interesting all the same, and it is not without an element of pathos to those who have followed the decline of the whaling industry. Heavy slaughter of both "right" and sperm whales extending over a century and a half, coupled in more recent years with the increase of substitutes for all whale products, with the single exception of the so-called bone, have reduced the number of ships engaged in the industry from a couple of thousands or more to a couple of dozens or less, all told, English and American. The catastrophe chronicled in the paragraph quoted has had the effect of diminishing the world's whaling fleet (if one excepts the handful of broken-down old tubs that go out occasionally from colonial ports) by close upon one-half. Nine or ten vessels were caught in the ice near the Behring Strait towards the end of last season as they were returning from the pursuit of some cetaceans in the Arctic Ocean; four were crushed like eggshells straightway, and most of their crews were lost, and the remainder were kept embedded throughout the long winter of six months, only (as the paragraph tells us) to be smashed into matchwood by the breaking up of the ice in the spring.

This incident furnishes a striking illustration of one of the dangers incidental to the whaler's calling. It is not the first that has happened in this particular locality, and one that occurred twenty-seven years ago was much more disastrous in its results. On that occasion no fewer than thirty-three ships were lost in the ice. Early in May of the year 1871 a number of whalers came up from Honolulu, the great rendezvous of the Pacific, and the opening of the ice at the beginning of the following month allowed them to get within sight of Cape Navaria. Whales were found crossing the Sea of Anadyn, and in Behring Sea more were sighted. The vessels

pressed forward, and the fish fled before them right into the Arctic Ocean. A fair number were caught; but about September 1 the ice floes and bergs began to give trouble. Ten days later several of the vessels had been sunk, and the majority of the others were pinned in by the drifting ice or driven ashore. On the 13th, the captain of the fleet, which was caught between Point Belcher and Wainwright Inlet, called a meeting, and it was decided to abandon the ships in order to save the lives of the crews. The men, to the number of 1,200, managed to pick their way to six vessels which had contrived to escape from the pack, and were now in comparatively open water some miles to the south. No fewer than thirty-three ships left their timbers to rot in the ice-girdled mudbanks, and the catch lost was 13,000 barrels of whale oil, 965 barrels of sperm, and about 100,000 lbs. of whalebone. In addition, the value of the vessels exceeded £300,000.

The danger of being embedded in the ice is one which "right" whalers fear far more than the other risks inseparable from their calling. And these other risks are sufficiently numerous and real. There is, for instance, no little danger to the vessel herself should a gale come on when she is on a lee shore or when she is surrounded by icebergs, and is having her sides pounded in by masses of floe ice. There is, too, the danger of a boat out after whales being run under and swamped by the lightning-like speed and the infinite evolutions of a seventy-foot brute, maddened by pain and anxious only to get away. Then, again, there is the risk of the boat being smashed by a stroke of the whale's flukes and fins as the monster slues and slats them round in its rage; or by being seized transversely in the whale's jaws and crushed like an eggshell. These are everyday accidents, and the mortality due to them since whaling attracted the energies of man has been enormous.

Now and again some very curious misadventures happen. On one occasion, in the North, a boat had succeeded in harpooning a whale. The boat and the fish passed one another with great rapidity after the stroke, and the line was jerked out of its place, and instead of running over the stern was thrown over the gunwale. The pressure so careened the boat that one side sank under the water, and it began to fill. In this emergency, the harpooner seized the bight of the line and endeavoured to restore it to its place, but a turn of the rope flew over his arm, dragged him overboard, and he was never seen again. We have heard of one captain who was killed instantly in the bows of his boat by the tap of a whale's fin upon the skull, without any one else being injured. The vanquishing of the whale is a further

illustration of the superiority of skill over brute force. As a rule, the creature once harpooned dies somewhat easily, because the blow is generally fatal. It is only now and again that it fights really hard for life and liberty, and, as may be inferred, it is on these occasions that the serious accidents happen. One Greenland whale has been known to take out six miles of line attached to eight harpoons, and to destroy two boats before being captured. An entanglement accident somewhat similar to that already recorded once occurred on the sperm whaler *Maid of Judah* off the Brazil Banks. The spectioneer had harpooned a whale. The creature gave a squirm and sank, and in three minutes rose under the boat, and with one whisk of his tail knocked her and her seven men ten feet up in the air. The mate and two men in the bow were fouled in the line and were taken under, and the rest caught up the oars and wreck of the stern and floated. The whale went cruising around, smashing everything that came within reach of his tail, and then sailed off. For three desperate hours the four held on, and finally were taken up by the other boat. Then it was found that one had been cut by the spare harpoon in the somersault, and this poor fellow bled to death before he reached the ship. The remains of the bow were fast to the whale, so it was bound to swim slowly. Early next morning the masthead sang out: "Thar she breaches! The same whale!" The boats were manned again, and the ship left in charge of five men. The captain headed one boat and the second mate the other. They pulled about a mile, and the whale swam slowly towards them, and suddenly made a rush, but he was hampered by the towing wreck, and the second mate drove his harpoon. In a second the boat was upset, but not stove in, and just in time the mate used his lance. The whale sounded and sank, and in five minutes came up blowing and spouting blood, and soon gave a roll and died. The men righted their boat, baled the water out of her, and pulled for the ship. When the fish was made fast the lines were raised, and the mate's body camp up. The whale-line had fouled round his neck and strangled him. The other two were gone. When sounding after being struck a whale moves at the rate of fifteen feet or thereabouts per second, which accounts for the suddenness and completeness of an accident.

Whales have been known to run full tilt at ships and to sink them. There was, for instance, the case of the *Essex*, a Nantucket whaler, in the days when sperm whaling was a great industry. While cruising in the South Pacific, a school of large sperm whales was discovered, and all the boats were lowered to

chase them. The mate and captain succeeded in fastening at about the same time. The former lanced his victim, and while engaged in tying his jins together preparatory to securing it alongside the ship, which was about a mile away, but bearing down in response to the mate's signal, the captain was placed in danger by the whale which he had struck making for his boat after rising. A very rapid movement swept the craft out of the path of the infuriated fish—which kept on in a direct line, dragging the whaleboat after him with such violence that the parted waters stood a foot above the gunwale. The ship was in the path of the fleeing whale, and the captain halloed to the men on board to alter the course of the vessel. The danger was appreciated by the helmsman of the *Essex*, for the head of the ship was observed to fall off; but ere she could be swept out of the track the whale struck her with such frightful force that the bows were crushed in, and all three masts were carried away. The vessel immediately filled with water, but remained floating, with her upper decks even with the water, owing to the number of empty barrels in her 'tween decks. For a full week the crew lived on the deck of the ship, in the hope of sighting a sail; but none appeared, so in the end they took to their two boats. A few days later they sighted Ducie's Island, an almost barren piece of land situated in latitude  $24^{\circ} 40'$  S. and longitude  $124^{\circ} 48'$  W. In a cave close to the beach the men found eight skeletons, and a board in which had been cut with a knife, the words, "Ship *Elizabeth* of London." Three of the crew, however, preferred remaining on this sterile island rather than venture further in an open boat; so leaving them a small stock of provisions and some fishing lines, the remainder of the men headed to the eastward in two boats. For several days they kept together; then they became separated, never to meet again. They headed towards Juan Fernandez, situated two thousand miles away. The mate's boat was picked up ninety-three days after the catastrophe by the *Indian* of London, and the captain's boat four days later by the *Dauphin* of Nantucket. In the first there were only three men alive, and in the second only two. An American man-of-war rescued the men on Ducie Island, so that eight in all were saved out of a total crew of twenty. Another sperm-whaler, the *Trident*, was lost off the Brazil banks as a result of damages caused by an infuriated bull-whale, which probably only received a headache for his share of the business.

The pursuit of a sperm-whale often involves the loss of a boat's crew, not from a stray lash of the creature's tail, but by being towed out of sight of the vessel itself. Sometimes the men suffer nothing

worse than a few hours' exposure in the boats, or on an upturned keel. Thus, a boat on one occasion went after a sperm-whale and harpooned her. She dived and rose again in a rage, made three separate rushes at the boat, and at the third venture struck it in the centre of the keel, threw the crew fifteen feet into the air, and sailed off. The men clung to the wreckage from twelve o'clock noon until ten o'clock at night, when they were picked up by another boat that was returning to the ship, which, it may be added, was now fifteen miles from the place where the accident had occurred. In another case, in the North Pacific, a whale carried a boat out of sight of the whaler itself; a fog descended, and the crew were never heard of again. The *Harriet* of Freetown was cruising on the line. A school of whales was sighted, and three boats were lowered. The first and third mates each secured a whale, made it fast alongside, and then returned to the aid of the second mate, who was experiencing some little difficulty with his catch. By this time it was nine o'clock at night. By the time the third whale was killed and taken in tow it was after ten, and quite dark. Just then it began to blow heavily, and the three boats were compelled to lay by the whale all night. In the morning the *Harriet* had disappeared. It was blowing a gale and raining hard, and it was not until the fourth morning that the weather had moderated sufficiently to permit the boats to stand off to the westward in the hope of falling in with some ship. Food was very scarce; so was water. On the seventh day a shark was captured and eaten with a tremendous relish, although under ordinary circumstances a shark is far from appetising. On the eighth day another gale blew, and compelled the boats to remain hove-to for thirty-six hours. On the eleventh day, when the men were almost at the last extremity, the German barque *Hanseatic* hove in sight and succoured them. As it happened, the *Hanseatic* on the following day spoke the *Harriet*, which, after cruising for several days in the neighbourhood where the boats were lost, was making her way to Oahu.

The case of the *Janet* is also worth recording as a specimen of the kind of experience sperm-whalers have occasionally to go through. She was cruising off the coast of Peru, and sighted a number of whales. Three boats contrived to make fast to as many whales. The captain himself had charge of one boat. He had succeeded in turning up his whale, and was towing the carcase to the ship when his boat capsized. After many efforts the crew managed to right her, but she was still filled with water, and to prevent her from sinking they lashed the oars across the thwarts and



put up two waifs or flags as distress signals. The wind was blowing strongly, and the waves were continually breaking over the boat. In order to escape as many rollers as possible the whole crew of six men got on to the back of the whale. The barque was in sight, but towards sundown she altered her course and sheered off. In the morning she was still in sight, but those on board did not seem to make the least effort to search for the men who were adrift. All the while she was increasing her distance from the unhappy boat, and before midnight was out of sight. By this time, the sea having gone down, it had been found possible to bale out the boat; but two men had been drowned and two more were suffering from delirium as a consequence of being up to their armpits in water for forty-eight hours without a morsel to eat or a single drop to drink. The boat's head was turned towards Cocos Island, which was fully a thousand miles away, with only half a sail to carry her along. The four men now remaining went for seven days without food or drink. Then it was decided—how often has it been decided at sea!—that one should die in order that the rest might live; and lots were drawn. With a dolphin and some sea-fowl for variety, the body of the dead man sufficed until Cocos Island was reached on the twentieth day after the capture of the whale. Only two landed, the captain and another; the remaining man had died raving mad.

The crew of a sperm-whaler, before philanthropists began to pay attention to their welfare, had a bad time of it. They were practically beyond the reach of the law which compelled merchant captains to treat their men with just a little decency, for they seldom touched land. The captain nine times out of ten was a bully and a skinflint, who considered it criminal to give a seaman decent food, and who thought nothing of tying a refractory fore-castle hand to the *mizen* mast and flogging half the life and the life's blood out of him. The men had regular four hours' turns at the masthead, and they were often, in sunshine or squall, out in the boats for as long as eight or ten hours chasing a shy school of whales. Taken in the bulk the life is scarcely so bad now, but many disabilities remain. Then the cutting up and boiling down of the carcasses are not pleasant. The blubber is cut from the whale in layers about three feet wide, which run spirally from the head to the flukes. The boat-steerers cut these layers into lumps of convenient size for the blubber room in the main hold. The try-works—boilers set in bricks on the main deck—are cleaned out; and some of the hands in the blubber room cut up the "blanket pieces" into blocks a foot and a half long and about six inches wide. These blocks are minced into thin slices—

"Bible leaves" is the sort of slice preferred—with which the boilers are filled. The fire is lighted and kept going with crisped pieces of blubber, and the residual oil is afterwards strained first into copper coolers and then into the casks. The try works are between the fore and main masts, and the clouds of smoke from the fires, the hissing of the oil in the pots, the strong stench, and the aggressive greasiness of everything and everybody make up a spectacle not often witnessed at sea. "Hell on a small scale" is a phrase used by the blubber hunters themselves to describe the boiling process, and it just meets the needs of this particular case.

The existing method of preparing sperm oil is the method followed a hundred years ago. Similarly there has been little change in the preparation of right whale oil. The application of steam (since about 1858) has had less influence than might have been expected on the whaling industry. The Greenland men not being ocean hunters in the same sense as the sperm whalers, generally build preparing houses on the shores of the numerous bays where they find their quarry. When a boat takes a whale off shore and not far from the depôt, the monster is towed to land and made fast to the shore, where the process of preparation is carried through.

In the pursuit of the whales the majority of the American hunters still employ the half-obsolete hand harpoon, which among the Dundee men has long been supplanted by the harpoon gun—a weapon rather suggestive of a glorified horse-pistol. The idea of using something of the sort is nearly as old as the industry itself, though its application has only become general within the memory of whalers now living. The use of the harpoon gun is not without drawbacks. It can be shot under favourable conditions of wave and wind from a greater distance than the hand-harpoon; but twenty or thirty feet is the only really effective range, and, in a bad sea, the disadvantages are very great and the chances of striking are very remote, especially if the brute has a slack back. Even now, the "bold harpooner" has his hand weapon ready for emergencies. In open seasons the Greenland fishers have plenty to occupy their attention, as well by reason of the chances at the fish as by reason of the diversity of the life and the scenes around them. It is erroneous to suppose that, apart from the chase of whales, the life is monotonous, or even lonely. Pulling along the floe edge in the boats is in itself far from "slow;" and the air is always alive with the songs of an infinite variety of birds, the whistling and the blasting of the narwhal, the bass trumpeting of the sea-horse, the blasts of the white whale, the roar of the polar bear, and, before all, in point of

interest, the spouting of the black whales. Every man being paid on the "lay" system has a more immediate interest in the capture of a whale than he would have were his pay to run on whether the season's catch was one fish or one hundred; and there is no question that this system sharpens the eyes of the whalers very materially—and very naturally. It induces fierce competition and sometimes fiercer fights, among the crews of two or more vessels on the same ground. To distinguish between the rival claimants to a dead whale, each vessel's harpoons have the owner's private mark or the ship's name stamped upon them. And *à propos* of harpoons and marks, the *Terra Nova* a year or two ago killed an unusually large whale, embedded in the blubber of which her men found a harpoon stamped with the words "*Jean, Bo'ness.*" The *Jean* was lost in the ice thirty-seven years before, and it turns out that the whale carried the weapon about with it for forty-three years, without having its health impaired to any appreciable extent. Such things have happened before, but the loss of whale and harpoon as well is, after all, comparatively a rare occurrence. For one thing whales are very vulnerable: for another, the harpooners are good marksmen, and do not often give the captain and their fellows occasion to swear at them for losing a quarry worth perhaps a couple of thousand pounds.

MALCOLM REES.

## THE MANDRAKE.

A FANTASY.

### PART I.

UNDER the gallows-tree he grew,  
 A thing unnurtured of rain or dew,  
 Unquicken'd of sun's desire :  
 From the drip of the murderer's corse he sprung,  
 And the wildfire flicker'd his growth among,  
 Leaving him wicked, and wild, and wrung  
 With a fierce, unholy ire.

Secrets came on their silent wings,  
 And told him tales of terrible things,  
 Feeding his brain with lore ;  
 And damnèd souls, like to jets of flame,  
 Under the mould to his dwelling came,  
 Telling of that which has never a name  
 That the future holds in store.

The beat of feet, on the king's highway,  
 Made him a language of yea or nay—  
 And to hear was, with him, to see  
 Desperate want with the feet of lead,  
 Tripping vice that were erelong sped,  
 Crime that slunk with a stealthy tread,  
 —Tithes for the triple-tree.

To the steps that wander'd to brighter fates,  
 Or the firm sure feet that were safe of straits,  
 He deafen'd his furious ears ;  
 He cursed in his heart when one did troll  
 A high, clear song ; or some sinless soul  
 Hymn'd in joy—but he took true toll  
 Of ribaldry's rhymes and jeers.

No danewort, dodder, or deadly dwale  
 Bears such berries of blight and bale  
     As lay on his leaves to sight ;  
 Eyeable, oval, alluring fruit,  
 That eaten ever did straight pollute  
 The mind of man till he sank a brute  
     In libidinous appetite.

The gossips tell, to this very day,  
 That lovers, once, that did pass his way,  
     Pluck'd of the fruit and ate ;  
 And the maid, unmindful of ring or rite,  
 Took up the burden of love that night,  
 With weak, wild will, and dear-bought delight,  
     Lost to her high estate.

The secret spake at the mandrake's place,  
 And the mandrake sneer'd in the secret's face,  
     For he knew what the end should be—  
 A babe birth-strangled, a mother slain  
 In her throes of anguish upon the plain,  
 And a murderer rotting in rime and rain  
     In chains on the gallows-tree.

Such were his servers, his state, and dower,  
 Such his existence from hour to hour  
     In passion and purpose fell :  
 Enough for a while of the powers of him,  
 The unbegotten—the devil's limb—  
 His fate was framing, grotesque, and grim,  
     But that is a tale to tell.

Over the plain, by the cloven hill,  
 There lived a man who had drunk his fill  
     Of the chalice of mystic lore ;  
 With all his knowledge he could not do  
 The things that his thoughts had thirsted to,  
 So he said to his sinking soul, "We two  
     Have need of a mandrake sore."

On a Friday, early, was this deed done,  
 ---While yet the morning and moon were one,  
     And the winds had not vex'd the air—

With an ivory tool he digg'd the ground,  
And westward turning, made circles round  
With a sword of sharpness, to all confound  
The influent fiend-force there.

The Most High Name he spell'd it back,  
And took a DOG with a coat of black,  
And tether'd it by the tail—  
Tether'd it on to the mandrake's growth,  
And lured the brute with a savoury broth,  
As with pitch in his ears he fared him forth  
In dread of the mandrake's wail.

The beast strain'd forward with tug and toil,  
And the mandrake shriek'd when his root left soil,  
As a devil in torment might ;  
And the dog, distraught, with a shriek replied,  
And its heart in agony burst its side,  
And it turn'd in its tracks, and dropp'd and died,  
And the hair of its hide was white.

But the sage laugh'd low in his forkèd beard,  
As he gripp'd the manikin, unafear'd,  
And hid him beneath his cloak :  
And homeward hurrying, rapture-rife,  
Said in sport to his aged wife—  
“ I have bought us a baby to bless our life,”  
But she thought it a jibing joke.

“ Nay—for never I mean to mock—  
You must make the youngster a smicket smock,  
But what do you think of the brat ? ”  
So saying, he haul'd the mandrake out,  
And the dame had a fit, and a crying bout,  
And pinch'd at the thing, and tweak'd his snout,  
And the mandrake mouth'd thereat.

“ A word in your ear, old wife, I pray,”  
And she listen'd, and alter'd from grave to gay,  
And patted the Earthman then :  
Yea, but his wish was aye to be  
Under the ground at the gallows-tree,  
Leading the life of unholy glee,  
Hidden from mortal ken.

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

But all in vain, for his fresh found-lot  
 Was a new abode in an earthen pot,  
     For many a night and day ;  
 He wore white linen, to keep him neat,  
 And had the ripest red worms to eat,  
 And lavender, sometimes, to keep him sweet,  
     And frighten the fly away.

And what do you think they made him do?—  
 Increase each silver piece into two,  
     And riddle and rede them right ;  
 Spell for them, charm for them, when he was bid.  
 Tell them where treasure was lying hid,  
 And give them repose from the nightmare rid,  
     And youth in their veins at night.

He pined and dwindled by night and day,  
 And plann'd and ponder'd to find a way  
     To work them an ill, and flee  
 To the wayside waste, and his native hold  
 In the feculent, fecund, remedial mold,  
 Where the wildfires play'd, and the secrets told,  
     Under the gallows-tree.

## PART II.

'Twas a nocuous night, above, below—  
 For Saturn tended on Scorpio,  
     And a moondrop gather'd and fell ;  
 And Will-o'-the-Wisp and Joan-the-Wad  
 Many a merry-go-nimble trod,  
 And flittermouse, paddock, and odmandod  
     Were abroad with the imps of hell.

'Twas a nocuous night, and the weltering earth  
 To many a portent and dream gave birth,  
     And the hour of the Earthman came ;  
 Lying alone in his earthen pot,  
 His brooding and moithering brain begot,  
 Little by little, a perfect plot  
     Confounding the sage and dame.

When the sage look'd in with the morning eyes  
 Of one full fain of a fresh-found prize  
     That is sure from the overnight—

“Master of mine,” the mandrake said,  
“The light of gladness for thee is shed  
At board, at bibbing, abroad, or abed,  
If thou follow my counsel right.”

“Cross the Crow Croft till thou dost come  
To thrice three tufts of the *Bloody Man’s Thumb*,  
And dig at the midmost root ;  
And thou shalt find, in a ram’s skin roll’d,  
—Three foot three in the depth of the mold—  
A curious coffer of coins of gold,  
And a charm against thieves, to boot.”

“But, if you will hark to your servant friend,  
Keep it a secret until the end,  
For dearly do I divine—  
The dame, your wife, casts covetous eyes  
On the spoil you spend, on the hoard you prize,  
Often she murmurs, ‘An ever he dies,  
The tale of the treasure’s mine.’”

So the sage went over the croft to dig,  
Sour-suspicious, but likewise big  
With the miser’s greed of gain :  
But the mandrake whimper’d and whingell’d sore,  
Till the dame, dispirited, open’d the door,  
And, worrying much at the woe he wore,  
Question’d him what was his pain.

“Alack-a-day-ah !” at length, quoth he,  
“’Tis hard for the Hob of the house to see  
His wonderful works agee ;  
Anon to my telling the master went  
To dig for treasure, but what content  
Have I for guerdon, who know what’s spent  
On his doxy over the lea ?”

Much mirth the manikin had, to trace  
The jaundice evil invade her face,  
And the green light gleam in her eyes :  
But he spake her softly—“Why, what a droll  
To have a Jack where he has a Moll,  
Lesson for lesson, and lill for loll,”  
She syllabled back—“He dies !”



“ Full many a man has worn a shroud,”  
 —The mischievous manikin mused aloud—  
 “ And gone to the gravepit, dumb,  
 Who has had to drink of the baneful brew  
 Of the laurel leaf, and the berried yew,  
 And no one wonder'd, and no one knew  
 However the end had come.”

The dame went out with never a word,  
 But the hellion knew that she heeded and heard,  
 “ They are dead and destroy'd,” thought he ;  
 “ Their flesh shall rot, and the worm wild breed,  
 And I shall fend for myself, and feed,  
 And strive and strengthen, and hie with speed  
 To my hold at the gallows-tree.”

## PART III.

They sat at their supper, the sage and dame,  
 —At the twilight-tide, and the firelight-flame  
 On the bountiful board flash'd red—  
 Watching and waiting, and playing their parts,  
 Faith on their faces, and hate in their hearts,  
 Silent and saysome by fits and starts,  
 Loathing the food that fed.

The sage quaff'd deep of his drink, indeed,  
 To fuel his fires for a direful deed  
 That never had charged his breath ;  
 And the fumes of the posset inflamed his brain  
 With something of pleasure, but more of pain,  
 But he deem'd him never that every drain  
 Was sinking his soul to death.

But sin shone on him, alas the while,  
 He saw that the dame did slyly smile  
 As he guzzled the devil's drop ;  
 “ Ho ! ho ! you think me far gone,” he said,  
 “ You would put the drunkard betimes to bed,  
 And filch his fortune, and then be sped :  
 I'll speed 'e, but neck and crop !”

“ Think ! I think thee, thou founder'd fool,  
 Thou mutton-monger, thou hilding's tool,  
 I think of thee thus,” said she—

“ A lecher, leaving his lawful mate,  
To lift the latch of a loteby's gate ;  
I think the posset will prove thy fate,  
Medicined, man, by me.”

He sat for a space, with a face of stone,  
In sober'd sorrow, but oath and groan  
Were one as he made reply—  
“ Curses carry your soul to hell !  
Hearken, you hag, to the truth I tell,  
There lives no leman that I love well,  
You have listen'd to some one's lie.”

The dame, confounded, could answer not,  
But her shifty eyes sought the earthen pot,  
And the sage her glances saw :  
Anon he grievously groan'd again,  
And braced his girdle with might and main,  
To check the course of the poison pain  
Climbing within his maw.

By the hair of her head he caught his wife,  
As one whittles a whistle he let her life,  
And yet did his ire abide ;  
He gored her up, and he gored her down,  
Thro' busk and bodice, and gauze and gown,  
From knee to middle, and nave to crown,  
And over from side to side.

He stagger'd across to the mandrake's place,  
—For Death's pale pennon did flout his face—  
And he spake with breath deep drawn,  
“ Wiley-beguiley, thou devil's dross,  
Whose wiles and witchings no words may gloss,  
Home thou goest by Weeping Cross,  
Have at thee, Satan's spawn !”

He hiked the urchin from out the pot,  
With kerchief tied in a running knot,  
Heedless of curse and cry ;  
And haul'd him over the sanded floor,  
And trail'd and troll'd him throughout the gore,  
Till the cursèd creature was sick and sore,  
With every sense awry.

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

He hang'd him over the gallibalk,  
—A bruised, and batter'd, and bloody stalk—  
Speaking his sentence then . . .

*"In nomine Patris, Filii,  
Et Spiritus Sancti,* thou shalt die  
The death of distress that I doom thee by,  
Amen, let it be, amen !"

"Blood of the dead, and the dead unborn,  
Rot and rive thee, thou wretch forlorn,  
And work in thee these, say I—  
Blisters and blotches, and boils and blains,  
Aches and itches, and penal pains,  
Shrinking sinews, and fiery veins,  
And fetch up the festering fly."

"Dance, little baby, dance up high,  
Dance on the gallows, my duck, while I  
Warble in merry pin :"  
He said, but a-sudden the deadly brew  
Boil'd in his vitals—destroy'd him through,  
And he fell, with a face of a horrible hue  
Set in a ghastly grin. . . .

The embers whiten'd within the grate,  
But Luna look'd thro' the lattice late,  
Illuming the room, and there  
Was the tortured thing to the swaybar tied,  
And a thin red stream of the dame's life tide  
Had trickled across to the sage's side,  
A blood-bond between the pair.

The durgan dangles in doubt and fear,  
Hurt and helpless, and dreading to hear  
The wings of a wandering fly ;  
His mind is madden'd, his members itch,  
He feels a tremor, a twinge, a twitch,  
A taste of the terrible torments which  
Are sure in the by-and-by.

He call'd and cried on the fiends of name—  
On Flibbertigibbet and Pudding of Tame,  
And then on the Devil grim ;

He call'd on the secrets of silent wings,  
On the subtile spirits for succourings ;  
Heeded him none, for the evil things  
    Had never a need of him.

Out in the moonlight a ghostly train  
Of murder's myrmidons pass'd the pane,  
    Tribe of the gallows they :  
And, last of the pageant, went one but young,  
With a leer in his look, and a lolling tongue,  
The one from the drip of whose corse he sprung,  
    So he knew that himself was fey.

The durgan dangles—a sorry sight,  
Helpless, hopeless ; by day or night  
    Never again to be  
On the wayside waste, at his native hold,  
In the feculent, fecund, remedial mold  
Where the wildfires play'd, and the secrets told  
    Under the gallows-tree.

G. F. NORTHALL.

*TABLE TALK.*

DUMAS REDIVIVUS.

IT is not often that one witnesses a return to ancient faith such as has been seen in London in the case of the dramas of the elder Dumas. Something like a competition has arisen among theatrical managers as to which shall be first in the field with works, the youngest of which is nearly half a century old. What makes the movement more strange is that the pieces now recalled in hot haste to our stage were familiar enough thereon a generation or more ago. Not at all an unhealthy sign is it when "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle" and "Un Mariage sous Louis Quinze" are mounted, as they have been, at our principal houses of comedy. Plays such as these have been rare in all times, and the return to a taste for them must be regarded as a reaction against the commonplace, to the influence of which our stage has long been subject, and the sordid, with an avalanche of which we have been menaced. A chance, moreover, by which those of our actors who are capable of being taught might have profited, was offered of learning how to wear seventeenth or eighteenth century costumes. That little in this direction has been accomplished is due to the practice on the part of too many of our comedians of regarding a part, not as a thing to be fathomed and interpreted, but as a vehicle for strutting and declamation, and for showing off advantages of face or form. So ignorant, meanwhile, is our stage-frequenting public that it extends to posing and rant a reception it denies to the highest art. It was in a piece of Dumas' that I heard fierce acclamation awarded an actor who, returning from a duel it is his chief object to keep secret, bounded into a drawing-room containing ladies with his drawn sword in his hand, as though he were on the point of running them through the ribs, after the fashion in which he had just treated his antagonist.

*"LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES."*

THE reaction against the problem play and in favour of romanticism reaches its climax when half a dozen versions of Dumas' "Trois Mousquetaires," or rather of his own and Maqui's dramatic rendering "La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires," are before the public at the same time. There is, of course, scarcely a boy with a taste for adventure and access to books who has not read "The

Three Musketeers," or, if there be such a boy, I am sorry for him. While constituting the most inspiring of romances, however, the adventures of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis have not achieved on the stage success at all proportionate to that which attended them in book form. The reason is simple. What is best and most graphically related concerning them is incapable of theatrical exposition. Nowise disposed to neglect or disparage his own work was Dumas. Yet he, even, when he converted "Les Trois Mousquetaires" into "La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires," was obliged to leave out the most picturesque and salient episodes. Thus emasculated and abridged, the play which was produced on February 17, 1849, by Dumas, at the Théâtre Historique, of which he was then the manager, obtained no very transcendent success. The same may be said of the first English translation, which was the work of Westland Marston, and was given by Charles Dillon at the Lyceum on October 16, 1856. Content with these experiments, managers have allowed "Les Trois Mousquetaires" to sleep. Whether a greater triumph than has hitherto been known will attend "The Three Musketeers" of Mr. Hamilton at the Globe, or "The Musketeers" of Mr. Sydney Grundy at Her Majesty's, I want to see. Upon other versions produced at suburban or country theatres it is idle to speculate. These are intended only to serve a temporary purpose, and, that accomplished, are immediately and permanently forgotten.

#### DUMAS' GREAT PLAY TO SOME EXTENT HISTORICAL.

THERE are few English playgoers or readers who have a suspicion that the characters introduced by Dumas into his great work are almost all historical, or that a great portion of the adventures in which the three, or rather four, heroes participate is taken from a work written at the close of the seventeenth century. That Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Buckingham, and Felton belong to history is of course known to the traditional schoolboy. Some even may know D'Artagnan as an historical character, seeing that on his military position as captain-lieutenant (*sic*) of Musketeers he was charged by Louis XIV. with the arrest of Fouquet, Viscount of Melun and of Vaux, the famous superintendent of finance whom he seized upon and imprisoned in the Château of Angers. The Comte de Tréville, the Captain of the King's Mousquetaires, is also without difficulty accepted as a real personage. That Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, with their fantastical names, should have been no less real, is more difficult of belief. Such they were, however, and the descendants of two out of three are, or were recently, alive. Milady

even, who plays so detestable a *rôle* in novel and play, seems to have been a well-known woman—though to which, if any, of the different names awarded her she was entitled, is a matter on which I am unable to speak.

#### THE MEMOIRS OF D'ARTAGNAN.

**M**OST of the information I supply is taken from a curious and little known work entitled "*Mémoires de Mr. D'Artagnan, Capitaine-Lieutenant de la Première Compagnie des Mousquetaires du Roi, contenant quantité de Choses particulières et secrettes qui se sont passées sous le Règne de Louis le Grand :*" Cologne (chez Pierre Marteau, 1700-1702, 3 vols.). This work, all but unrecognised in England, but likely to be better known in future—a vigorous translation, the earliest yet attempted, by Mr. Ralph Nevill,<sup>1</sup> of the first of its three volumes having just seen the light—seems to be true in the main. Its statements are, however, untrustworthy, its author, Courtilz de Sandras, being given to mixing romance with history. Sandras claims to have come into the possession of the papers of D'Artagnan after the death of that worthy, and declares that he has added nothing to them but the connection (*liaison*) which the original does not possess. Much that he says concerning D'Artagnan is demonstrably true, such as his three visits to England. The first of these D'Artagnan undertook in 1643, when he went over in attendance on the Comte d'Harcourt, who was despatched on a mission to establish harmony between Charles I. and the Commons; the second, eleven years later, when he was bearer of a secret message from Cardinal Mazarin to Cromwell, and ran a risk of losing his life; and the third in 1660, when he bore the congratulations of Louis XIV. to Charles II. on his restoration to the throne. These portions of the narrative are unmistakably genuine. D'Artagnan makes some shrewd comments upon English character, which show remarkable powers of observation. He has, it may incidentally be said, a reference to hackney-coaches, which may pass as the first mention of this now familiar and uncomfortable vehicle, under that precise name, in literature.

#### D'ARTAGNAN'S COMMENTS ON ENGLAND.

**O**NE or two other points connected with England seem worthy of note. D'Artagnan gives thus a fairly vivid picture of Charles II. in his exile in Paris, and speaks of him, after the battle of Worcester, as having so few friends, or being so badly followed (*si mal accompagné*), that he had incredible difficulty in securing his

<sup>1</sup> H. S. Nichols, Limited.

escape. To impute disloyalty to the followers of Charles is exactly the kind of error that a foreigner, judging by results, would be likely to make. So impressed is he throughout with the attitude of the Englishmen towards their King, that his breath is taken away. He observes that all Englishmen of any position (*tout ce qu'il y a d'honnêtes gens*) frequent taverns, and he expresses his strong distaste for this form of occupation. Very sensible are the remarks he makes or chronicles on things English. In one battle of our Civil War he took part on the side of the King. In this, whichever it may be, Charles I. won such a victory that, if he had marched his army direct to London, D'Artagnan finds every reason to believe that the city would have submitted to any terms he chose to impose. Fondreville, a Norman gentleman whom he accompanied, pointed this out to the King. Charles, however, D'Artagnan holds, was not only filled with timidity, but infatuated with the idea that the English must not be treated like other nations. He listened accordingly to the propositions with which the Parliament sought to amuse him, and the opportunity passed.

#### TREATMENT BY DUMAS OF THE "MEMOIRS."

TURNING to the incidents of which Dumas has made most use, we see that the great romancer has treated very cavalierly the narrative, such as it is, of Courtiz de Sandras. Dumas presents D'Artagnan as assisting at the siege of La Rochelle, at a time when he could not have been five years old. At this period he is supposed to have been a full-blown Musqueteer, though he did not join the company until a dozen years later. Of Felton and the Duke of Buckingham nothing is heard in the "Memoirs;" Buckingham having been assassinated in 1628, in D'Artagnan's sixth year, and Felton executed at the same date. Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are declared in the "Memoirs" to have been brothers, and all three Béarnais. Their *liaison* with D'Artagnan, and the readiness of the four to aid each other, are described by Sandras; but none of the incidents which attended the famous journey to the coast in pursuit of the missing diamonds of the queen occurred, or were possible. Very little is heard of Aramis, or, indeed, of Porthos; and the comic misfortunes of the former are generally narrated of Besmaux, a cadet in the Guards, mean, cowardly, arrogant, and time-serving, to whom some prominence is assigned, and who, at least, succeeded in feathering his nest. He it was who wore a baldric, the front of which was embroidered in gold, and carried a cloak to hide the back, which was less resplendent. On the other hand, Aramis, called upon to act as D'Artagnan's second in a duel with an Englishman, came,



in spite of the protests of D'Artagnan, after having taken medicine, and was the victim of a calamity indescribable outside the pages of "Rabelais." Of Milady we hear much, and it is not wholly satisfactory to know that the infamous behaviour of D'Artagnan in personating to her the Comte de Wardes proves to have been true.

#### OBLIGATIONS OF DUMAS AND OTHER DRAMATISTS.

TO the list of those taking their property or their materials wherever they find it must then, it seems, be added Dumas. I do not regard this as of the slightest importance. Unlike most of the greatest men who have been similarly charged, Dumas had no lack of invention. Auguste Maquet, with whom he frequently collaborated, claims to have supplied him with the most popular and romantic portion of his novels. His pretensions are not accepted in France. That Dumas at one time kept a species of workshop in which a large number of writers were employed, and by which books were turned out the share of Dumas in which is not recognisable, is known. The best work bears, however, the unmistakable impress of Dumas. Dumas' claim accordingly to the largest share of invention accorded any man of his times, or, indeed, of any time, will not be seriously disputed. Meanwhile, it is curious to observe how many of the greatest dramatists have been dependent upon others for their plots. The Greek tragedians confined themselves to the myths of their own country, and the entire drama is confined to the descendants of Pelops and his son Atreus, and the results of their acts of incest or cannibalism. Molière took whatever in other writers suited his purpose, and our English Restoration dramatists treated him in like fashion. Shakespeare, the greatest of all, originated few of his own plots, and there is very little story in him the source of which cannot be traced. In the just published "Gypsy Folk Tales" of Mr. Francis Hindes Groome,<sup>1</sup> there is a suggestion, with which I will not deal, that some of his plots, that, for instance, of "Cymbeline," supposed to be derived from a novel of Boccaccio, were, in fact, derived from legends told by the gipsy story-tellers, to whom he listened while visiting their encampments in the forest of Arden or on the banks of Avon. In order to recognise the genius of Dumas, one has only to note the use he has made of what he has borrowed. A very readable book is the "Memoirs of D'Artagnan." Compared with the "Three Mousquetaires" it has as much claim to consideration as have, beside the masterpieces of Shakespeare, the earlier plays from which they were taken.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

<sup>1</sup> Hurst & Blackett.

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*MIRIAM SILBERSTEIN.*

BY LESLIE GURNELL.

“Le monde du cœur et le monde des sens—ces deux domaines où l'amour habite—restent inaccessibles au législateur. Il s'accomplit là des infamies qu'aucune sanction humaine ne peut atteindre ; il s'y manifeste des héroïsmes qu'aucune gloire humaine ne couronne. . . .”

I.

SHE lived with an uncle and aunt who kept a second-hand shop in one of those wide thoroughfares of the East End, where Mordecai succeeds unto Solomon, and Levi neighbours Mordecai. She was a little Jewess, a Pole by birth, and had been brought over to England as a baby.

All she knew of life for the first twelve years was represented to her by this seemingly endless road, where the booths of fruit and flower sellers and vendors of winkles line the pavement in serried ranks, and there is a continuous roar of traffic, a continuous tramp and shuffle of passing feet almost from dawn to dawn.

She was a slender graceful child, with a small mobile face lit with enormous dark eyes, eyes at once soft and intensely brilliant, overshadowed by masses of curly black hair, and impenetrably furtive as those of some little wild animal ; and she was full to the brim of the restless intelligence, the ardent ambition, the dauntless perseverance of her race. But of these qualities she was but dimly aware herself,

and that only sometimes when she rebelled against her lot with a vague discontent, not knowing what it was she wanted.

What she thought she wanted most was a little love—at twelve years old she thought that a little would satisfy her—and a great deal of knowledge. She felt sure she could never have enough of that.

She had been sent to school, but her quick talents had brought her all too soon up to the requisite standard of what "an honourable Jewish maiden" is called upon to know, and her uncle had taken her away to help his wife in the house and learn the practical things of life, and her horizon became finally bounded by the little stuffy back kitchen where they ate fried fish and onions, and lived in the after scent. Late one dusty afternoon in mid June her lagging feet, tired with the hard baking pavements, paused at the gateway of the Bethnal Green Museum. Though she lived within a mile of it she had never seen it except from the outside, and now as she loitered slowly towards the open doorway, where "Admission Free" was stuck up in large letters, a sudden impulse came upon her to go in and look. She was late already. A scolding was inevitable. So much the better if she could get a little pleasure thrown in.

The shady coolness inside was delicious after the glare and heat, and there were only a few people—poorly clad like herself—moving quietly about. Miriam went upstairs first and looked at the pictures, but they did not interest her much. She was well versed in Jewish history, but knew little of English. She knew the story of the Maccabees and Judith and Holofernes by heart, but the beruffled favourites of Elizabeth, and long-locked cavaliers of a later period—"Astley and Sir Marmaduke and Rupert of the Rhine"—were mere names to her. She decided very quickly that she had seen enough of them, and went downstairs again, to stare into the glass cases full of dainty China figures and queer birds and beasts. What she liked best was a white silk screen under glass, worked over with exquisite designs of flowers and butterflies in faint coloured silks, and little ladies and gentlemen in quaint costumes with powder and patches and high-heeled red shoes. She sat down on an empty bench near by to rest, and gradually her thoughts grew confused and a delicious drowsiness stole over her. She dreamt—confusedly at first, then as her sleep became sounder more clearly—and in her dream the nearest little gentleman on the screen, clad in pale blue satin with a three-cornered black velvet hat set on the side of his head, stepped daintily out of the gilt frame, and holding out his tiny hand bade her come up and be one of them. "It isn't much fun, you know," he said, "we have to stay very still and always behave nicely, but you

will wear a charming dress, and people will come and admire you all day long, and you needn't be afraid of getting soiled—there's a notice up to say 'Don't touch.'” And Miriam was just going to say “Yes” rapturously, when he opened his tiny rosebud mouth and began to sing the street song of the hour—

Over the garden wall, the prettiest girl of all,  
And you may bet I'll never forget the night our lips in kisses met—  
Over the garden wall.

And alas! he sang it with the true Whitechapel accent, and the spell broke sharply.

“There's a notice up to say 'Don't touch,'” said Miriam aloud, and the sound of her own voice woke her. She felt as if some one had touched her gently, and when she opened her startled eyes she saw a tall, fresh-coloured young woman in a clean blue cotton frock and a shady hat standing close beside her.

“How sound you were sleeping, little girl,” said the stranger in a pleasant voice—a voice from which the Whitechapel accent was conspicuously absent, that had quite a different intonation from any voice Miriam had ever heard before. “I was afraid you were going to slip off the seat on to the floor. That was why I woke you. Are you very tired?”

She looked pityingly at the little Jewess's pallid face, in which the big black eyes burnt with such a restless flame, and then she sat down beside her. Miriam looked back into the speaker's sweet honest face and took courage. She was savagely shy of strangers—her first impulse had been instant flight.

“Yes, I'm very tired, but I was having a nice dream.”

She had never spoken to a lady in her life before, but she felt sure that this girl was a lady, and she wondered where she could have come from. Ladies were not a common incident of Whitechapel in those days.

“Were you? What was it about?”

And after a furtive doubtful glance under her lashes, Miriam related her dream, hesitatingly at first, then with greater confidence, and curious little dramatic gestures and shades of expression which caught and kept her listener's surprised interest. But in the midst of “Over the garden wall” she stopped abruptly and slipped to her feet.

“I must go now. I'm awful late. Aunt 'll scold like anything,” and she made a quaint grimace, expressive more of defiance than fear.

"Stop a minute," said the lady hastily, opening the cover of the little straw basket in her lap. "Have some of these first."

It was full of great ripe strawberries.

"Oh! my eye, what beauties! But," drawing back, "don't you want them yourself?"

"No. I'm going back to the country to-morrow, where these came from. I shall have plenty."

"But they were meant for someone else? You couldn't have known you were going to meet me?"

"Yes, they were for a sick woman, a friend of mine, but when I went to-day I found that she was dead. I should like you to have them now. Eat them up."

With a tender motherliness in her blue eyes she watched the tired thirsty child devour the fruit.

"I wonder what sort of woman you'll grow up into," she said presently, following out aloud her own train of thought.

"I mean to be an actress," answered Miriam with great decision. "That's my line, and no mistake."

"Oh! I hope not," with entire disapproval in her kind voice. "It isn't at all a nice thing to be. It's such a hard life, and full of—of—temptation. I wouldn't if I were you."

Miriam stared. This was a view of things so new, and so wholly opposed to her own, that she failed to grasp it.

"Shall if I can," she replied shortly, and turned to go. Then remembering her manners, paused and said, "Good-bye, lady, and thank you ever so much for the strawberries."

It was prettily said, with earnestness and spontaneity, and the "lady" with a sudden impulse put both hands lightly on the child's thin shoulders, and bending down her own sweet face, fresh as a June rose, kissed Miriam's pale cheek.

"Good-bye, dear little girl," she said tenderly. "God bless you."

And Miriam went out again into the dusty, noisy streets with the memory of the words, and the face of the speaker fixed in her heart.

## II.

She lay in bed propped up against soft pillows, her lithe attenuated figure swathed in a loose wrapper of silk and lace, glancing through the pile of letters and morning papers which her maid had just brought her, and sipping her chocolate at intervals.

It was good to lie here in this dainty, luxurious room, where the

sunlight was tempered by pale tinted curtains, and the scent of flowers swept in with each breath of air from the half-open windows. Down below—far down below—came up the occasional roll of passing cabs and carriages, sounds enough to remind her that she was in the heart of fashionable London, not more than enough to accentuate, rather than disturb, the delicious dreamy quiet of her own surroundings.

With sometimes a frown, but oftener a smile of pleasure and gratified vanity, she scanned the papers first. They all gave a prominent place and a lengthy criticism to the first night of "A Woman Sacrificed," and to the marvellous impersonation of its heroine by Miss Wanda Weston. . . . "Perfect grasp of each subtle characterisation"—"Wonderful power of expressing either passion or pathos in its utmost intensity" . . . "The audience—among which was to be seen royalty and the *crème de la crème* of society—went beside itself, first with emotion and then with enthusiasm. The great actress—for great in the fullest sense of the word she undoubtedly is—was called half a dozen times before the curtain and acknowledged her ovation with exquisite grace." She murmured the words in scraps half aloud, then paused. The paper slipped from her fingers and a sudden melancholy clouded the tired radiance of her great liquid dark eyes. So it was true. Her goal was reached, her childhood's dream realised. She was a great actress. The critics said so, and the big uncritical public had confirmed their judgment with no grudging assent.

She was too true an artist to be really vain, and she knew that the praise was deserved, that she had toiled unwaveringly for years to gain it, and it was sweet to her. Yet it set her thinking thoughts not wholly of triumph or pleasure. She left the papers lying, took up her letters, ran through them hastily, and dropped them one by one in a little heap till she came to the last two, which lay together underneath all the rest. One was a note in a man's handwriting that she knew well, the other in a woman's, which was strange to her. The first ran thus:

"Dear Wanda,—

"I have to leave town for a week on business; may I come and see you some time to-day?" (She glanced at the heading and saw it was from his rooms in Jermyn Street, dated Sunday 2 A.M.) "I can't tell you all I felt last night, you would probably be angry if I did. It was a splendid triumph for you, and I can't even venture to hope that you remembered I was there looking on at it. I had no idea acting could be such a reality as that. I felt while it lasted

as if you would break my heart as you broke that other fellow's in the piece. It was magnificent, of course—everyone said so—but I hated to see you act the part of a bad woman, you who are so good and true and noble. But you will think this all nonsense, and nonsense I, of all people, have no business to trouble you with. Let me have one line to say when I may come.

“Yours always,

“GEOFFREY TREMAINE.”

As she read the concluding words, the clear-cut, rather hard lines of her thin strenuous face softened. Her eyes and lips grew tender. She read it through twice, and then lay back among her pillows, her tired limbs and throbbing head at rest, her thoughts turned into other happier channels.

For a quarter of an hour she remained so, gazing into vacancy with absent eyes, dreaming a dream which she had thought was put away from her for ever, in which she had neither part nor lot. Then she roused herself with a start at the remembrance that she had a business appointment with her manager at twelve o'clock, and that there was barely time for her to get up and dress. As she moved and sat upright she saw the other letter lying there unread, and tore it open.

She began the “Dear Miss Weston” with the absorbed look still in her eyes, her mind elsewhere, nor did she notice the address. She thought it was a begging appeal of some sort. Then her expression changed with that suddenness which was half the beauty and all the fascination of its mobile features, a part of the talent which she brought to the perfection of her art. A faint flush crept slowly under her pale smooth skin, and her delicate sinuous red lips set in a hard line.

“Dear Miss Weston,—I feel that I am taking a great and unwarrantable liberty in writing to you, but perhaps it will not seem so unwarrantable to you when you have read through this letter, and carefully considered its contents. I feel sure you will do this, that you will not throw it into the waste-paper basket unread, because it may be painful to you.

“I am Geoffrey Tremaine's sister—his elder sister. Perhaps you have heard him speak of me, for in some ways I have been almost a mother to him—I have tried to be. But I am only his sister. I have not a mother's sacred right to plead in this letter, and perhaps you will not be able to forgive me. But I must risk that. In any case I feel sure that you are too noble a woman to revenge my

action on him, or to make mischief between us. You might easily do both or either. But you will not. I have studied the likeness of you that stands always on Geoffrey's dressing-table when he is at home. It is not like other pictures of actresses. It is a clever, earnest face, and it has a look of sadness in it as if you too had suffered. Perhaps you have already guessed what I want of you. I want you to set my young brother free—to let him go. More than that, I want you to send him away from you. He is at a turning point in his life. He loves you, I know that; but he is young, he will get over it, and his whole future is at stake. You, in your position, at the outset of a great career, cannot want to *marry* a country squire with a bare thousand a year of income and an encumbered estate that needs all his care, and for anything else—oh! forgive me if I seem to be insulting you—but I know that such things be—for any other tie between you, I beseech of you don't begin it. It will ruin him. In heart and character I mean, if in nothing else. Already I can see how it is changing and embittering him. And it breaks my heart. But it is not too late. If it were, he would be happier and less restless, I can guess that too. You can send him away now. It will cost you nothing, and it is everything for him, an upright honourable future, the possibility of a happy marriage. I feel I am putting it badly, but I can only write as I feel. To you perhaps it will only seem ridiculous, a jest to laugh at. And yet I don't think so. You have such a wonderful understanding of human hearts and emotions if half they say of you is true. He is my only brother. Perhaps if I had several I could afford to lose him. To you he is only one man among a hundred who admire you. He is the pride and joy of my life. If he was not dearer to me than anyone else on earth, I should not be writing this. Again asking you to forgive me,—I remain, yours faithfully,

“ELINOR TREMAINE.”

Miss Weston drew a long breath as she came to the end, the frown between her straight black eyebrows deepening sharply. Then she got up and dressed without ringing for her maid, and before she was quite ready the servant came to tell her that her manager was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

“Say I will be there in ten minutes, and come back for these notes and send them out at once.”

She sat down at a little writing-table and scrawled them off with fingers that trembled still from the nervous strain she had gone through.



"Dear Geoffrey,—Come and dine with me to-night at eight o'clock. I shall be alone, and you can propound your Philistine theories of art at length.—Yours,

"WANDA."

She paused for some seconds before she wrote the other. Then an expression that was almost vindictive came into her face.

"Dear Madam,—I have read your letter. Your brother is of an age to take care of himself, and if he chooses to make a fool of himself about me I for one shall not try to prevent him.—Yours faithfully,

"WANDA WESTON."

But when a moment later the maid returned to take the letters, she handed her only the one addressed to Geoffrey Tremaine, Esq., with an injunction to send it out at once.

"The other will keep till to-night." She slipped it into her writing-case.

### III.

Their *tête-à-tête* dinner was nearly over. The dessert had been handed and the manservant had noiselessly left the room. While he was waiting they had kept up an intermittent flow of conversation, but now a silence had fallen on them.

Tremaine sat on her right hand, and leaning back watched her under his half-closed lids. She did not seem aware of his gaze, hardly of his presence, but with her elbow on the table, picked one by one the big ripe strawberries from a dish near, and ate them slowly, with a curious smile flickering now and again across her pale, sombre face.

She was dressed entirely in dull poppy red, long clinging draperies, and no ornaments. The mass of deep colour heightened the effect of her pallor and the profound soft flame of her great black eyes. As a couple they were a singular and picturesque contrast, as they sat there in the waning summer light. A juxtaposition of intensely opposite types and expressions. The woman striking and distinguished, not by reason of birth, or breeding, or beauty, but by sheer force of intellect, of restless ambition, and a will like steel. She was interesting, she was a personage. In her presence you thought only of the woman, and forgot to wonder whether she was a lady in the conventional sense or not. But the man—a quite young fellow—was a more than ordinarily good specimen of the best type of

English gentleman—well born, well grown, well groomed, pleasant to look at, and pleasant to live with. His charming boyish face was expressive of an excellent disposition and not too much brains. Perhaps it was the mere violence of contrast and a complete divorce of common interests that had first drawn them together.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said presently. "I have been watching you for the last five minutes and wondering what they can be."

"I was recalling the first time I ever ate strawberries like these." She paused with one half-way to her lips and looked at it critically. "They were just like these, big and ripe and fresh from the country. By the way, I never thanked you for sending me them. It was very good of you; they taste nicer than the ones I buy. I can fancy that they grew in some quaint old country garden, such as I have never seen."

"Yes, it's a dear old garden," he answered eagerly. "Not a bit grand or smart, but awfully jolly. How I should like to take you there and show it you."

She frowned slightly as if his speech was unwelcome, and went on slowly with what she had been saying in a tired, sarcastic voice.

"Yes, I remember them so well, those strawberries. I remember thinking that I had never tasted anything so delicious, and that when I was grown up to be a great actress—I always meant to be a great actress, you know, it was part of my programme—I would have strawberries every day of the year. I didn't know much about the fruit seasons in those days, and I thought money could buy everything."

Her companion glanced at her in surprise and laughed—a pleasant, boyish laugh.

"What a funny child you must have been. I can't remember when I ate my first strawberries. I used to rifle the beds at home as soon as I could run alone."

Her eyes lit up with a gleam of anger.

"I dare say. You were born with a silver spoon in your mouth. You had only to ask to have. I was born in Whitechapel and reared in Whitechapel. It's true I haven't seen it for some years, and have lost its charming accent; but I was thirteen when I came away—old enough to remember the life I led there. Such a life! Hideous, dull, sordid." She smiled scornfully, watching the effect of her words in the changed, startled expression of his face.

"Wouldn't you like to hear some more about my delightful idyllic childhood? I'm sure you would."

"I want to know nothing about you, Wanda, which you don't care to tell. You are you. That is more than enough for me."

His eyes met hers firmly, and laid his offering of loyal devotion at her wayward feet. And for the moment the tribute to her mere womanhood touched and restrained her.

"And so you think I acted well last night? You liked it? You were interested? What did you think was my weak point? The critics don't seem to have found it out yet, but sometimes the impression of an outsider is worth all their jargon."

Tremaine looked at her and hesitated.

"Oh! so you think I have a weak point? Well, what is it?"

"Of course, I know I'm not in a position to offer an opinion, I don't know enough about acting; but it struck me——"

"Well, what struck you? For Heaven's sake don't be bashful. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings——"

"And you won't be offended?"

"Bah!"

"Well then," reddening, and with an effort, "I thought that you were splendid and all right in every scene except the one where you are supposed to be in love with what's his name. Somehow you weren't tender enough. It didn't give me the idea that you really cared for the fellow, but perhaps I'm wrong," he added quickly.

"No," she answered smiling, "you are right. What's wrong lies here"—she touched the place where her heart beat—"perhaps it will cure itself some day." She rose with a sigh. "Come into the drawing-room and finish your dissertation there."

He made no reply, and she went and flung herself on a wide deep lounge between the windows, and he came and stood for a minute in silence looking down at her with his hands in his pockets.

"Won't you smoke? or do you want any more shocks?" she asked, "because I can give you plenty more. You didn't imagine that I was brought up 'on the steps of a throne,' did you? It's true some well-to-do people did adopt me when I was thirteen, and give me a good education, but they were people you would think quite common—not fit to speak to." Her contemptuous tone hurt him, and he winced.

"You are such a wonderfully clever woman, so different from anyone I have ever known, I feel myself often so inferior to you, that it would never occur to me to bother about all that if—if——"

He paused, and she thought she read what was coming in his ardent eyes, and stretched out her hand as if to ward it off.

"Not even if I told you that my name is not Wanda Weston——"

Wanda anything for that matter"—with an ironic intonation, "but merely Miriam Silberstein. That I am the child of poor Polish Jews—a renegade faithless Jewess—whom her kith and kin, mere miserable downtrodden peasants as they are, would spit upon and deny in her own land, and regard as viler than the vilest Christian outcast? If I told you all that, would you still say what you were going to say?"

She sat upright, her hands with their gleaming rings clenched in the soft down of the cushions, a spot of colour in each cheek, and her eyes one flame of passion.

"It is the truth—the truth—the truth, and you know now what no other soul in London knows about me. I come from the gutter and the slums. You come from the other world which I shall always stand outside. I am only good enough to be your mistress, and I decline—I decline to be that. Other men may insult me as they please; I don't care, but you—but you——"

She stopped short, breathing quickly, and he knelt down beside her, and took her hand and kissed it, as the devout kiss a holy relic.

"I was not going to insult you. I was going to ask you to be my wife," he said in a whisper. "All that you have told me is nothing. I would as soon call you Miriam as Wanda. I only care to know one thing."

His eyes sought hers and searched them as if he would see into her very soul, and her lids did not sink; she sustained his gaze unflinchingly.

"Oh yes, I am what is technically called a 'good' woman. I am not pure and modest as your women folk are pure and modest, I dare say. Why should I be? I know all the evil of the world, all the coarseness and brutality of men, as I know the tricks of my trade. I am not a saint, but I am virtuous because vice does not tempt me. I live by my head, not my heart. I try and forget that I have a sex. It is only a curse to women such as me."

"You mean that you don't care for me?"

He still held her hand, but his voice had changed. Unconsciously it betrayed his hurt pride and humiliation. He had done her a great honour. He had meant to. But she hardly seemed aware of it.

"I don't know," she said slowly, "whether I do or not."

But she put her other hand round his neck, and leaning forward touched his broad smooth forehead with her lips just where the crisp fair curls ceased growing. Then she pushed him away.

"You know I told you you would have to go away directly after dinner," she said quite in her usual voice. "It's nearly ten now, and

I am dead beat. I'll give you some coffee, and then you must say good-bye."

"Good-night you mean," with an accent of reproach.

"Well, good-night if you like it better." And she got up and went across the room.

"By the way, how about that photograph you promised me?" she said presently when he had drunk his coffee. He set down the cup and began to search his breast coat pocket. She came and stood close beside him, and as he drew something from it she saw in an instant's glance that it was not his own photograph but a woman's. He saw it too, and thrust it hastily back.

"Ah! here it is," and he took out the one he sought and held it towards her. She looked at it with unseeing eyes.

"Whose was that other one?" she asked in a low voice. "Is it so precious that you always carry it about with you?"

He moved uneasily.

"Oh, no. It's only an old one of one of my sisters—my eldest sister. I happen to be carrying it about because Bounce, my terrier, knocked it off the table and broke the frame. I am going to get a new one for it." He saw the ironic gleam of disbelief in her dark eyes, and flushed scarlet.

"Do you think I would lie to you? See for yourself."

He pulled the bit of cardboard from his pocket again and put it into her hand. It was the head and shoulders of a girl taken some ten years earlier; a little faded by time, but still giving the impression of a good likeness. A round-faced girl somewhere in her twenties, with smoothly parted hair that you guessed to be brown and eyes which you felt sure in the nature of things must be blue, wearing an old-fashioned frock with a frill of lace round the throat. It was a sweet face, not pretty, yet with a certain likeness to her brother.

Miriam Silberstein looked at it for a minute in silence. Then she said abruptly:

"Does she often stay in London? I don't know, but I fancy—I fancy—I've seen her somewhere."

"Oh, yes; she comes up occasionally, but she doesn't show much in places where you'd be likely to see her. She doesn't care about the park, and isn't much of a theatre-goer. She likes staying in the East End at a house they've started there for ladies who work among the poor. She does a lot about the country holiday fund for poor children. I don't think you could ever have seen her."

"No; probably not. I'm not very fond of revisiting my old haunts."

He glanced at her in surprise. For the moment he had forgotten all she had told him that evening. Her present personality made it seem so wildly incongruous. And Miriam did not give him time to reflect.

"Her eyes are like yours?"

"Yes. I don't think otherwise we are alike. Dear old Nell, she is such an angel of goodness that one never thinks whether she is pretty or not. I believe, though, she was rather pretty then. That was taken ages ago. She had it done for me when I first went to Eton, and I've carried it everywhere with me since. You see my mother died when I was quite a little chap, and Nell has been mother and sister in one to us all. Now the others are all married."

Miriam turned the little picture round. Across the back was written in a clear firm hand that was not quite strange to her: "For my own boy, from his loving Nell," and the date.

"And she didn't marry?"

"No. It was cruel luck, and I think it was a beastly shame, and ought not to have been allowed. She was engaged to a man in China. He wasn't well enough off to marry her at once, so he went out again and waited and got a good billet, and wrote and asked her to come out to him. But just then my mother died, and there were all us brats, and my father was perfectly helpless without someone to look after us; and I was ill at the time and the only boy, and Nell said she couldn't leave me—leave us, I mean—and that he must wait another year or two. Well, he wouldn't, and she broke off her engagement. The brute married within the year—I suppose it was natural. But you can understand that I always feel I owe more to her than to anyone. The old home would have been precious dreary without Nell."

"Her name is Elinor?"

"Her christened name? Yes."

She put the two photographs side by side, and looked at them again.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I know now who you remind me of. Do you think," she added quickly, in a biting voice, "that it would please her if you brought me home as your wife?"

"I don't know," he answered, staring down at the tip of his patent leather shoe, "I haven't thought about that."

"No, my dear boy," she said quietly, "I don't suppose you have. And now here is your sister's photograph. I shall keep yours—it is very like you. You must go now. Good-bye."

She held out her hand.

"It really is only good-night," he answered, holding it gently. "I forgot to tell you, I came here on false pretences. I'm not going out of town to-morrow after all." . . .

Her eyes followed him as he crossed the room to go. How much would it cost her to let him go altogether? She was not sure. She did not feel sure of anything to-night. But as she stood there her mind slipped back again involuntarily to a past of which she seldom thought, and her present luxurious surroundings faded with the intensity of her recollection. She saw herself once more a tired unhappy child trudging along the hot dusty streets; she saw the look of the wide cool hall of the museum, and then herself asleep and dreaming on the bench. Her memory recalled clearly the girl's face into which she had looked on waking. Was it the same she had seen again to-night, or was that all a fancy? And either way what need it matter to her, or why should it influence her actions at this distance of time? . . .

For long she stood motionless where he had left her, wrapt in an absorbed train of thought. Then she went to her room, and taking from her writing-case the note she had written that morning to Elinor Tremaine, she tore it across and across. Her outlook on life and the world had changed since the morning. . . .

Then she rang the bell. Her manservant answered it, a grave elderly person with the air of an old-fashioned butler in a genteel comedy.

"Gibson, when Mr. Tremaine calls to-morrow or any other day, at whatever time, say 'Not at home.' Do you understand?"

The man bowed with an impassive face that betrayed no astonishment.

"Yes, madam."

"And tell Julie she can go to bed; I shall not want her again to-night. And you can put out the lights here."

## OF BIRDS' SONGS.

COMMON as birds are, their music ever in our ears, there is yet a haziness in the minds of many even musical people on the subject of their songs. No two songs, for example, can be less alike than those of the blackbird and thrush, and they sing all through the spring days (one of them sings through many a winter day too); they may be heard in towns, they may be heard even in London; but I doubt if nineteen out of twenty of the many who listen to them with pleasure know one song from the other. And even those who have knowledge of out-of-door things, and who write lovingly and intelligently of them, seem to have been bewildered when they touched upon birds' voices. In Charles Kingsley's justly popular "Prose Idylls" is a paper entitled "A Charm of Birds," and I know nothing more happy than most of his descriptions of birds' songs. But one of these is at least misleading—his words, I mean, upon the willow-wren and garden-warbler, "so alike in voice that it is often difficult to distinguish them unless we attend carefully to the expression." And then follow words which make me think the name of willow-wren has been transposed for garden-warbler, and garden-warbler for willow-wren, or that the writer was not sure of his bird. "For the garden-warbler," he says, "beginning with high and loud notes, runs down in cadence, lower and softer, till joy seems conquered by very weariness; while the willow-wren, with a sudden outbreak of cheerfulness, though not quite sure . . . that he is not doing a silly thing, struggles on to the end of his story with a hesitating hilarity in feeble imitation of the blackcap's bacchanalian dactyls." Now, unless we transpose the names, this description is really misleading.

And yet, when we come to consider our English song-birds, their number is not so bewilderingly large as to make the accurate knowledge of their music any very great task. Of the six hundred and odd birds which are included in Dresser's "List of European Birds," some 376 species are on the list of British birds, and these are



further reduced to two hundred, which are all that can fairly be called common. But many of these are sea-coast birds, and we may say roughly that hardly more than a hundred species are ordinarily to be met with along the roads and in the fields and woods of England, and of these not half are song-birds in the widest sense of the word. It would, then, seem no great task to make ourselves up in these few songs, certainly less than fifty all told.

May is undoubtedly the best month in which to begin this study. The leaves are not so thick as to be an obstacle to observation; the birds are singing as they will not do in the hotter and more busy June days; there are no young birds about in their perplexing suits to bewilder as in July and August. It is not always the best month in the year in point of weather. Often it is as cold as March; often come days when all growth and spring glow seem stopped by cloudy skies and bitter north-east winds, when the frozen palms of spring close over us once more; when the shining leaves of the hardy celandine look drooping; when the more delicate songsters will only sing on the sheltered sunny edges of the woods, and even then sing hardly joyously; when we too begin to think that the charms of May are overrated, that the poets have sung of it in vain. But, take it for all in all, we find that the thirty-one days of May have done more to enlighten us in bird lore than have the days of any other month in the calendar.

But, on the other hand, some few birds are singing in winter or in very early spring, and in that almost silence it is easy to become familiar with their songs, and thus have more time to spare for the spring arrivals. The bird which comes first on the list of **English**, and indeed of European birds, is one of those who dares to sing amid the bare ruined choirs of the leafless trees. This is the **missel-thrush**—a most persistent singer, singing until late in the **May** twilight, and singing, too, in the wild winds and drenching **showers** of less pleasant February and March. If not a dweller in communities like the rook, yet as many as half a dozen pairs seem to frequent one shrubbery, building in the tall trees and shrubs **within** sight and sound of each other. To the song-thrushes it appears to have a curious antipathy, and to this I attribute the fact that **those** birds do not venture to lift up their voices in the shrubbery of which I am now thinking, and where the missel-thrushes choose to  **dwell**. The song of the missel-thrush is a very powerful one, "**rich and mellow**" Seebohm calls it. To my mind there is a "**scritch**" in it, a harshness which recalls Milton's "**scannel pipes of wretched**

straw." The length of the strain and the phrasing is very similar to that of a blackbird's song, but the whole performance is a wild parody of the blackbird's music. An observant bird lover described it as that of "a blackbird gone crazy," in a frenzy, and a blackbird without any of the sweetness of a blackbird's silvery, flute-like voice, or the thoughtful deliberation of its utterance. And I do not think the missel-thrush is a bird which has impressed its voice on the English mind as its wild harsh joyousness perhaps deserves. None of the poets have sung of it, while the song-thrush, Shakspeare's throstle, and the throstle too of Tennyson after him, is loved with a love very little short of that which we bestow on the nightingale. Even Newman could turn aside from more transcendent things to sing the charms of the "Winter Thrush"; and I think it must have been Wordsworth's favourite songster, and that it awakened more feeling in his mind than did the nightingale, which he dismisses, rather unceremoniously indeed, in favour of the stock-dove. There are at least few lines in the poetry inspired by bird music which are more tenderly beautiful than those which he addresses to a thrush :

Thou thrush that singest loud, and loud and free,  
 Into yon row of willows flit,  
 Upon that alder sit ;  
 Or sing another song, or choose another tree.

"Loud and free" exactly expresses that jubilant lyric with no note of sadness in it and very little of tenderness, and which could only bring discord and an added grief to the sad heart of the listener.

And to turn to another poet. If anyone who was unfamiliar with the thrush's song were to ask me how to distinguish it, I would say, "Read Tennyson's 'Throstle'" and it will be unfamiliar no more. "The wild little" bird "poet's" song is enshrined in those few lines—their spirit, their rhythm, are there, and if we go out with that poetry in our minds we shall find no difficulty in recognising at once and for ever that wild pæan of the spring, that song of exultation, of triumph, poured forth by the glad songster from some tall tree, and which seems to flood gladness around. "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" asks Shelley; and though the thrush's song may be heard in November it brings all spring to our hearts.

The song of the blackbird is often classed with that of the thrush, but unless contrast is a kind of relation, there is little reason for so bracketing them together. Indeed the blackbird's song is unique, as Drayton knew three hundred years before our day :

The woosel near at hand, that hath a golden bill ;  
 As nature had him mark'd of purpose t'let us see  
 That from all other birds his tunes should different be.  
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May ;  
 Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.

The sound is indeed more instrumental than vocal, and if we want to recognise it we must dismiss from our minds the wild ode of the thrush, and listen, some early spring day, for a lay of which musing thoughtfulness is the chief characteristic. There is no hurry here, no careless rapture : it is a meditation, a soliloquy. The bird runs out its strains as if for its own amusement, its own fancy, careless of who hears it, full of tenderness too, and the sound liquid and soft as that of a silver flute. The *timbre* alters wonderfully towards the end of the summer, and becomes harsh, almost unmusical; and we recognise then the likeness between its voice and that of its wilder cousin, the missel-thrush, although the linked sweetness of phrase is never lost.

The two thrushes and the black ouzel have detained us long, but their voices are a prevailing item in spring music, the blackbird beginning its song almost before daylight (and it sounds sweeter in the silent dewy dawn than at any other time), the missel and song thrushes singing until late in the dusk of twilight. Of the ring-ouzel, which follows the thrushes in scientific lists, I might say much, for in the wild wastes on the mountain-sides of West Herefordshire (which I am recollecting as I write these notes) it is common, and its pleasant song, compounded of the songs of many other birds, is heard there all through the May days. But it cannot be classed among birds which are common throughout England, and therefore I pass it by and go on to the water-ouzel—though here, too, I might say we have a local bird to deal with. For “I am sixty-two,” wrote Ruskin, “and I have passed as much time out of these years by torrent sides as most people, but I have never seen a water-ouzel alive.” *Me felicissime!* by the side of the babbling streams of that mountainous district which is to me Arcadia, I have spent much time in the glad company of what he calls the mysterious little water-ouzel. But in many places it is rare. A keeper fresh from Sussex had never seen it, and did not know its name, and it must be catalogued among those treasures which England holds only in its wilder nooks. In May it has almost ceased to sing, but every reach of our little river has its pair of birds, and their young ones, with speckled plumage and already white bills, are being initiated into the art of getting a livelihood. On every boulder we may see them curtseying in their automatic *ahion wish*

a drooping movement of one wing, and opening and shutting their white eyelids perpetually—a habit which I have not seen noticed by any writer. The sweet wren-like song of winter and early spring perhaps owes some of its charm to the music of the brook which accompanies it; that louder music frequently drowns the bird's voice, and makes it difficult to catch each note, but to those who haunt brook-sides, and know the bird by its characteristic plumage, the song, too, soon becomes familiar. In May a monotonous *chack, chack*, is all we hear of its voice; but if I were to stay to chronicle the call notes and the notes of alarm or of pleasure which May meetings with the birds reveal to us, this little monograph would quickly become a volume.

The brook reminds me (though now I am leaving scientific classification and making a great leap onward) that no kingfishers add their flash of blue and green glories to the beauties of these little streams; and to hear a sedge-warbler we must descend to the valley five hundred feet below this table-land, where there are those reed and willow beds which are necessary to its happiness. There any May afternoon we may hear the hurried grotesque chatter, and see the little brown bird with that unmistakable warbler stripe over its eye, flitting or climbing restlessly among the willow herb and bushes which follow the course of the stream. The creature is not shy, and we shall have time to notice that although it keeps among lowly things, reeds and rushes and underwood, there is yet a curious similarity of manner between it and the willow and wood warblers and the chiffchaff, birds which love the height and spaciousness of great trees. But no one can ever mistake its voice for that of any other bird; none so hurries and precipitates, or blends so strangely and deftly the notes of other birds with its own.

Before I leave the brookside I must say a word about my friends the sandpipers. They are a migratory race, and may be seen on many little streams in early and late spring, but it is only in the wilder districts that they make their nests as they do in this Arcadia. They are noticeable birds, and their flight is a remarkable one, a contrast to the straight, heavy flight of the water-ouzel, whose neighbours they are. It is sinuous as the course of the stream they frequent, and at first sight one might take them for swallows grown to an abnormal size. But their colouring corresponds to that of the waterbrooks—it is grey as the boulders on which they stand, white as the foam around those boulders. Their song, uttered on the wing, consists of hardly more than three notes; and of them, too, as of the water-ouzel, we may say that to recognise that song we must

get to know the bird and then go on to the song, because, unlike thrushes and blackbirds, and many another bird, their music is not their characteristic ; it does not force itself upon our ears ; eyes will be first attracted by the pleasant flitting creature, or by its nest, shapely and neat, and hardly larger than the nest of a pipit, which nest it much resembles.

The wheatear, whinchat, and stonechat in scientific lists follow the water-ouzel, but are hardly to be called songsters. They all have an unexpected way of finishing their short and rather sweet little warbling songs ; but being birds of striking appearance we shall probably recognise them by sight first and then trace their songs home. The wheatear is a bird of the wild uncultivated downs and wastes ; the whinchat loves gorse fields ; the stonechat, too, likes something of wildness in its surroundings, but haunts desolate roadsides rather than wastes of open ground. Unlike the wheatear and whinchat, it remains with us throughout the year.

The redstart is a bird of gardens and orchards, and is known rather by its remarkable white, black, and chestnut plumage, and its bright blue eggs, than by its low song. That song bears, says Seeböhm, "a striking resemblance to the loud and varied notes of the wren, and yet it wants their vigour and sprightliness, and is somewhat monotonous. It may be well described as a low, weak wren's song without any of that dashing vivacity which seems to be characteristic of the music of that active little creature."

I suppose the robin's dreamy and very plaintive warble is familiar to everyone. Perhaps most of us connect birds' songs with poetry, and if the thrush's song is a wild Pindaric ode, the robin's will rather recall the quiet English poetry of the seventeenth century. In that poetry a stanza with a short line at the close is very usual ; and the robin, too, closes its sad little strains with a shortened cadence which is musical and plaintive.

And leaving the robin, we find ourselves in the presence of the first of bird artists. Here comes a singer indeed, who has neither equal nor second. If its song is unknown to any who read this, I would say, wait until you hear music solemn and yet jubilant as ever came from bird ; a voice of transcendent sweetness, variety, and with a supreme power of impressing itself on the very inmost fibre of our minds, and bringing us into some mysterious sympathy with things beyond our understanding ; and when you hear it you may know you are listening to the nightingale. That song has been described over and over again ; poets have loved to sing of it, and Milton, in his "O nightingale that on yon blooming spray," has, with his curious

and accurate felicity, found just the word that expresses one of its chief charms—its “liquid notes.” Wordsworth’s

Those notes of thine, they thrill and pierce,  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce,

express other of its beauties. Keats’s famous ode has in it less of the nightingale than of his own feeling on hearing the nightingale, but yet his epithet, “full-throated ease,” hits that carelessness of utterance, that unpremeditativeness joined with a supreme finish, which places it above and beyond all bird artists. But if I were asked what is its best, its most wonderful achievement, I should say it was the marvellous crescendo on one note, almost human in its artistic perfection. This is “the one low piping sound more sweet than all” of Coleridge—Coleridge, who has so defended the bird against the charge of melancholy that all other defences can be but a plagiarism of his—

'Tis the merry nightingale  
That crowds and hurries and precipitates  
With fast thick warbles his delicious notes.

Indeed, I do not know how the fable of the melancholy nightingale has crept into the minds of men; not only is the song exultant, but every movement of the bird is full of *verve* and joyousness.

The whitethroat, another of our spring arrivals, will make itself known to us as we walk along the hedgerows by flitting upwards and singing its very joyful, but a trifle monotonous, song as it flies, and then diving into the hedge and singing from that covert. It is a song which is difficult to diagnose, but here again we first recognise the bird, and the song soon becomes familiar to us. The lesser whitethroat is a bird of another habit, skulking among under-wood, whence is heard its trill or shake, running on into a strain which resembles the song of a blackcap sung in an undertone. Seebohm, however, likens it to the twittering of a swallow, but it is more hurried and vehement.

The blackcap ranks next to the nightingale without a doubt. Its extraordinary power, its jubilant quickness of utterance, its marvellous execution as well as the quality of the voice, must strike us at once; and it was a surprise to me that Mr. Burroughs, in his beautiful idyll of English song-birds, calls it “a rare and much over-praised bird.” With regard to the first of these adjectives, we must remember it is a relative one. In some districts the bird is really common—in some districts and in some seasons; but it seems to me that the song can hardly be over-praised. But when we say it comes next to

the nightingale as an artist, we do not mean to say that its song bears any resemblance to that of the nightingale. Its strain is a more continuous warble, without those "flashes of silence" which make the nightingale's song so unique: it is a warble and not an impassioned declamation.

Another of the *Sylvinae* with a hurried cheerful song is the garden-warbler, which we may hear from the underwood of some shrubbery or wilder wood. Unlike the more interesting *Phylloscopi*, who come next in scientific classification, it sings from one spot, from which it rarely strays and to which it returns season after season. All birds migrate to a certain extent; but our summer migrants, those little joyous incarnations of spirit who set forth on feeble wings, not knowing whither, at the bidding of an hereditary instinct to which they dare not be disobedient, are of all our birds surrounded with most of mystery and romance. But almost more wonderful to me is the fact that individual birds return to individual spots. To that tangle of wild rose-bushes at the edge of the wood, which the garden-warbler loved last year, it will return this year; there we shall listen for its joyous voice, and not in vain.

In March and April we may, perhaps, hear the tiny song of the tiny golden-crested wren as it flits among the evergreens of the shrubbery or the many yew trees of our western hedgerows. But that song is little more than a sharp *tee-tee* ending in a soft trill, inaudible unless we are close to it, and apt to be entirely passed over in May and June amid so many louder voices. The golden-crested wren is nearly related to the three *Phylloscopi*, birds with a curious individuality of their own; widely distinct as to their songs, but alike in colour and in habit. The wood wren's voice is the most noisy and far-reaching of the three. It has two quite distinct songs, the first a monotonous yet musical whistle repeated rapidly five or six times, and sometimes running on into its other song, which begins with a *twee-twee-twee*, and ends in a very joyous trill. These loud ringing notes are repeated again and yet again through a whole May morning, the tiny body of the singer absolutely quivering with the exertion which it repeats so untiringly. It is a most persistent singer, singing as it searches leaf after leaf of the tall trees, singing as it flits to another tree, singing if you approach its nest, singing as you depart from it. The strangely resonant and metallic notes of the chiffchaff are known to us all, for they bear no resemblance to the music of any other bird, except perhaps that of the great tit-mouse. As a rule, two notes only are the limit of its song, but sometimes I seem to hear a third added. One swallow may not

make a summer, but one chiffchaff's ringing voice does make spring, and, moreover, it keeps up the spring feeling in our hearts long after spring has ceased to be, for the bird sings until late in the autumn. The willow wren's song has of late been much extolled by bird lovers, Mr. Fowler and Mr. Burroughs both praising it very highly. To me it is disappointing, thin in quality and little varied; but the "dying fall" at the end is really beautiful. It is almost an echo of the first notes—ethereal music hardly to be heard by mortal ears. And as with the three other *Phylloscopi*, the form and colour of the bird is very attractive, and wonderfully suited to the trees which it inhabits. Not that it is of their colour, but it is a hue which takes their colour, as a more exact match would not do—reflects the green, is flecked over with the shadows of the leaves; and the birds themselves are almost leaf-like in their motions as they flutter among the foliage or flit hither and thither as lightly as leaves dance in the wind. If these warblers are the birds designated as *Kakochrooi* and *Kakobioi* by Aristotle, we must resent both terms on their behalf, for they are singularly attractive little creatures both in colour and in habits.

The sedge-warbler we have already considered, and our list of summer migrants closes with an exceedingly interesting, and in some districts a rare, bird, the little grasshopper-warbler. Its song is so unusual, so unique, so monotonous, so unlike any other English bird's voice, that if once heard it is never forgotten. It consists only of a prolonged sound as of the reel of a fishing-rod quickly wound up, with alternations of loud and soft, as if a door were being opened and shut between the listener and the singer. To see the shy little creature will require more patience and perseverance than can be expected of any but a professional ornithologist, who is trained in habits of waiting long hours for one audience with one bird.

And next we come to a very homely bird—the hedge sparrow—singing among the low hedges, and in winter approaching human habitations and singing around them as it picks up crumbs with the house sparrows. It is a bird which is often passed over from its unassuming quiet ways, but its sweet song and its gentle trustful heart give it an interest and an individuality of its own quite apart from that interest which all these winged darlings, who are free of that element into which we cannot rise, must inspire in us, even if they are only clothed in the dull brown, and only sing the homely little song of our hedge sparrow.

Whether the three titmice can be called songsters in any sense of the word, I feel doubtful. The sawing note of the great titmouse



has been already noticed, and is quite unmistakable; the blue titmouse makes himself familiar by his pretty livery and his fitting antics, and his few rather unmelodious but very joyful notes soon become familiar too. The long-tailed titmouse, who consorts much with the golden-crested wrens in winter, is an exceedingly loquacious bird, and makes its presence quickly known by its *dicacit *, its pert chirping prattle, but it has even less claim to the title of a song-bird than have its two larger cousins.

The wren's bright little poem, a mighty song for such a little creature, has a wonderful amount of animation and dash, and heard in the low winter sunlight is very welcome to us all. But it has little sweetness or modulation, and is one of those birds which are valued because they sing when days are dark "and ways are foul."

The wagtails do little more than utter a swallow-like twittering, and they are a family of birds which are difficult to distinguish owing to their changing winter and summer suits, and to their unfortunately misleading English names. We must therefore pass them over and turn to the pipits. The tree-pipit's song is unmistakable, loud, perhaps a little metallic, and reminding us now of a caged canary, now of a wild soaring lark. Lark-like, too, it loves to sing and soar, but rises, not from the ground, but from its perch on a tree near its nest. The meadow-pipit is a more engaging bird than the tree-pipit. Through the winter flocks of them abound in the waster pastures, and as early as February their wild, sweet, jubilant song is uttered flying or perching. At times, when hungry, I suppose, they let you come quite near enough to see their spotted thrush-like plumage and their quaint crested heads, and at others a movement causes the whole flock to wing their way far from you.

Passing by the shrikes and the flycatchers, we come to the swallow twittering from its straw-built shed or from the telegraph wires, where it loves to sun itself and dress its blue feathers. Its song is too well known to need comment, and from its familiarity is often used as a sort of standard of other and less familiar songs. The notes of the martin bear some resemblance to those of the swallow, but it sings very seldom. Its "Dominican severity of dress, dark grey blue and white only," says Ruskin, "distinguish it from the swallow with its red cap and light brown bodice and much longer tail."

Turning to the finches, the goldfinch has little more than a musical twitter for a song, and its cousin, the linn t, warbles somewhat as does the swallow, but its voice is of a finer quality than that of the swallow. The chaffinch's pleasant little *chanson* is quite the most pervading of all spring songs, and is loved because it means

warmth and sunshine and green trees. The greenfinch's song is quite unique—a long trill softly uttered, and a few warbled notes, are all its music, but they are unlike those of any other bird. They belong essentially to summer, as the chaffinch seems to belong to spring, and the charm of the performance, as Mr. Hudson says, is its "airy, subdued character, as of wind-touched leaves that flutter musically." It is a bird of shrubberies and orchards, and revels in warmth and sunshine. All our recollections of it are connected with June and greenness: "a brother of the dancing leaves" the bird seemed to Wordsworth as he watched its careless happiness among his orchard trees. The bullfinch is better known by its sad sweet call-note than by its feeble song, which is difficult to hear, and indeed can only be heard when we are near enough to the bird to distinguish it by its handsome plumage as well as by its soft sweet song.

The buntings may also be dismissed with few words. The corn-bunting's queer song of few notes, uttered, as Mr. Seebohm says, as if with closed beak, is quite unmistakable, and so is the "depressed lumpy" form of the singer sitting on a telegraph wire or a hedgerow bush that overtops the lower hedge, and uttering its monotonous few notes hour after hour. More varied is the yellowhammer's song, and this, like the greenfinch's, is redolent of hot summer noons. It consists of six or eight descending notes, uttered rather hurriedly, and ending on a long note, or sometimes two long notes, which are generally lower in pitch than the preceding ones. It is a song which varies in different districts, and sometimes the last notes ascend instead of descending; and at times one or both of the long notes are omitted. It, like the brown bunting and whitethroat, is a roadside bird which seems to travel with us as we traverse our most frequented roads, and because its song is so familiar it is easy to note the variations. And it is one of the few songs which are easy to imitate by whistling, and which remain in our recollections as does some familiar air in music.

Need I say a word about the skylark and its wholly joyous song? It inspired one of Jeremy Taylor's most beautiful and best known passages—the lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards singing as he rises, and hoping to get to heaven and climb above the clouds; singing "as if it had learnt music from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministering here below." And it inspired too one of the finest odes in the English language, Shelley's finest work, his "supreme ode." But, as may be said of another ode, it is "not in tune with the bird's song, and the feeling

it does and ought to awaken. The rapture with which the strain springs up at first, dies down before the close into Shelley's ever haunting melancholy." Like Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale," it is no key to the bird's song; it does not teach us anything of the thought and feeling which inspire that quivering, ascending embodiment of joyousness, that pilgrim of the sky, hiding itself in the glorious light of the summer heavens. The skylark may be heard as early as January—I heard it this year in November; as may also the rarer woodlark, whose song, uttered from trees or when flying, we recognise from its likeness to that of the skylark, though it lacks much of its rush and spirit and haste.

Can I call the starling a song-bird? It certainly seems as if it tried to achieve something of a song, and is of all our birds the most grotesque and original. It frequents human habitations and even towns, and there, sitting on a chimney or roof or bough, it utters queer chirps and whistles, imitations of a hundred sounds which it has heard as it listened to the *comédie humaine* of the yard or street in its vicinity. These notes are accompanied by contortions of its burnished iridescent throat and flappings of its wings, and are continued for half an hour or an hour at a time. It may be heard in winter as well as spring; for although in winter, as Dante knew, starlings gather into flocks and range wide over the country, one or two remain in their old haunts, where they are sufficient for their own happiness. But these winter flocks are a great feature in the bare brown winter landscapes, and I suppose no reader of the "*Divina Commedia*" ever looks on them without recollecting,

Come gli stornei ne portan l' ali  
Nel freddo tempo, a schiera larga e piena;  
Così quel fiato gli spiriti mali . . .

The cuckoo's song, musical in the distance, hollow and metallic when heard near at hand, is too well known to need description, and with it our list of English song-birds ends. But as we leave them, we remember "a thousand blended notes," not songs, but as musical as songs, because they bring with them recollections of green fields and solemn wild wastes, of brooksides, or hedgerows—those tall hedgerows of Western Herefordshire which are so "succourful" to the cattle, as an old man remarked, and so attractive to the birds. The notes of the *Columbida* can hardly be passed over in these remembrances. The wood pigeon's swift easy flight must be familiar to us all, and so must its song of five notes of unequal length repeated again and again and ending suddenly with one additional note thus ————. "Take two-o cows, taffy," are the words that

children of the Welsh border give to it, and some of its notes are indeed very human. The stockdove's song is only a monotonous low cooing sound—dear to us for Wordsworth's poem; but the turtle-dove, a by no means uncommon bird in Herefordshire, has a very sweet, sad, cooing note of more delicate quality than that of the stockdove. And another bird with a very musical note, but no song, is the brown owl, which may be heard incessantly in the dusk of the March evenings, but which, as far as my experience goes, ceases to be heard in May. This merry note, as Shakspeare calls it, is a long-drawn-out *hoo-hoo*, and can be imitated very successfully on a sweet-toned ocherina. The cry of the white or barn owl, though wild and therefore pleasant, is by no means of a musical quality. And while recollecting the birds of this unique district, I must not forget the strange note of the little quail, which may be heard from the grass fields of the valley below our more hilly land, throughout the long nights of June. It resembles the syllables *put-put-put*, or the sound of water dropping slowly into a bucket; and musical as the sound is, it has to us the added charm of being but rarely heard in Western England.

Much more remains to be said indeed of those bird-notes which, although not of the nature of songs, are yet so pleasant to the ear: the crow of the pheasant, the startled whir-r-r of the partridge, the curlew's wild whistle, "the tufted plover" piping "along the fallow lea," the fern owl's marvellous jarring note, the liquid bubbling cry of the wryneck, "sudden scratches of the jay," dear to us still in spite of the keeper—these and many other sounds are as musical to some of us as are the songs of more highly gifted birds.

"Little brothers and sisters" said St. Francis lovingly to the winged chattering who thronged around him; and as we wander through fields and lanes we too may well wish that we could learn the secret of that attractiveness which drew to him those joyous little spirits of the air, whose music makes this earth "an unsubstantial faery place."

C. TROLLOPE.

## THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK AND ITS PRINTERS.

**B**ELONGING to the French Institute is an interesting old library known as the Mazarin Library, which was founded by the Cardinal. A distinguished "bookworm" and bibliographer, De Bure, was one day, about a century and a half ago, exploring its shelves when he came upon a remarkable book.

"My researches," he says, "having led me to the Mazarin Library, or College of the Four Nations, I was utterly surprised to light on this first and famous production of the press, which a mere impulse of curiosity made me open . . . a precious edition of the Bible. I had not an instant's hesitation in allotting it priority, not merely before all Bibles, but even before the known editions of the book." Thus modestly is given the discovery of the famous book.

For a long time before, the researches of the learned in such matters had led them to speculate that there *must* be existing somewhere a book of earlier date than any then known, and this date was fixed at somewhere between the years 1450 and 1455. This was thought by many to be a mere dream; but in the old Chronicles there were distinct allusions to such a book, though it was not identified. Chevillier and Marchand among others were positive on the point, as the descriptions did not apply to any existing volume. Here is one of those acute speculations or happy guesses akin to those of astronomers as to some star or comet which ought to be in some place, and at last turns up; and this now for a century and a half has been verified and accepted without dispute. From fifteen to twenty copies of this first printed book have since been discovered, of which some half-dozen have "passed under the hammer" at extraordinary prices. Some are on vellum, but many more on paper. Paper was then a rarer and more costly article than vellum—another marvel, for nowadays printers find it difficult and embarrassing to print on that medium. On the first invention it seemed child's play. Only the other day, on November 7, 1898, a copy was put up for sale at Sotheby's, which, after a fairly

brisk competition between Mr. Quaritch, "the Napoleon of booksellers," as he has been called, and Mr. Sotheran, was secured by the former for some £2,950. Nearly all the sold copies have passed through Mr. Quaritch's hands, and he has at this moment two, one of which is priced at £5,000. Thus until sold the custody of these precious volumes entails a yearly loss of some £400, which must be added to the price.

The history of this first printed book is of course bound up with the history of its printer, John Gutenberg, whose name, by the way, was the unromantic one of Gensfleisch, or Gooseflesh, his mother's name being Gutenberg, or Bonæ Montis—that is, "Goodhill," or Beaumont with us. He was born about the beginning of the century at Mayence, at No. 23 Emmeraus Strasse, where a café now stands in the place of the old house. His memory is preserved by no fewer than three public statues, one at Mayence by the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, in the middle of the Gutenberg Place; another at Strassburg, by David D'Angers, also a distinguished sculptor; and one at Frankfort, which is part of an imposing group by Müller. This is a great homage to a printer. Gutenberg was of a litigious if not querulous nature, and was ever "in hot water" with someone or other. He was driven from his native place by his turbulence, and went to Strassburg, where he made his earliest discoveries. The papers of a lawsuit which he had with one Dritzehen, Riffe, and others, show that he was engaged to teach these people some other arts, on the condition of their putting in money or taking shares. Mention is made of "formes," and of portions of what seems like a press, the mechanism of which he wished to have concealed. An action for breach of promise was also brought by one Emblin zu den Thüre, which further shows his quarrelsome nature. He was allowed to return to Mentz about 1440, when he began his experiments.

There is an accepted conventional likeness of Gutenberg, which serves very well, so as to be recognisable, but there is nothing authentic. We can, however, get as far back as the year 1640, when Malinkrot furnishes a portrait; and in a work by Röth-Scholtz, a collection of typographical portraits, we find a likeness of Gutenberg, which suggests that of Malinkrot. It is a grave face with full tuft of beard and moustaches.

One cannot but feel an interest in the house or printing office in which the first of all the books saw the light. It still stands in the Franciscan Street at Mentz, and originally belonged to a family of the Jungen. It has since always been known as *Zum Jungen*, or

"Young's House," the owners having in the troubled times retired to Frankfort. In the fifteenth century it was spread over a great deal more ground, and had a large courtyard. About 1508 a tablet was put up by Wittig to "the first inventor of printing with bronze letters," but this has long since disappeared.

It is impossible to stand before this little tenement and not feel a sort of awe and reverence when we think of the auspicious moment, some 446 years ago, when the first sheet of the first of all the books was "put to press"; and what a moment that was when we contrast it with the miraculous torrent of books that have since flooded the earth! At present it might be said that there is nothing the world is so full of as of books. Books are everywhere. The presses never relax for an instant day or night. If every person that can read and write had but a single book, this would make a total of some hundred millions of books! And then we turn back our eyes to the little office in Mentz where the first of all the books saw the light, when there was but a single book in the world.

The day of manuscripts, as we know, had given place to that of the block books, and the block books suggested the notion of printing. The manuscripts had a far greater circulation than is supposed; in fact, any amount that was demanded could be supplied. The block book, produced by tablets, on which were carved some rude illustration with some sentences of text, was a slow and clumsy process. These were stamped off—pressed on one side of the paper—much as calico designs are now wrought. With these before him it occurred to Gutenberg that if he could carve on such tablets rows of letters, and take the impression by the aid of strong leverage on *both* sides of the paper, he could conveniently turn out a vast number of copies. The press, therefore, would seem to have been at this stage the main element of the invention, such as it was.

In the great bronze group set up in Frankfort we can almost read the whole story of the origin of printing. It is a group of three stately figures in the fine old German costume, made familiar to us by the characters in Wagner's *Meistersingers*. In the centre is Gutenberg; on his right his partner, Faust, Fust, or Fusth, the goldsmith; on his left, Peter Schaeffer or Schoiffer, the apprentice, who did so much for the art. Below them we see a row of heads of all the famous printers, including our Caxton. Below, again, the names of all the early printing cities—Cologne, Strassburg, Basle, Venice, Augsburg, and others. At the corners are seated figures of Theology, History, Poetry, and Art. Certainly a highly suggestive monument.

Gutenberg had but little money, but that little, like a trap

inventor, he spent in the cause. This made him apply to Fust, the goldsmith, who probably saw there was "money in it," and supplied advances; and also to the intelligent apprentice, Peter Schaeffer, the workman (the *opilio*, or shepherd), the real author of printing, who brought it into working shape. Here are the regular elements in every invention: the dreamy, unpractical, impoverished conceiver of the notion; the moneyed man who gets possession of it; and the practical man who gives it form.

But there are two veracious chroniclers of the century who furnish full details of the stages of the process. The first is Trithemius, a worthy monk, who thus quaintly tells the tale: "It was about this time," he says, "that there was invented and imagined by Gutenberg, a citizen of Mayence, that memorable art—up to that time unknown—of printing blocks by the aid of raised characters. Gutenberg, having expended all he had to secure the success of his invention, found himself in the most serious difficulties, and in his despair was on the point of abandoning the whole enterprise. With the aid, however, of John Faust—in the shape of advice and money—he managed to complete his work. They printed together a sort of vocabulary, known as the "Catholicon," in characters written in regular shape on tables of wood and with composed forms. But they could make no use of these plates for printing other works, as the letters could not be detached from the plates, but were actually carved thereon. As I have said, other inventors more ingenious still followed, and they found out a method of casting (separately) all the letters of the Latin alphabet. To these they gave the name of matrices, or moulds, from which they cast the letters in either bronze or brass, which should have the hardness necessary to bear the work of the press. These letters were previously cut by them with their hands; indeed, some thirty years ago I heard from Peter Schaeffer, of Gernsheim, son-in-law of the first inventor (*i.e.* Faust), that this method of printing offered almost insurmountable difficulties at its first introduction. Before they had got to the end of the third sheet of the Bible over four thousand florins had been spent. But this Peter Schaeffer, who was first a workman in the place, and then became the son-in-law of Faust, the first inventor, discovered an easier fashion of casting the letters, and fairly completed the art, bringing it to the state in which it now is."

There is always a confusion caused by the modern use of the word "printing," which had a much stricter meaning in the early days. Printing is the Latin *premere*, pressing or stamping; and Gutenberg is described by Trithemius as inventing the "memorable



art, till then unknown, of printing blocks by the aid of raised characters"—that is, pressing or stamping them. This seems to lay stress on the "press" element as the essence of Gutenberg's invention. We are then told of the enormous difficulties encountered—all the money expended on experiments that failed—say the half-dozen or so of wooden tablets, with the risk of constant accidents, splits, &c. And where was the new invention? Where was the movability of the types?

According to this view, the monk makes out that Gutenberg designed, first, carved tablets "with composed forms," that is, with regular lines and spaces, instead of the rudely cut memoranda of the block books. He also invented the notion of placing these tablets in a regular press, so that an impression could be got by regular mechanical means, and on *both* sides of the paper. And it must be said that the passage in the "Cologne Chronicle" as to the "prefiguration of the art" being found in the Dutch Donatus, as printed in Holland, also on wooden tablets, seems to point in this direction, Gutenberg's plan being thus shown to be impracticable.

But there is here one very significant passage, which contains a great deal in the way of suggestion as to the progress of the work. He speaks of the difficulties of using "letters cut by them with their hands," and says that before they got to the end of the third sheet—that is, about the eleventh page—over 4,000 florins had been expended; that is, they must have prepared, say, a hundred copies of each letter. And we can see at once how the bill for labour and material would have fully reached this sum. Such cost was utterly prohibitive. Though it is added that Peter Schaeffer's device of casting completely solved the difficulty, it is not meant that the solution was found during the progress of the Bible, but some years later, for the chronicler is merely summarising the stages of the invention. It has been calculated that though they expended so much on the first three sheets, the outlay had supplied them with almost sufficient type to go on with the book to the end, though in a slow and laborious fashion.

Still there are parts of this account that are most mystifying. The passage, for instance, as to the "Catholicon," described as having been printed from tablets of wood, the letters being carved on them, and of course immovable. There would seem to have been no doubt about this, from the positive statement that "the letters could not be detached from the plates." It is said that it would be impossible to carry out such a system on a printing point. There must be an error here. Another difficult and

to settle is, With what sort of letters was it printed? Were they of wood, or cut out of metal, or cast in lead? It is admitted that Schaeffer did not discover the fashion of casting from moulds until *after* the book had appeared, and it is nearly certain that letters of hard metal carved with a tool were used. Had they a stock of, say, 12,000 of these, they could start the work, print a sheet of four pages, then "distribute" and begin afresh. But then we are met with the fresh difficulty that to "cut" 12,000 letters would take an enormous time. At the rate of half a dozen a day, not 2,000 in the year would be produced—and to produce the 12,000 characters would require some six years. One would be inclined to think either that they managed to do with less type in hand or distributed after printing *two* pages instead of four. The letters seem to have a hard, sharp look, as if printed from bronze, and different from the softened tone resulting from lead type.

The testimony of the old "Cologne Chronicle" has always been the sheet-anchor of the Coster or Dutch claimants. This was published by one Koetkoff in 1499, within forty or fifty years of the time.

Under date of 1450 we find written: "This high and worthy art was invented first of all in Mentz in Germany, and the first discoverer was a burgher of that city who was born at Strassburg" (or came from Strassburg), "and was called Joncke Johan Gutenburch. And it is a great honour to the German nation that such ingenious men are found among them; and it took place about the year of our Lord 1440; and from this time until the year 1450 the art and what is connected with it was being investigated; and in the year of our Lord 1450 it was a golden year (or jubilee), and they began to print, and the first book they printed was the Bible in Latin. It was printed in a large letter, resembling the letter in which all present missals are printed. Although the art was discovered in Mentz in the manner as it is now generally used, yet the first prefiguration was found in Holland, in the Donatuses which were printed there before that time. And from these Donatuses the beginning of the art was taken. And it is more masterly and subtle than the ancient manner was, and by far more ingenious. . . . The first inventor of printing was a citizen of Mentz, and was born at Strassburg, and called John Gutenburch. . . . There are foolish persons who assert that printing had been practised before Gutenberg; but that is not true, and no specimens are extant in any country. The beginning and progress of the aforesaid art was told me by word of mouth by the worthy Master Ulrich Zell of Hanau, printer, at Cologne, in the great year 1499."

This prefigurement, it is contended by the Costerians, or Dutch claimants, was an admission of their claim. But "prefigurement" surely means no more than an indication, or, as Dr. Johnson would say, "an adumbration"—that is, probably some attempt was made to improve upon the block-book system, say by cutting sentences, or even words, out of the blocks, and putting them together in other forms and combinations. This we know was actually done; and that no more is intended is shown by the limitation in the positive passage about "the foolish persons" who asserted that the invention was known before Gutenberg, which "is not true," for the reason that no specimens were extant in any country. How positive and distinct too is the declaration that the whole story had been related to him by Ulrich Zell at Hanau. Zell was one of Gutenberg's own workmen, and had set up for himself as a printer.

It is indeed a perplexing thing to decide the respective shares of the different inventors. The total testimonies of writers within a century of Gutenberg's day who name him as the inventor, and give him the entire credit, are some sixty or seventy. The popular voice of the world has joined in accepting this judgment. And yet it is open to some question. What *did* he invent? In the case of the MSS. every letter had to be fashioned for the occasion; in that of the block books it was the same, only they implied the idea of multiplying copies with extraordinary difficulty, and also the notion of "pressing" or stamping. Gutenberg certainly devised the regular press, and made that part of the process easy. Then as to the letters, he as certainly conceived the idea of movable letters that could be arranged and rearranged, but seems to have got little further. These letters were not to be obtained, and could not be fashioned; and it was Peter Schaeffer who found the way to do so, and at once made printing feasible. Suppose the inventor of a locomotive had merely discovered that carriages could be moved by steam, but could not discover any method of applying the movement to the wheels; the invention would have been useless. The person who thought of the crank had certainly an important share in the invention.

Gutenberg must have gone on for a long time—certainly for ten years—during which period he spent his all and two advances of eight hundred guilders, each supplied by Fust. The latter, it is clear from his later partnership with Schaeffer, and the attaching his own name to his book, must himself have been a printer, and have thrown

himself into his work. From this long delay and expenditure it is plain that Gutenberg was anything but practical, and could not get forward. He must have been helped by readier intellects than his own. It has been debated whether Schaeffer, the workman, had any share in the production of the Bible. It is stated that his name is found among the witnesses at the trial; but as after the rupture Fust at once began to print for himself, with Schaeffer's co-operation, it seems certain that he must have helped in the production of the Bible. Further, we find in that book the same perfect and masterly treatment of details which is found in his other works.

Peter, however, we can trace to Paris in the year 1449, where he was acting as copyist. In the destroyed Strassburg Library was preserved a writing of his: "Here is the end of all the books, old as well as new, completed by me, Peter of Gernsheim, and also of Mentz, in the year 1449, in the illustrious city of Paris." A facsimile of this writing is preserved, which is not in the "current" hand, but the letters are elaborately formed and of artistic shape. This characteristically shows that he had a taste for designing letters; and we can see here, too, an indication of his presence at Mentz, when the first book was being engendered, for he says: "Here is the end of all the books," &c., that is, he had finished his copying "job," and might have been thinking of returning to Germany.

One Joh. Frid. Faustus, of Aschaffenburg, thus testifies for Peter Schaeffer, quoting from family papers. He was no doubt of the family of the printing Fust. "Peter, perceiving his master's design, and being himself ardently desirous to improve the art, found out, by the good providence of God, the method of cutting characters in a matrix, so that the letters might be easily cast. He secretly cut letters for the whole alphabet, and showed his master his matrices. But there were as many difficulties with these letters as with the wooden ones, the metal being too soft to bear the force of the impression, which was remedied by mixing the metal with some hard substance." It is said that the "Durandus" of 1459 was the first book printed on this "casting" system. There was, however, only one size of these letters, the larger sort being of the old *cut* type. It is a wonderful thing that our early printers should have selected for their first *coup d'essai* such a tremendous undertaking as the Bible—a gigantic business from its length, and the labour involved. Modern printers will tell us that there is no more serious "job." On a recent calculation made from a quarto Septuagint I found that it contained 1,050 columns, 106 lines in each column, seven or eight words in each line, making nigh half a million of words. To put it

all together, there would be required about a million and three-quarters of characters, letters, "ems," spacings, &c.

But before bringing out this Bible the partners made a successful trial-piece of their process by issuing a sort of fly-leaf, a Papal "Indulgence," dated 1454. It is not possible that they received a commission from the Holy See to print these documents, for the invention was not forward enough, nor in shape at all. They had, of course, seen the paper in manuscript on the church doors, and thought it would be a good stroke of business to put it in type. They left blank spaces which could be filled with the names of the place and of the recipient or purchaser, so that it could be issued in various towns. The lynx-eyed bibliographers, your Henry Bradshaws and others, have scrutinised these papers, and have found that the actual types of the 42-line Bible of 1455 were used for the large letters, and that in another Indulgence the large type is identical with that of the "36-line" or Bamber Bible.

The date of the first Bible which can be clearly ascertained by external circumstances is almost positively fixed by a curious little record. In the National Library at Paris there is a copy which had been given to a professional illuminator to decorate and bind, and he set down this tribute to himself at the end of vol. ii. : "This book was illuminated, bound, and completed by me, Henry Cremer, Vicar of the Collegiate Church of S. Stephen, Mentz, in the year 1456." This shows that the printers "gave out" the book to be adorned; also that the Vicar put the sheets together and did the binding.

The book, it is believed, took about four years to produce, and when it appeared must have struck all with astonishment. Taking it into our hands, as I did at one of the late sales, we might expect a rude, imperfect thing, like all first attempts—such as the lump of old iron at South Kensington, the first steam-engine. Instead we have a superb piece of work, complete, finished, and all but perfect—the envy of modern printers. Says Hallam in a fine passage: "It is a very striking circumstance that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing of an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armour. The Mazarin Bible is printed with strong black ink and tolerably handsome, but with some want of uniformity, which has led to a doubt whether the letters were cast. We may in imagination see this venerable and splendid volume, leading up the crowded myriads of its followers and imploring as it were a blessing on the new art by dedicating its first-fruits

to Heaven." What was the secret of this marvellous success all at once it is hard to say, but the course of printing displays many such miracles. It is noteworthy that the Bible, as it is the most universally read, should have been the first of all the books. By an odd coincidence, the writer of these lines was giving a lecture, the very night of the sale of this Bible, before the Historical Research Society, and almost came from the auction room to tell the tale of the First book. The bibliographers cannot quite agree as to what should be the correct number of pages in the volumes. Panzer counts 321 and 316 in vols. i. and ii., Van Praet 312 in vol. ii. In the Vienna National Library, and also at Munich, are copies which have four folios at the beginning containing a summary of all the chapters. These are wanting in other copies. There is a good deal of caprice about the lines in each page. We also hear of the "42-line Bible," and later of the 36-line Bible. In the first nine pages we find forty lines in each page, in the tenth forty-one, and in each of the rest forty-two lines per page. There are two columns in each page; there are 641 leaves in the book, which makes 1,282 pages in all—a stupendous business. This change of the number of lines from forty-two to forty and forty-one lines is accounted for by the fact that the type was recast with the same "face," though the "body" was made smaller, so that more letters could be accommodated in the page. Thus forty-two lines were fitted in the space which had before held only forty or forty-one.

The type is of the "missal" kind—that is, tall, narrow, German text letters, put very closely together, to be contrasted with the coarse and burly "Gothic" letter later in fashion. This German or Gothic letter was in vogue for some twenty years, and was naturally adopted in imitation of the common manuscript letter. With it were also adopted the confusing "contractions" of handwriting—the stroke over the consonant to signify a vowel, &c. It was not until 1468 or 1469 that the Venetian printers introduced the elegant Roman letter now universal, which they saw on the inscribed tablets and Roman arches about them. The ink is of a rich lustrous ebony tint. There is also red ink used, which involved two printings—always a nice matter in such operations.

It is to be noted that a portion of the work was deliberately left to be completed by hand and filled up in manuscript. We can understand the reason for leaving spaces for the capitals; but the head-lines, titles of chapters, and "explicit" at end of each division are all written in. It might seem just as easy to put these in print. Printers declare that nothing can surpass the exactness of the

"register"—that is, the mathematical precision with which the lines on both sides of the page correspond. There are no "signs," "catch words," or "numerals." The lines of red printing are found in the body of the work. The Prologue to Genesis—"Incipit plogus"—is thus ushered in; and at the conclusion of the Prologue comes the title to Genesis, also in red. There is no more red-ink printing, but in most copies the other titles are put in with the pen in red. It is wonderful, by the way, what an effect of colour and variety was produced in these old tomes by the use of "illumination," as it was called. The artist went over the whole with his stylus—dashing in a flowery letter in red, now one in blue, now a curved line, now a flourish—the whole being regulated to produce an artistic effect. The "punctuation," if it can be so called, is of an elementary kind, stops seeming to be put down capriciously here and there, as *presbyterum . de omnibus diuine . historie*. The dot on the "i" is denoted by a little crook like the letter "c" placed on its side; divided words are linked by a couple of slanting dashes. De Bure thinks that he recognises the same type that is used in the great later "monuments," the "Speculum" and the Psalter, but it is believed that this is not the case.

The wonder of wonders is that we should actually find the watermarks in the fine stout paper, and there are four kinds: the bull's head surmounted by a stick, in the form of a cross; a simple head; a small bull, his feet forward, and placed between columns; and a bunch of grapes.

The most careless study of the letters—the facsimile of which is given by Dr. Dibdin—will show that they were printed from cut metal types, not cast. There is clearly the attempt to make each letter (of the same kind) uniform, but each varies more or less, exactly as one would expect in the case of a *carved* letter. Here a bit more of the metal is taken away than was intended, and there the line is not quite straight, the tool having slipped. One might feel a conviction as to all this, and be certain that the Mazarin Bible was made with cut or carved-out letters.

There can be no question but that Schaeffer's plan of casting the letters from moulds was an all-important idea, without which little or nothing could have been done with printing. Nay, one might almost go further, that it was the really essential element in printing. With the letters carved, one might as well have gone back to manuscript writing. You could change them; but they were so few, and the progress of manufacture was so slow and costly, that very few books could have appeared. Schaeffer's ideas set no limit to the

number. You might have scores of A's and B's as fast as the melted lead would run into the mould, while to cut one single letter became a long and laborious operation. Very lately some American inventors have contrived what they call a logotype machine. The principle is that distribution being slow and costly, it would be cheaper to melt down the letters, and by one act recast them anew and put them in their places. This is actually done. The question, therefore, may be fairly discussed whether a really important share of the credit of the discovery should not be allotted to the ingenious Schaeffer, who, beyond question, brought the invention "into circulation," as it were. And this suggestion goes far to explain the constant claims the Schaeffers put forward during generations to the credit of having discovered the most important part of the process.

Some of the more important copies which have appeared for sale of late years are the Perkins (1875), on vellum, which brought £3,400; that on paper, £2,690. The Syston Park copy, belonging to Sir John Thorold, was sold in 1884 for £3,900, and resold at the Makellar sale, 1898, for £2,950. Lord Crawford's copy, in 1887, brought £2,650; and Lord Hopetoun's, in 1889, £2,000. In 1897-8 Mr. Quaritch was offering the "Perkins" for sale—a well-known copy which passed, at the sale of 1873, to Lord Ashburnham for £3,400, and was now or lately tendered for £5,000. (The difference in price would not pay for the accrued interest.) Apart from its typographical merits, this is richly set off and adorned by 123 richly coloured miniature initials and decorative borderings, with birds, flowers, fruits, monkeys, grotesques, &c. It has an early binding (*circa* 1500) of thick wooden boards (*real* board), covered with stamped leather, having metal bosses—"bullet defying," Dibdin says—put on by the original binder. It is surprising what beautiful artistic effects were produced by this mixture of type and pictures. The blank compartment, where the initial was to be put, seemed to be a challenge to the artist; the black rows of type seemed a foil to the rest; and he filled the spaces with some elegant little pictures of extraordinary effect, considering their size. With the borders, &c., he "let himself go," dashing down the margins with flourishings, often straying in on the type itself. The letter was often in gold burnished, as in the Venetian "Pliny." This gold is as bright, fresh, and dazzling as it was four hundred years ago. It reads, "ater Ambrosius," of course, for "Pater Ambrosius," space being left for a capital "P," which was to be put in by the scribe or miniaturist, whose profession was not extinguished by the invention. This was part of



the typographers' system, who, it was said, tried to pass off their work as manuscript. And the purchasers were thought to favour the notion, as they could not believe that the prodigy of printing could be wrought save by magic.

There is no date of publication or name of printer or place. Both the place and date of publication and publisher's name are after all by no means essential to a book where matter is presumed to suffice for itself. The date or place does not increase the interest, though it might be the author's business to announce the date. Though the Schaeffers were precise in giving date and place, it is curious to find what a large number of their early "fifteeners" are marked "s. a. et l.," that is, *sine anno et loco*, in the catalogues. Many of Mentelin's and Zell's and A. Sorg's are thus undistinguished.

The art of "collation" of books has become quite scientific in the hands of the bibliographers. Ordinary folk imagine that to collate it is necessary to put the two works side by side, and thus ascertain if they correspond; but by the rules of collation the terms of description may become so strict and accurate as not to need the actual presence of the original work. The owner has only to compare the description with his copy.

No one can conceive the amount of learning and of regular scientific exploration that has been applied to the point of settling the priority in date of these early volumes. For the first of all the book is dateless, and after the first four or five "monuments," which are regularly dated, the early German printers did not care to date their volumes. Fust first and the Schaeffers later were always scrupulous in this matter. But the ingenuity of tests, the research displayed by the Hessels, Bradleys, and other moderns in actually tracing the types from one book to the other, and thus establishing a connection, is wonderful.

It is a disastrous thing to have to record that after this triumphant success we find the unlucky inventor at once engaged in a lawsuit with his partner—who wished to recover his advances—in which poor Gutenberg was cast in damages. All the papers of this process have been preserved, with the names and testimony of the witnesses, and the decree of the judges. We may indeed speculate how it was that Fust, if he were partner in the venture, could make a claim for reimbursement; but the fact was, the sums were advanced, not to print the book, but to help Gutenberg to make his researches. The total demand was for about 2,000 florins or guilders. A decree was given in November 1455—apparently the year in which the Bible

"came out"—that Gutenberg should furnish an account of all payments and receipts for their joint interests, and that further sums owing must be repaid with interest. It proved that there was a large balance against him, to meet which his stock—types, presses, &c.—were taken possession of by Fust, and Gutenberg was ejected from his Franciscan Street office.

Gutenberg's record of work is not a long one, consisting of the first Bible, the "Catholicon" aforesaid, and some three tracts, one of which, "Mathæus de Cracovia," was lately in Mr. Quaritch's hands. It is a small quarto tract of some 40 pp., and closes in a devotional way, praying "that there may be no evil or scandalous habit for ever and ever. Amen." The last words are a descriptive treatise of "Reason and Conscience," "on the taking of the healthful food of the Body of our Lord Jhesu Christi. Finit." Again the same self-denying modesty. The text is in dialogue form, between Reason and Conscience. But spaces are left at the beginning of each speech for the names "Reason," &c., which are filled in with pen and ink. The identical type of the "Catholicon" is used, and the handwriting is the same as is in that work. And thus the book is brought into connection with the printer. This "Catholicon" suggests yet another problem, which I have not seen touched upon. Gutenberg having lost all his stock of types, where did he get his new stock for this bulky book; and how was it fashioned? He could not have produced it by his old method of "cutting out" or "punching"—he had no money; nor was he likely to have helped himself to Schaeffer's new device of lead castings. The latter would assuredly have secured himself by a "privilege" or patent. This seems a little perplexing.

What time Gutenberg closed his agitated and disappointing life is not certain. It is known that he enjoyed the patronage of the Prince-Bishop, and received from him some honour and emolument. Dr. Humery, Syndic of Mentz at the time, on February 24, 1468, gave a receipt to the Archbishop for various "formes" of types and other materials that had been the property of Gutenberg; which furnishes fair proof that he had died a little before.

The new firm of Fust & Schaeffer was "pushful," and the partners found their way to Paris, bringing with them a stock of their second Bible of 1462, the first with a date, which they offered for forty crowns a copy. One of the legends is that they tried to pass them as manuscript; but a glance at the Colophon completely disproves this, as it states that the work was not "done by either pen, reed, or stylus, but with metal letters." Some years before this visit King

Charles VII. had heard of "the new invention for stamping off books made by one Messire Gutenberg, Chevalier, residing at Mentz," and despatched Jenson, the famous printer of Venice, to Germany, to inquire into the matter. This was about 1458.

They had an agent in Paris, one Statthoen, who died in 1475, when by the laws all their property, they being foreigners, passed to the King. This King, however, was Louis IX., who very generously restored the money, for their stock had been sold for over 2,000 crowns. In it he talks of their invention as "stamped writing," a very good definition, for the word "printing" is very ambiguous; and describes them as having made *plusieurs baulx livres singuliers et exquis*.

At the end of most of Schaeffer & Fust's tomes we find the escutcheon of the firm in red: a quaint device, two shields together with some mysterious devices in white. Some have thought that these were their coats-of-arms, and one Fabricius has compared them with the heraldic records at Frankfort, and says they correspond. He interprets the first device as a St. Andrew's Cross, and the second, a chevron, as a Greek "lambra." It is curious that even in such early books we should find a printers' device; evidence certainly of the pride they felt in executing so prodigious and novel a task, for which they claimed the admiration of the world.

It has been mentioned that Fust was a printer himself. That he took the business seriously is evident from his Colophon to the edition of Cicero's Offices, issued in 1465, where he declared that he, John Fust, by means of this most lovely art, "and the hand of my boy (*puer*) Peter, had happily accomplished the work." There is a rather lofty tone here, as coming from the head of the firm; but it is clear from this that Fust was an equitable man, and gave credit where it was due, as he would have done in the case of Gutenberg had he thought him entitled to the credit.

Some two years after the partners separated, in 1457, Fust and Peter Schaeffer, we may presume, brought out their second work, which is considered the most stupendous effort of the press, allowing for its then resources. This was the "Grand Psalter," or Chant Book, which in every department excites astonishment and admiration. It is the rarest and the most costly of these "prehistoric" books, and turns up for sale perhaps once in half a century. The all-conquering Quaritch had of course a copy, which was valued at £6,000. "This fine book of decretals, issued in the noble city of Mentz, on which the ever-glorious Almighty has deigned to prefer

and to exalt beyond all other nations of the earth with the gracious gift of the art of printing—not done with a metal pen and ink, but fashioned by the splendid invention of that venerated man Peter Schaeffer.” Thus the Colophon.

One of the miracles connected with it which has never yet been solved was how the large florid initials, each some inches square, were contrived to be printed in two colours. A suggestion has been made that this was contrived by making the block in two pieces—an outer and an inner—the latter being dropped in later. I believe the real solution is the simplest, that the two portions were inked simultaneously, there being only one printing. On the other hand, it must be said that a portion of the block has been found to be used in another book. The fine flowing lines in this initial, their closeness together, the absence of clogging, add to the perplexity.

These decorated “capitals” were of extraordinary size—three inches and a half in height. Mr. Bulmer, the eminent English printer, offered an ingenious suggestion as to how they were printed, namely, by stencilling; and there is present, certainly, something of the “stiff” look of that process.

One would have thought that the types fashioned at such cost and trouble would have done further service in the successive volumes. Both Gutenberg and Fust printed fresh books; but the fact is, these types practically disappeared with the year 1480, when portions are to be recognised in certain books.

It will be interesting to see how the Schaeffer firm gradually arrived at the conviction that they were the sole inventors. We find at the end of their earlier books what is called “the Colophon,” a method devised by the printers for getting credit for their share of the work; and it was by the aid of this machinery that Schaeffer and his successors contrived to register their claims. Thus I have now before me, in my own collection, a noble volume of “decretals,” dated 1484, matchless in execution, which has this passage at the end:

“This chronicle was printed and finished in the year of our Lord 1515, on the Vigil of S. Margaret the Virgin, in the noble and famous city of Mentz, where was first discovered this art of printing. It is printed by John Schaeffer, descendant of that distinguished man John Fusth, citizen of Mentz, and the *first author of the famous art*. He it was who, at length, by his own proper genius, began to work out the plan in the year 1450, under the rule of the Emperor Frederic and that of the most Rev. the Prince-Bishop of Mentz. In the year

1452, helped by the Divine grace, he brought it into practical form" (then, in parenthesis) "much helped by many minor subsidiary inventions of Peter Schaeffer, his assistant and adopted son, to whom he even gave his daughter, Christina Fusthina, as a fit reward for his many labours and devices."

Here is not a word of Gutenberg, and the whole credit is claimed for Schaeffer. As years passed by, and others of the family succeeded, the same claim was even more strongly urged. Thus, in a sort of Chronicle published by them in 1515, we read at the end :

The Colophon to their second Bible of 1462, always spoken of as the "first Bible with a date," is in very guarded terms. Gutenberg's name is of course passed over. They here certainly make no claim to anything except making use of the invention. "This present work, by the means of the invention of printing, or *character marking*, without any strokes of the pen ; and being thus designed in the city of Mentz, to the glory of God, and by the labours of John Fust, of the same city, also of Peter Schoeffer, clerk, of the same diocese, was finished on the Vigil of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary." As we have seen, Trithemius, the monk, tells us that he knew Peter Schaeffer, and was told by him the whole story of the invention, "some thirty years ago," *i.e.* in 1484, so that he must have been a very young fellow at the time. It is clear that he altogether accepted Schaeffer's view, and was firmly persuaded that *he was the* real and only inventor. Schaeffer, too, was Trithemius's printer and publisher. We are not, therefore, surprised to find in another work of Trithemius, a "Compendium Brevium," in 1505, this deliberate claim put forward by the Schaeffer firm :

"Printed and completed is this present Book of Chronicles in the year 1515, on the Vigil of Margaret the Virgin. In the great and famous city of Mentz, the first discoverer of this art of printing By John Schoeffer, grandson of that erst distinguished man John Fusth, citizen of Mentz, first introducer of this famous art, who once *began, out of his own genius*, to devise the art of printing, in the year of our Lord's nativity 1450 ; in the reign of Frederick III., during the Bishopric of Theodore of Erspach, Prince. About the year 1452, with the aid of Divine grace, he succeeded in perfecting it" (*still Fusth*).

It will be noticed that Gutenberg is utterly ignored and put aside, I believe in good faith, on the ground that Schaeffer had made the art what it was. Further, at the end of the *Breviary*, issued in 1505, we have the firm announcing that it was printed at the "cost and labour of the worthy and vigilant John Schoeffer,

whose grandsire *was the first who discovered or invented* the art of printing."

We find, however, with an odd caprice, one of the Schaeffers, in 1505, in his "Livy," actually giving Gutenberg his full share of credit, and speaking of "the wondrous typographical art discovered by the gifted John Gutenberg, and later improved and brought into practical form for those coming after by John Fust and Peter Schaeffer."

These measured words seem to allot to each partner his proper share in the invention: to Gutenberg the idea, to Fust the cost and labour, to Schaeffer the study and development. It may seem inconsistent with the ignoring, in the same year, of Gutenberg's claim. But it may be that this very declaration had brought out corrections from survivors, who might have suggested that they were giving too much credit to Gutenberg. At all events, it will be seen that they allow him no more than the bare "invention," while they take to themselves all the glory of the labour, cost, investigation, study, and elaboration which was brought to the affair.

Schaeffer obtained from the Emperor Maximilian a sort of "privilege" for publishing this edition of "Livy," a handsome illustrated book, and in the privilege the Emperor is made to say that "he has learned and been advised, on the faith of worthy testimonies," that the invention was made by his (Schaeffer's) grandfather.

Gutenberg, it is plain, was a very devout man, and was certainly chastened by his many trials. In his few works we find the Colophon, which in its tone offers a wonderful contrast to the exulting and self-laudatory tone of Fust and Schaeffer. When he issued his "Catholicon," a bulky work of over seven hundred pages, which will not compare with the magnificent Psalter of his rivals, he added this modest epigraph:

"Under the guardianship of the Most High, at whose nod infants' tongues become eloquent, and who reveals to the humble what He hides from the wise, this noble book, after some 1,460 years of our Lord's incarnation, and in the city of Mentz of the glorious German people, a city which the bounty of God has deigned to make famous and set above all other nations of the earth, has been printed and completed, not by reed, pen, or quill, but with wondrous harmony of 'forms' and patterns. Hence to Thee, O Holy Father, and to the Trinity be all praise, also to the Blessed Mary. Deo gracias."

It will be noted that he suppresses his own name, probably because he is addressing a solemn prayer to the Almighty.

Schaeffer and his partner really "swagger" a good deal, and merely **take** note of its being a saint's day or festival of the Blessed Virgin **Mary**.

Such is a full and faithful history of the first printed book, and of how and by whom it was fashioned. It will be read with the more interest, as they are now preparing in Germany to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of the great inventor of printing, JOHN GUTENBERG.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## A DAY WITH THE DERVISHES.

“I HAVE a favour to ask of your Highness.”

The person thus addressed is a moon-faced Persian in white turban and cinnamon-coloured robes, reclining on a divan, fingering a string of amber beads. Both his dress and his manners denote that he is a person of importance. Such, indeed, is the case. Haji Sheykh Ali (so we will call him) is a prince, being a cousin—Allah only knows how many times removed—of the Cynosure of the Universe, Nasr-ed-din Shah. He is, moreover, a very learned man, a great Arabic scholar. When he holds forth from the *mimbâr* of the little Persian mosque, of which he is the chief *Imâm*, the congregation, listening with wrapt attention, pronounces his discourse to be as sweet as sugar. In his double quality of prince and priest (it is only in theory that Islâm has not a priesthood) Haji Sheykh Ali accepts as his due the adulation of the small Persian community in Stamboul. This great personage lives in a red wooden house of the dimensions of a doll's, not far from the big bazaar. Every time one goes in or out of that diminutive abode one thinks of Alice in Wonderland, for the problem of how to get in and, once in, how to get out, seems to require some magic medium for its solution. Despite his vanity, Haji Sheykh Ali is what schoolboys and middies call “not half a bad sort.” In answer to my request he smiles graciously, and, taking a pinch of snuff so as to display a very fine diamond ring on his little finger, begs to know in what way he can oblige me.

“My friend Mahmoud Bey tells me that you and he have been planning a visit to some of the *tekkies* of the Turkish dervishes. Like most people, I have seen the Mevlevi (Turning) and *Rufa'ee* (Howling) Dervishes, but should be glad to see the ceremonies of some of the other orders. Would you allow me to be of your party?”

“I don't think there can be any difficulty about that,” says the Prince, turning to his companion, a rather sour-faced Persian, whose green turban denotes that he is a *Seyyid*.

The Seyyid bows and murmurs assent. Probably in his heart of hearts he detests me as an unclean creature, but he is a sycophant of



the Prince. "There may possibly be some places in which you will have to look on or listen from outside. As far as I am concerned, I shall be delighted to have your company."

So it is settled that next day about 11 A.M. we should meet at the Prince's house.

Accordingly, next morning Mahmoud Bey and myself struggle edgewise up the narrow staircase and into the tiny sitting-room of Haji Sheykh Ali. The room is full. At one end of the divan lolls his Highness. Two of the principal Persian merchants from the neighbouring *khan* with their Armenian broker, a pilgrim from Tabriz on his way to Mecca, Mahmoud Bey and myself occupy chairs wedged tight together round the room. At the other end of the divan the Seyyid is engaged in rolling a clean turban for his patron. A servant comes and goes with tiny glasses of tea poisoned with sugar. Conversation is carried on mainly in the uncouth Turkish spoken in Northern Persia, the merchants and the pilgrim being from the province of Azarbaïdjân. As I only understand two or three words of this dialect, I am driven to devote my attention to the operations of the Seyyid. The winding of a turban is an art analogous to, but infinitely more difficult than, the folding of an umbrella. The Seyyid, twisted up on the divan, has made a block of one bent knee on which he has fitted the white felt *tarboosh*, which forms the basis of a sheykh's turban. Round this he winds with mechanical precision some ten or fifteen yards of fine white lawn in folds prescribed to indicate the wearer's exact dignity. The Seyyid is evidently an artist in turban-winding, and, like all true artists, is difficult to please, indeed almost as difficult as the Prince. It is only after the fourth or fifth winding that both Prince and Seyyid are satisfied. The latter, as he poses the structure on the Prince's head, gives the folds a last pat, very much in the manner and with the air of one of Madame Virot's young ladies poising a five-guinea bonnet on the head of a customer.

The Prince admires himself in a hand-glass, and pronounces the turban perfect. Now, think I, we will get off at last; so I nudge Mahmoud Bey in the ribs. Not at all. Since yesterday the Sheykh has discovered that the *zîkr*, or function at the *tekkié*, which we are to visit, does not begin till between two and three in the afternoon.

It is now a little after midday. With many inclinations the two merchants and the pilgrim take their leave. Mahmoud Bey, dying of hunger like myself, endeavours to escape, suggesting that we will return later. The Prince will not hear of such a thing, and begs

that we will remain. So we sit and indulge in more sweet tea and more talk.

It was past one when at last the great man decided to start. Not for the dervishes, however, as we soon discovered. "It was still a great deal too early for them," the Prince declared. Besides, he had an invalid Persian to visit in the neighbourhood of their tekkié.

Very curious and interesting that visit was. The sick man, who had been suffering from partial paralysis for four months, lay on the divan covered up with innumerable wadded quilts, from which peeped a strange, gaunt face, looking as if it had been hewn out of wood, with a rough beard dyed bright red with henna, and an embroidered skull cap of many gay colours. Mean and tumble-down as was the house, everything was scrupulously clean and neat, the occupant hailing from Tabriz, in Azarbaidjân, the inhabitants of which province are noted among Persians for their cleanliness and their scrupulous observance of all religious formulas—somewhat, in fact, like the Catalans in Spain.

A ragged Persian lad brought up a tray with large glasses of very sweet pink sherbet, which we poor starving mortals had to gulp down, not sip, for there at our elbow stood the boy, tray in hand, waiting to take back the glass. "*Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.*" The luxury of the East, which reads so pleasantly in books, is sometimes in the reality a poor substitute for the prosaic comfort of the West.

The Prince speaks to the sick man of approaching spring, of a speedy recovery. The glimpse which we catch through the window of the sea of Marmora under a snow-laden sky, the sunken eyes and haggard cheeks of the sufferer, belie his words. When we at last rise to go, the Prince, standing by the side of the sick man, takes one of his hands between his own two, and recites some *surats* from the Kurán.

At last we are really on our way to the tekkié of the dervishes. We wade up a few small watercourses, representing streets, and find ourselves opposite a large lath-and-plaster house. Somebody looking down from one of the many windows taps on the pane as we cross the street. The Prince looks up, makes a slight salaam. The face disappears. We pass through a large doorway closed by a little iron gate, and that stands ajar, across a courtyard with shrubs, up some steps, and so into a vestibule, where a servant takes our goloshes, umbrellas, etc.

On the last of a flight of wooden steps stands, waiting to receive

us, the Sheykh of the tekkié, the owner of the face which we caught sight of at the window. A very curious face it is. One would be tempted to say not at all a Turkish face, were it not that the harems of the Osmanli, stocked for centuries from all countries, have produced such a mixture of types that nowadays anything or everything may be Turkish. The pink-and-white-cheeked lads in the military schools, the flabby-faced, blear-eyed pashas driving to and from the ministries, seems to be as far removed as possible from what we have learned to look on as the true Osmanli type—big eyes under arched eyebrows, a long, slightly aquiline nose with open nostrils, a clear-cut mouth, and prominent chin—the type which finds its ideal in the portraits of Suleyman the Magnificent. Curiously enough, this type seems chiefly to occur nowadays among the upper classes of the Turks from Roumania and Bulgaria.

To return to our Sheykh. He is a rubicund-faced man, who might be any age, with a slight black moustache, and a tuft of a beard *à la* Napoleon III. Imagine the immortal d'Artagnan disguised as a Turk in a white tarboosh and turban, a dark blue outer robe, a yellow figured shirt, and semi-European trousers, you will then have some idea of the figure before us. A certain swaggering gait, a roguish twinkle in the eyes, help out this mousquetaire-like appearance.

"Come along upstairs," said the Sheykh, with many salaams. "I am a plain man, very much honoured by your visit, and only regret that I cannot receive you more worthily."

So saying, he led the way upstairs to a large room with three bed-divans, some arm-chairs, and a couple of European chests of drawers. On one divan a carpet of honour had been spread for Haji Sheykh Ali, who settles himself down on it in his favourite *otium cum dignitate* attitude, toying with his amber beads and his diamond ring. A servant brings in a tray with tea. While we drink this the Sheykh makes some inquiries of each of our party about their name and origin. My turn comes last. Getting up, he peers into my face and exclaims, amid a general laugh, "You wear a fez and you talk Persian, but you are not a Turk or a Persian. Your face is like the faces which I see when I go over to Pera, on which occasions I sometimes put on a hat, and then the people over there think that I am one of them. You are a Frank and a Christian, I am sure. Never mind, you are welcome all the same."

The Sheykh then proceeds to give us some particulars about his own order, or *tareekh*. The members of this order are known as Sa'dees or Jebâwees, from the name of their founder Sa'îd-Din el Jebâwee, surnamed "Abu'l-Futooh," the Father of Victories, who

died at Jebâ, near Damascus, A.H. 736 (A.D. 1335). The order appears to be an offshoot of the Rufa'ee (the so-called Howling Dervishes). Next to the Mevlevie, Rufa'ee, and Kâdiree orders, the Sa'dee is perhaps the most popular and widespread of the thirty-six dervish orders in the Ottoman Empire. Besides fourteen or fifteen tekkiés in Constantinople and the environs, the Sa'dees have houses in many of the principal towns of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. It is the Sheykh of this order in Cairo who performs the well-known ceremony of the *Doseh* every year at the festival of the Moolid-en-nebee (birthday of the Prophet) near the Hhasaneyn Mosque.

Each tekkié is ruled by a Sheykh, assisted by a *naseb-khalifeh*, or deputy. The *mureeds* (disciples) must obey the Sheykh implicitly. Unlike the Sheykh, who lives in the tekkié and is entirely given up to spiritual concerns, the mureeds may, and generally do, follow a profession or trade, and the majority do not live in the tekkié, but only come for the zikr, which takes place on one day in the week in each tekkié. The Sheykh receives a very small monthly allowance from the *Wakf*, or Ministry of Religious Endowments, and depends largely for his subsistence on the offerings of the faithful, generally made in kind. Celibacy is never enjoined, rarely, if ever, practised.

In answer to an enquiry about the total number of dervish tekkiés in Constantinople, the Sheykh asserts that there are about three hundred and sixty.<sup>1</sup>

Conversation is interrupted by an observation from the Prince that he feels hungry. He gives some directions, and a large silver piece to the Seyyid, who disappears.

"I must feed or expire," I murmur to Mahmoud Bey in pure *Quartier Latin* French, a language which he, having spent some years on the left bank of the Seine, understands, whereas the Prince's French is of the elementary Ollendorffian order. *Bouffer* and *crever* are, I feel sure, beyond him.

"Do have patience," says Mahmoud Bey. "We are in the East."

He looks very grave, however, as, indeed, he well may, for we are on the verge of a colossal question. All the company present, with the exception of the dervish Sheykh and myself, are Shi'ites. Now, like Shylock, the Shi'ite says in his heart, "I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will

<sup>1</sup> This number may be taken simply for a guess. If true, it would show an enormous increase in the last twenty-five or twenty-six years, since, in his book entitled *The Dervishes, or Oriental Spiritualism*, published in 1868, Mr. J. P. Browne enumerates only two hundred and fifty-six tekkiés in Constantinople.

not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." Next to the Moslems of India, many of whom will not eat nor drink out of a vessel which has once been used by an unbeliever, the Shi'ites are the strictest of all the members of Islâm in their ideas about pollution. To them every non-Moslem, nay, in a measure, even the Sunnite Moslems, are impure, men who perform not the prescribed ablutions, or perform them in a way which is not the Shi'ite way, men who eat unclean things (such as fish without scales) and wear the fur of forbidden animals. How, then, am I, a Christian, to be permitted to feed with this Shi'ite party?

Presently the Seyyid returns, followed by a Turk with a large round tin dish, high piled with *kebab* (small bits of mutton grilled on skewers) and toasted bread steeped in mutton fat with a girdle of *yaourt* (a kind of sour milk). Then ensues a little deliberation as to my presence at this meal. The Prince, to do him justice, had we been alone, would probably have been quite pleased to eat with me, and even to drink a bottle or two of Bordeaux, but there is the Seyyid, who would undoubtedly report to the whole Persian colony how Haji Sheykh Ali had eaten with a Christian. The difficulty is finally got over by ladling a large portion out of the dish into a plate on a table placed for me alongside of that at which my friends are seated.

When we have eaten and washed our hands, the Sheykh sends for coffee, and proceeds to tell us some of his adventures.

"I was a young man," he said, "when I began my travels by a pilgrimage to Mecca. The Sultan had given me twenty-five pounds. I took a ticket for Jeddah, and embarked on a boat for Alexandria. On board I found many other pilgrims, some absolutely destitute, prepared to beg their way to the Holy Places. So I shared with them almost all I had left, and landed at Alexandria with next to nothing in my pocket. By the time I reached Cairo I was reduced to living on charity. The greatest privation of all was the want of tobacco. To procure this I hung about the cafés and picked up cigarette-ends. Life under these conditions seemed insupportable. I walked one day down to Boulak, and stood for ten minutes on the bridge looking into the Nile, thinking about throwing myself into it. Then I gave up the idea. Eventually I succeeded in getting to Suez, and thence to Jeddah. There I found myself again in the same plight as in Cairo. It was, however, much more difficult to get alms, the inhabitants of Jeddah being more ready to fleece than to assist pilgrims. God is merciful! I discovered in the inspector of the customs an uncle whom I had not seen since my

childhood. He received me with the greatest hospitality, bought me new clothes (my own were in rags), and presented me to the chief personages in the town. It is the clothes that make the man. I found myself a guest of importance in houses where a few days before I had been begging bread. The trick of picking up cigarette-ends, however, had stuck to me, and I found myself involuntarily grubbing in the spittoons. Such is habit!

"After some weeks at Jeddah, my uncle having generously provided me with money, I continued my journey, and having performed all my religious duties at the Holy Shrines, re-embarked on a boat for Alexandria. On board I made the acquaintance of a high Turkish official, who took a great fancy to me. At Suez our boat was put in quarantine. This gentleman, being obliged to proceed at once overland to Cairo, begged me to take charge of his wife and children, offering me a handsome sum for my trouble.

"On the journey, one of the children fell sick. By the time we reached Alexandria it was dangerously ill. A doctor was called in, but too late. The child died. The mother gave me five pounds, and bade me make all arrangements for the funeral. I managed so well that we spent only three. We returned together from the cemetery in tears, and for four hours, seated opposite each other, we continued to weep. Then it occurred to me that I, at least, had no reason to cry, so I dried my eyes, and proposed that we should distribute the rest of the money in charity. We accordingly hired a carriage, and spent the rest of the day driving from one mosque to another, giving alms to the beggars at their doors. Some weeks afterwards the lady's husband rejoined her, and I returned to Stamboul."

Such in brief outline was the story of the dervish's pilgrimage; but it was told with a hundred picturesque details, in a style and with a pantomime of which it would be difficult to give an idea. One seemed to be listening turn-about to Sinbad, Don César de Bazan, Uncle Toby, Renan, Carlyle—a strange mixture of roguery with scraps of that intuitive philosophy which is the gift, or the heritage, of the Oriental.

When the Sheykh ceased, the Prince remarked with some unctious, "See how frankly our friend speaks. His soul must be as pure as water."

The Sheykh, gazing into space, replied, "You think my soul is pure. I can assure you that it is very troubled. What is God? What is soul? These are questions which constantly trouble me. Is not God in each one of us? Are not our souls the reflections or portions of the Great Soul? When you catch a flea, what do you do with it? You probably kill it, so"—suing the action to the word.

"I don't. I pick it up and drop it out of the window. It is a thing with life. Who knows but what it may have a soul?"

"Will you tell us," asked the Prince, "how you came to be Sheykh of this tekkié?"

"I simply succeeded my father," replied the Sheykh. "How he became Sheykh it may perhaps interest you to hear. Born in Asia Minor, he came as a young man to the capital. One night, tired and hungry, he knocked at the door of this tekkié. The dervish who opened it gave him nothing but rough words in answer to his prayer for bread and lodging, and shut the door in his face. Years afterwards my father gained the favour of the then Sultan, Mahmoud II., who one day bade him ask whatsoever he wished. My father begged to be made Sheykh of this tekkié. Mindful of the reception which he had met with in former days, he ordered that the gate should remain open day and night."

During the latter part of our conversation we had been joined by a young dervish, whose handsome features and fine dress—a dark blue outer turban, an under-robe of yellow silk, and under that another of striped crimson and gold satin—proclaimed him to be a Cairene Arab. His placid expression and languid movements formed a curious contrast to the Sheykh's animation and *brusquerie*. In answer to our enquiry as to when the zikr would begin, the Sheykh clapped his hands, and gave orders for the hour of this function to be advanced. He and the young Arab, whom we discovered to be a passing guest, bandied compliments as to who should lead the prayer. The Sheykh at last yielded, put on a new outer robe of dark blue cloth, straightened his turban, picked up a string of beads. Then, assuming his most dignified air, he glanced at himself in one of the mirrors, and exclaiming, "Now I am the Sheykh of this tekkié. Did I not tell you that it is the clothes that make the man?" he sailed out of the room, followed by his Arab colleague.

An attendant opened a large folding door at the far end of the room, disclosing a kind of latticed gallery, not unlike a very roomy theatre box. Here carpets and cushions had been spread on the floor for us, and on these we took our seats, pressing our faces against the lattice to lose no detail of the scene below.

We look down into a hall some thirty-five feet square. Round three sides of this runs a gallery for spectators, covered with matting, and divided by a balustrade and columns of wood from the space affected to the zikr, a space floored with bare boards. In the wall on the fourth (south-east) side of this, the place where the *mihrab* (the niche pointing towards Mecca) ought to be is indicated by some

beams let into the wall so as to form a kind of arch. Over this hangs a large *áyat*, or verse from the Kurán, with a silver cymbal on either side of it. Two big green flags embroidered with *áyat* are fastened against the wall. Opposite to this, running round two sides of the upper part, are latticed galleries similar to ours, reserved for the women. Under this are suspended some tambourines. On the floor, close up to the south-east wall, are laid shawls, and over them at intervals leopard- and sheep-skins; in front of the place marked as the *mihrâb*, a lion-skin for the Sheykh. Along the gallery side is spread a line of sheep-skins, on which are seated some of the dervishes, with their faces towards the *Kibla*. Two occupy positions a little in front of this row. The dervishes are of all ages, and apparently of all ranks of society. A well-dressed man who might be an upper employé in one of the ministries sits next a young fellow who might be a carpenter or a shoemaker. There is no special dress. Most, however, wear a white tarboosh bound with white, or in some cases green.

The *zîkr* begins. A grey-bearded dervish, standing up, intones in a full, deep voice the call to prayer. Then follows the ordinary *namaz*, all performing their prostrations in unison. During the course of this the superior members of the *tekkié* have dropped in one by one, taking up their places on the skins spread near the *Kibla* wall. The last to appear is the Sheykh. He is preceded by an attendant, who covers the lion-skin with a crimson sheep-skin. It seems hard to believe that the very dignified personage with the all-absorbed air of a Japanese Buddha is the man who a few minutes before was laughing, gesticulating, and joking among us. Then, seated in two rows facing each other, the dervishes begin a series of recitations, consisting chiefly of *áyat* from the Kurán read by one dervish, the others joining in the response. Then, still seated, they chant in a rapid, tripping measure, "*Bism-illah-er-rahman-er-rahim*," swaying their heads, first to the one side, then to the other. Every now and again one shouts—barks would, perhaps, be the more correct word—" *Ya hou!*" (O God!). After this a *nouhak*, or *complainte*, in Turkish is recited by the aforesaid grey-bearded dervish, interrupted by sobs and sighs and ejaculations of "*Ya Husein! Ya Ali, Madad!*" (O Husein, O "Ali," assistance!).

Just at this moment the solemnity of the ceremony is somewhat marred by the patter of infant feet on the bare boards. A five-year-old son of the Sheykh trots up and down, in and out among the dervishes. None pay any attention to him. The chant continues uninterrupted. Finally, he settles down by the side of his father, who, all this time, has been sitting motionless on his sheep-skin.



The dervishes now rise to their feet, remove the sheep-skins on which they have been sitting, and all, with the exception of the Sheykh, who remains standing with his back to the mihráb, fall into a long line. In measured cadence they repeat together "*La illáha-illa-l-láh,*" bowing their heads, and swaying their bodies, first to one side and then to the other, with a curious swinging movement, caused, apparently, by turning on the heel of one foot and the toe of the other—a kind of reel step.

Faster and faster come the words, and with the words the movement quickens. The long line of figures swaying to and fro reminds one of a wind-swept cornfield. Several remove their outer robes. All seem to be very exhausted. The Sheykh, who has advanced, and now stands close to them, checks an inclination on their part to stop.

A servant enters with a bundle, which he lays at the feet of the Sheykh and unties. It contains three or four shirts, sent by sick men to be blessed. They are carried up and down in front of the line of dervishes. The same is done with a glass of water. Presently a little boy and girl, who have been brought to be cured of some illness, are led up and down, and then seated on a sheep-skin. All this time the dervishes continue to chant and sway to and fro. At the end of about twenty minutes, when all are apparently quite exhausted, the Sheykh gives the signal to stop. The dervishes don their outer robes and disperse.

Presently the Sheykh rejoined us, and soon afterwards the young Arab dervish. We had remarked him as being peculiarly active in the zikr, and had expected to find him quite worn out. He appeared, however, not to have turned a hair. As placid as ever, he seated himself on the divan and rolled a cigarette.

Our talk turned on various orders of dervishes, on the Aissowa of Algiers and the Fakirs of India.

"In our tekkié," said the young Arab, "we eat fire. Perhaps you might care to see me do it."

A small brazier, full of red-hot charcoal, was brought. Seating himself on the floor in front of this, the Arab picked out with a pair of iron pincers a big lump, which he broke into small fragments, one of which he put into his mouth; swaying his body to and fro, uttering a series of semi-suppressed groans, he munched the hot charcoal between his teeth. When he had retained it nearly a minute, he spat it out, and took up another small piece. The operation appeared to cause him great pain. He rolled his eyes wildly, and at times the saliva dripped from the corners of his mouth.

Persians are said to be utterly callous to human suffering, but Mahmoud Bey was so much upset that he got up and went out of the room. The Prince, too, was visibly affected. To me the performance appeared a mere piece of vulgar trickery. By practice a man might easily learn to retain a small piece of hot charcoal between his teeth in such a manner that it should not scorch his flesh.

When the Arab had crunched some five or six pieces we begged him to stop. He rose and seated himself on the divan, remarking that there was no reason for any anxiety, that the operation was quite a simple one, and could be learnt in a few weeks by any novice. Despite his placidity, I suspected that his tongue and lips were burnt. I was therefore surprised to see him swallow a few minutes afterwards a cup of hot coffee and smoke a cigarette, apparently without any inconvenience.

It was getting late. We took our leave, thanking our host for the afternoon's entertainment, and begging to be allowed to return.

"Well, Bey," I asked, a little maliciously, of my friend, as we walked home together, "what do you think of Islâm as practised in Stamboul?"

"Ah, you Westerns!" he exclaimed, "will you ever understand Islâm? Surely you do not imagine that the ceremony which we have just witnessed forms any integral part of our faith? Who knows but what we have been assisting at a reminiscence of Zoroastrian rites for nearly all the Turkish order of dervishes are of Persian origin--or the survival of the dances of the Corybantes on the slopes of Ida? There are many things in Islâm which are not of it."

GEORGE GRAHAME

*A SOLDIER HISTORIAN.*

**I**T seems a strange freak of nature to unite in one individual the man of letters and the man of action, to yoke together the peaceful muse of literature and the stern alarms of war.

In the case of the military commander, who writes the history of his own wars, the connection is not surprising. Who but Julius Cæsar could have given us the stirring record of those victorious campaigns, which delight the reader of his well-known "Commentaries"? Our knowledge of other wars, not less full of incident and interest, has no doubt suffered from the frequent inability of the military commander to leave behind him a literary monument of his martial exploits.

The combination of the soldier and the genius of letters is the strangest union of all. Dante is an illustration of it. He fought with distinction in the unhappy feuds which distracted his beloved Florence, and the pages of the "Divine Comedy" bear witness to the lasting impression left upon his mind by camp and battle-field.

The fame of Josephus, in the popular mind, is solely that of the historian. It is strange that this should be the case, when a superficial acquaintance with his writings would at once correct the mistake. Josephus was a bold and capable soldier, and one portion of his works gives a most graphic account of the fierce struggle in which he took a leading and an active part; whilst the rest is devoted to the political and religious history of his nation. Thus he holds a worthy place in the realm of pure literature, and, at the same time, is the chronicler of the events of his own military career. The duration of this, it is true, was not very long. But in the first scenes of the great drama, which culminated in the destruction of Jerusalem, he played a conspicuous part.

The revolt of the Jews was largely due to the injustice and cruelty of Gessius Florus, the Roman Procurator, the successor of Albinus, who was himself the successor of *Fæstus*, before whom the apostle Paul had been arraigned. Whilst the clouds of war were fast gathering, the Jews at Jerusalem appointed governors and generals over different parts of the country, and the

province of the two Galilees was assigned to Josephus. His family held a high place among the priestly order, and, on his mother's side, who belonged to the Asmonacan family, he could claim royal descent. On entering Galilee, his first aim seems to have been to win the goodwill of the people, and, with a view to strengthen his position, he chose seventy of the principal men and appointed them as rulers over the people. He then set to work to put the province in a state of defence, feeling sure that the first assault of the Romans would be upon Galilee. Accordingly, he added to the defences of the towns, and surrounded them with walls. This work was carried out under his personal supervision. The same earnestness was shown in his other preparations. An army of more than a hundred thousand young men was enrolled, and was formed as far as possible on the model of the Roman army. Josephus evidently thought that the secret of Roman discipline lay in the large number of their officers, and he therefore took care to appoint a great many subalterns.

These preparations promised well for offering a stout resistance to the enemy. But the strength of the Jews was impaired by their own divisions. There were rival leaders, who sought to undermine the position of Josephus, and, eventually, to dispossess him. The plots were carried so far, that at times his life was even in danger. Towns revolted from his authority, and set up independent leaders. It taxed his patience and ingenuity to the utmost to make head against these dangers and to reduce the turbulent cities to subjection. Tiberias revolted more than once. On one of these occasions, Josephus employed a method for subduing it, which shows him to have been a master of stratagems. He was then at Taricheæ, and his soldiers were scattered abroad gathering corn in the neighbouring country. Delay was dangerous, especially as the following day was the Sabbath, on which only defensive operations would be lawful. Being close to the lake he gave orders to collect all the available vessels, which were found to number 230. Having placed four men on each vessel, he at once sailed with this fleet to Tiberias. All the vessels, except his own which carried seven unarmed men besides himself, were ordered to keep at a distance from the shore, so that the smallness of their crews should not be observed.

The inhabitants of Tiberias were completely deceived by the stratagem, and, believing the ships to be full of men, threw down their arms, and begged that their city might be spared. They were not allowed to go unpunished. The senate, numbering 600 persons, and 2,000 of the inhabitants, were carried away in ships to Taricheæ. Treatment of a more severe kind was reserved for Clitus, the author

of the revolt. He was condemned to lose both his hands, but, on begging that one of them might be spared, Josephus granted his request, on condition that he would himself cut off the other. Clitus accepted these terms, and, drawing his sword, cut off his left hand with his right.

Nero was at this time reigning at Rome, and the conduct of the war in Palestine was entrusted to Vespasian, whose son, Titus, was his lieutenant. The arrival of Vespasian and his army caused consternation in the Jewish camp at Garis, and Josephus saw his followers quickly melt away. The only course open to him was to retire to Tiberias with those who remained faithful. Vespasian then advanced to Gadara, which offered little resistance. He treated the inhabitants with merciless severity, putting them all to the sword, without distinction of age or sex.

At this juncture, Josephus wrote to the Jews at Jerusalem, advising them to make terms with the Romans. Meanwhile, Vespasian prosecuted the war with vigour, and, having heard that a large number of the Jews had fled to the fortress of Jotapata, he prepared to lead his army against it. But the road to Jotapata was rocky and mountainous, and footmen and horsemen were employed for four days in making it into a broad highway for the passage of the Roman army. In the meantime, Josephus had left Tiberias, and arrived safely at Jotapata. His presence revived the drooping spirits of the garrison, and inspired them with fresh courage. Vespasian soon heard that Josephus was within the fortress, and congratulated himself on his good fortune, believing that the capture of the trusted Jewish leader would place the country at his mercy. Accordingly, he hastily despatched a force under Placidus to surround the town, and prevent the escape of Josephus. The next day Vespasian followed with the main army, and pitched his camp on a small hill on the northern side of the fortress, at a distance of seven furlongs from the walls. The position of Jotapata was one of great natural strength. It was built on the top of a precipice, and the only approach to it was on the north side. Josephus had fortified it, and had surrounded it with a wall, which rendered it almost impregnable.

Vespasian was in no mood to delay operations. On the day of his arrival he invested the fortress on every side with a double line of infantry, and a third line of cavalry. The next day he made an assault on it. The Jews met their foes outside the walls of the town, and a hot fight ensued, which lasted all day, and only when darkness fell upon the combatants. The Jews fought with the

courage of despair, whilst the Romans displayed their customary skill and valour, added to which there was a sense of shame lest they should suffer defeat at the hands of those whom they deemed unworthy adversaries. The result seems to have been indecisive. The Romans lost thirteen men killed, besides a large number of wounded. The Jewish casualties were seventeen killed and six hundred wounded. The conflict was renewed on the following day, when the Jews were the aggressors, and engaged the enemy outside the walls. A desperate fight took place, but without any definite result. This kind of warfare lasted for five days, the Jews repeating their sallies with the greatest vehemence, and the Romans meeting them with a firm front.

Vespasian now resolved to raise a bank against the part of the wall which was most open to attack, and, with this end in view, sent his soldiers into the surrounding country to collect materials. Trees were cut down, stones were heaped up, and, at length, the bank was begun. The men who raised it protected themselves from the missiles of the Jews by means of hurdles, behind which they carried on their work. When the bank was finished, Vespasian placed 160 engines upon it. A deadly shower of lances, stones and darts, together with fire, now fell upon the Jews, and drove them from the walls. Nothing daunted by the fury of this attack, small parties of them made frequent sallies from the town, tore away the hurdles, and killed the workmen behind them, only retiring after they had set fire to the wooden parts of the bank. The Romans now increased the height of their bank, and brought it so near as to seriously threaten the safety of the town. Accordingly, Josephus called his men together and ordered them to build their wall higher. The men replied that it was impossible to execute the task whilst darts were constantly rained down upon them. Josephus then gave orders for supports to be fixed at intervals along the exposed portion of the wall, and to these he fastened the raw skins of oxen newly killed. In this way the men were protected from the missiles of the enemy, for the skins yielded when struck by stones, whilst the darts were turned aside by their slippery surface, and the fire was quenched by their moisture. By working day and night the wall was soon raised to a height of 30 feet. Some strong towers were at the same time placed upon it.

The Romans were much disheartened by the energy and resource displayed by the Jews, for the latter, not satisfied with strengthening their wall, now made daily sallies, plundering everything they could seize, and setting fire to the rest. Vespasian felt so much irritation

that he made up his mind to starve the place into a surrender. The garrison, however, had a plentiful supply of food, although the water was beginning to run short. There was no fountain in the town, and it was a rare thing to have rain in the summer. It was soon found necessary to serve out water by measure, and, as the allowance of each person was necessarily small, the besieged suffered much from thirst. But the Romans, standing on an eminence, and seeing their condition, annoyed them with javelins as they assembled to receive the daily supply of water. Vespasian became hopeful, thinking that before long the water would be exhausted and the city would be at his mercy. Josephus no sooner learnt this than he took steps to deceive his adversary. With this object, he ordered the Jews to wet a great many of their clothes, and then hang them over the battlements. When this had been done, the Romans looked with dismay on the spectacle of the walls streaming with water from the dripping garments, and concluded that there was no hope that the Jews would exhaust a supply which was large enough to allow such a wasteful use. Josephus employed with success another stratagem when he wished to have things brought into the city. Having observed that a certain place, where access to the wall was difficult, was left unguarded by the Romans, he sent out messengers with letters to the Jews, and obtained from them abundance of whatever he wanted. These emissaries were enjoined to creep along carefully with sheepskins on their backs, whilst passing through the Roman lines, so that in the gloom of the night the guard might mistake them for dogs and allow them to pass unchallenged. This contrivance, after a time, was detected by the enemy, who placed a watch on the hitherto unguarded spot.

Josephus now felt sure that the place could not hold out much longer, and a foreboding came over him that his life would be in grave danger, if he continued in it. Timidity seems to have taken hold of him, and he is himself the authority for an incident which makes a serious reflection upon his character. He determined to seek safety by fleeing from the city with the leading inhabitants. The people, having learnt his intention, begged him to remain with them, as their only hope lay in him. After listening to their reproaches, which, it may be observed, he thoroughly deserved, he pretended that he wished to go away, not to secure his own safety, but to help them by drawing off the Romans with another army. The people, however, were not convinced, and men, women, and children threw themselves at his feet, and implored him to remain with them. Although he promised to do so, his resolve was in

some measure due to the knowledge that any attempt to leave the city would be prevented by force. To do him justice, when his decision had been given, he held to it manfully. He addressed a few stirring words to the people, and then made an impetuous sally against the Romans, pulling down their tents on the banks and setting fire to their works. He renewed these sallies by day and night for some time. The Romans were much distressed by these furious onslaughts, and were placed at a disadvantage, inasmuch as their heavy armour made it impossible for them to follow the enemy any distance, whilst the Jews could rush forward, execute their purpose, and retire before any injury could be inflicted on them.

Accordingly, Vespasian ordered his men to avoid as far as possible the onset of the Jews, whose attacks he repelled by means of the Arabian archers and the Syrian slingers. He also brought into position the battering-ram, which was cased in hurdles, whilst the upper part was covered with skins, for the protection of the soldiers, and of the engine. The slingers and archers having cleared the wall of its defenders, the battering-ram delivered its first stroke with such effect that the wall was shaken, and a clamour arose from the city as if it were already captured. The strokes were renewed, and the wall was in imminent danger of falling, when Josephus ordered his men to hang sacks of chaff over it to act as buffers against the ram. The Romans, finding their strokes ineffectual, shifted the ram to another position, but the Jews at once had their sacks in readiness to meet it. In this way the ram was rendered useless until the Romans hit upon the plan of fastening hooks at the end of long poles, and thus cutting off the sacks. The wall was now on the point of yielding when Josephus and his men, hastily collecting whatever dry materials they could find, made sallies in three directions, and caused confusion and consternation among the Romans by setting fire to their machines, their hurdles, and their banks. At this time a Jew, named Eleazar, performed prodigies of strength and valour. Taking a huge stone in his hands, he hurled it from the wall against the ram with such force that it broke off the head of the engine. Then, leaping down in the midst of the Romans, he took up the head of the ram and carried it to the top of the wall. Having regained the battlements he stood there in sight of the enemy, until, overcome by his wounds, he fell down and expired.

This vigorous onslaught of the Jews brought them a brief respite, but in the evening the Romans returned to the attack, and brought the ram against that part of the wall which had already been weakened. In resisting the assault, one of the Jews wounded



Vespasian in the foot with a dart. The report that the general had been struck soon spread, and caused the greatest alarm amongst the Romans. Leaving their works they hastened to him, headed by Titus, who felt great concern for his father. Vespasian soon reassured them, and, making little of his pain, urged them to renewed efforts against the Jews. They obeyed with alacrity and showed the greatest eagerness to avenge the injury done to their general. But the Jews maintained their position on the wall, in spite of the deadly showers of darts and stones which the engines hurled against them. Some of them tried to create a diversion by sallying out with fire and sword against those who worked the ram. The engine, however, continued to do considerable execution, discharging stones which damaged the wall and the towers, and making havoc in the ranks of the defenders.

The historian gravely relates how a Jew was struck with such force by one of these stones that his head was cut off and carried a distance of three furlongs. The struggle raged furiously throughout the night, the stillness of which was broken by the noise of the engines, the cries of the wounded, and the shrieks of the women. The mountains echoed with the din of battle, and no element of terror was wanting which could affect either sight or hearing. The Jews suffered heavily, but they still kept at their posts. After continuous battering, a breach was at last made in the walls. It was now the morning watch, and the Jews hastily threw up some works opposite the breach. Vespasian thought that the time had come for storming the city, and, placing a chosen force in front of the broken wall, he ordered an assault with scaling ladders on the parts of the wall which remained uninjured. In this way he hoped to draw the attention of the Jews away from the defence of the breach, and thus leave the way open for his picked men to enter the city. But Josephus was on his guard, and easily divining the intention of Vespasian, he placed the old men and all who were exhausted on the sound parts of the wall, whilst the strongest men were stationed before the breach. In front of the latter he took his own stand with six followers, and awaited the attack of the Romans. The men were ordered to stop their ears when the legions shouted, lest they should be dismayed by the noise, and to fall on their knees and cover themselves with their shields when the first shower of darts fell upon them. Then they were to retreat a little until the archers had emptied their quivers. But as soon as the Romans prepared to ascend the walls they were to leap out and fight furiously, remembering that their object was not to defend the city—for that was impossible—but to avenge it, as if it

already had been destroyed. The desperate condition of affairs now caused an outburst of wailing on the part of the women; but Josephus, fearing that they would dishearten the men, treated them with little ceremony, ordering them to be shut up in their houses, and telling them to hold their peace. At length, the signal was given and the legions advanced to the attack with a terrible shout. The Jews carefully observed the instructions of Josephus, stopped their ears, covered themselves with their shields, and then rushed upon the Romans as soon as they attempted to scale the walls. They fought with desperate courage, but at length they grew weary. They had no reserve of men, whilst the Romans were constantly bringing up fresh levies to continue the struggle. Moreover, the latter, joining their shields side by side, formed, as it were, a sheet of armour which it was impossible to pierce with missiles, and thus crept steadily on towards the wall. In this extremity Josephus ordered scalding oil to be poured over them. It was soon ready, and was thrown on the attacking force with such deadly effect that they tumbled from the wall and the ladders in the greatest agony.

Encased in heavy armour, there was no way of escape from the burning oil, which ran down their bodies from head to foot, and made them leap and roll about in a frenzy of pain. But the men in the rear pressed forward with vigour, bent on coming to close quarters with those who were throwing oil on their comrades. In the impatience of their zeal, each man reproached the one in front of him, and called him a coward for standing in his way and hindering him. Meanwhile the Jews employed another device, and made the bridges slippery and treacherous by pouring boiling fenugreek<sup>1</sup> upon them. There was now no secure foothold for the men, and falling backward in confusion, the Jews rained darts upon them and killed many of them. As soon as night fell Vespasian called off his soldiers, and endeavoured to encourage them. Finding them eager for action, he ordered them to raise the height of the banks, and to build three towers upon them, each fifty feet high. When these had been finished, and their sides covered with iron plates, he placed in them archers and slingers, with engines for discharging darts and arrows. The Jews, who were now driven from the walls by the storm of missiles, rushed out of the city and fell upon their assailants in their towers. This spirited resistance of the Jews involved the sacrifice of many lives, and not a day passed without some of them being killed.

It was now the forty-seventh day of the siege, and Jotapata showed no signs of submission. On this day a Jewish deserter came

<sup>1</sup> Fenugreek was a herb, from the seeds of which an oil was extracted.

to Vespasian, and told him that those who were left in the city were exhausted by watching and fighting, and that, in the last watch of the night, even the guards, worn out by their hardships, were in the habit of falling asleep. That was the time at which an attack would be likely to prove successful. Vespasian listened to the tale with some suspicion, but, reflecting that his men would not be great sufferers even if it proved false, he resolved to make the attempt. In the dead of night the Romans marched noiselessly to the walls, which they found undefended. Titus was the first to mount them with one of his tribunes, Domitius Sabinus, and a few men of the fifteenth legion. They found the guards asleep, and, having cut their throats, hastily entered the city. The citadel was soon occupied, but although the day had dawned, it was not generally known that the city was in the hands of the enemy. Many of the Jews were still asleep, and a thick mist which had fallen upon the place prevented those who were astir from seeing the real state of affairs until the whole Roman army had come within the walls. When at length they realised their position, a desperate struggle took place. The Romans, burning with a passion for vengeance, showed no mercy, slaying many of the people, and driving others over the precipice by the citadel. The Jews were much hampered in their exertions by the narrowness of the streets, and by the disorder of the swaying crowd. In many cases it was impossible for them to come to close quarters with the Romans, and when they saw this, a large number of the leading men, including those about Josephus, killed themselves rather than become the victims of their remorseless foe. There was no loss of life on the side of the Romans, except in the case of a centurion named Antonius. This man was killed by the treachery of a Jew, who had pretended to become his prisoner. Having captured the place, several days were spent in searching for the Jews who had taken refuge in hiding-places. All who were found were put to the sword, except the women and children, who numbered twelve hundred. Those who perished at the taking of the city and during the siege were estimated at forty thousand. It was in the thirteenth year of Nero, A.D. 67, that Jotapata fell.

The events which followed, it must be confessed, do not add to the reputation of Josephus. On the taking of the city, he had found refuge in a pit which led into a large den. In the same place lay concealed forty of the prominent people of the place. There was an ample supply of food, and Josephus's chief anxiety was how to get clear of the city. The Romans, however, made diligent search for him, but in vain, until a captive woman revealed his hiding-place.

Vespasian invited him to surrender, promising to spare his life. Josephus at first refused compliance, but presently he declared his willingness to submit, justifying himself on the ground that the divine decree had gone forth against the Jews, and that he went over to the Romans not as "a deserter of the Jews, but as a minister from God." His companions, however, as soon as they heard of it, heaped reproaches upon him, and threatened to kill him if he tried to carry out his purpose. In vain did Josephus reason with them, and strive to demonstrate the wickedness of self-murder, which was the only alternative to surrender. It was with difficulty that he restrained them from falling upon him with their swords, but at length he moderated their fury, and proposed, since they were determined to die, that they kill one another in turn, first of all casting lots for the order in which they should perish. This plan met with acceptance, and each man in his turn became executioner and then victim, until Josephus and another were the sole survivors of the company. Hereupon, Josephus once more betrayed his weakness for self-preservation, and violated the compact, by proposing to his companion that they should spare one another. This man was of the same mind as his leader, and agreed to the proposal. Josephus was now brought before Vespasian, who ordered him to be kept in custody, intending soon to send him to Nero. On hearing this, he startled the victorious commander by addressing him in these terms: "Thou, O Vespasian, art Cæsar and Emperor, thou and this thy son. Bind me now still faster, and keep me for thyself, for thou, O Cæsar, art not only lord over me, but over the land, and sea, and all mankind." Vespasian regarded this as a device for obtaining more favourable terms, and one of his officers pertinently addressed the prisoner thus: "I cannot but wonder how thou couldst not foretell to the people of Jotapata that they should be taken, nor couldst foretell this captivity which hath happened to thyself, unless what thou sayest be a vain thing, in order to avoid the rage that is risen against thyself." Josephus calmly replied: "I did foretell to the people of Jotapata that they would be taken on the forty-seventh day, and that I should be caught alive by the Romans." In his history he relates that Vespasian, having found on inquiry that this statement was true, began to credit the prediction about himself. The priest, the soldier, and the historian must therefore be accorded the additional honour of a place among the prophets. He was kept a prisoner until the year 69 A.D., when Vespasian became emperor, and set him at liberty.

*BRITISH FIRE-FESTIVALS.*

THE circle of the year naturally divides itself into four periods, commencing respectively with the vernal equinox (March 21), the summer solstice (June 21), the autumnal equinox (September 21), and the winter solstice (December 21). It may be that these important festivals were kept by ancient worshippers of Nature a few days later than the solar events which they celebrated, or it may be that the same festivals owe their transposition in the calendar to ecclesiastical influence; but at any rate our civil quarter-days do not quite coincide with the astronomical dates, but fall on the feasts of the Annunciation of Our Lady, the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, St. Michael and All Angels, and Christmas day.

Primitive man had noticed the ever-recurring effects produced on vegetation by what appeared to him to be the movement of the sun around the earth, and hence we find, side by side with the solar anniversaries just mentioned, another set of quarter-days of a more conventional nature, viz. May 1 (May day), when summer was supposed to commence; August 1 (Lammas day), the beginning of harvest; November 1 (All Saints' day), which ushered in the season of winter; and February 2 (the Purification of the Blessed Virgin), when the first signs of returning spring begin to appear. The latter dates were observed in Scotland as quarter-days under the respective names of Beltane, Lammas, Hallowmas, and Candlemas, and on them the quarterly school fees usually became payable.

At least two of the solar quarter-days, namely, Midsummer day and Christmas day, were anciently celebrated in the British Isles by the kindling of huge fires and the lighting of torches, and all four of the quarter-days corresponding to the commencement of the seasons were kept in a similar manner; for an Irish glossary, which is supposed to have been compiled by Cormac, Archbishop of Cashel, in the tenth century, expressly states that bonfires were lighted in May, August, November, and February.

The institution of these fire-festivals is usually ascribed to the Druids. They were undoubtedly observed by the Druids, but the

ceremonies which accompanied them were so widespread upon the continent of Europe that there is reason to believe that their origin dates from an age prior to the rise of Druidism, prior even to the separation of the Greek, Roman, Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Slavonic races, and that the lighting of these fires formed part of the ritual of the Nature-worship which prevailed universally amongst the ancient people who were the ancestors of the modern European nations, and whom we have got into the habit of calling by the somewhat unmeaning name "Aryans." The burning of bones in these fires seems to be a reminiscence of their sacrificial character. Indeed the very name bonfire is itself an indication of their nature, for the "Catholicon Anglicum," an English-Latin word-book of the year 1483, defines the word "banefyre" as *ignis ossium*, a fire of bones.

Dr. Murray takes the same view in his "New English Dictionary," and cites a passage to the effect that, until the first year of the present century, old bones were regularly collected and stored up for the annual Midsummer fire in the burgh of Hawick; and other examples of the same practice will be presently noticed. The Druids, we know, cremated human and animal victims in their great fires, and so, when we find in modern times people burning the bones of animals or the effigy of a human being, we can hardly regard the act otherwise than as a blind adherence to an ancient custom whose meaning has been forgotten.

And what was the object of these great fires which were lighted at critical points of the sun's annual course? They were not merely symbolical of his genial warmth and splendour. The better opinion seems to be that they were charms used for the purpose of producing sunshine. When, for instance, the sun's power began to decline after the summer solstice, primitive man may have imagined that he could restore his light and heat, and encourage him to shine anew by dint of lighting a great fire, and that by carrying brands from that fire or scattering its dust around the country side, he could communicate to his tribe, his cattle, and his crops the beneficial effects of the solar rays. We know that modern savages think they can make rain by means of charms, so we can have little difficulty in believing that our own barbarous ancestors were equally certain that they could, by a similar process, cause the sun to shine. We will proceed to notice in order the days on which fire-festivals were held, and the accounts which have come down to us of the ceremonies observed on the same occasions.

## THE MAY FIRE.

One of the most important of these anniversaries was the first day of May, known in Scotland as Beltane. The old antiquaries fondly believed that this word, which is usually spelt *Bealltainn* in Gaelic and *Bealltaine* in Irish, contained the name of the Semitic god Baal, and upon that assumption they have reared a truly amazing superstructure of speculation. But it is as well to state once for all that this Celtic term has no connection whatever with the name of the Oriental sun-god, and the lighting of a sacred flame, accompanied by certain solemnities, such as "passing through the fire," was common to Baalism and a multitude of other religions, which had all alike been evolved from an archaic form of Nature-worship.

Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland" contains notices of many old customs which still continued to be observed in the Highlands, though they were even then fast dying out. From the eleventh volume of that great work, which was published in 1791 and the succeeding years, we learn, on the authority of the minister of Callander, Perthshire, that the boys of the township assembled in a body upon the moors on May day, and proceeded to dig a circular trench, leaving the soil in the centre undisturbed, so as to form a low table of green turf, sufficient in size to accommodate the whole party. They lighted a fire and prepared a custard of milk and eggs, and a large oatmeal cake, which they baked upon a stone placed in the embers. When they had eaten the custard, they divided the cake into as many equal portions as there were persons in the assembly, and daubed one of those pieces with charcoal until it was perfectly black. They then placed all the pieces of cake together in a bonnet, and each in turn drew one blindfold, the holder of the bonnet being entitled to the last piece. The boy who drew the blackened portion was destined to be sacrificed, and was compelled to leap three times through the flames. Although the ceremony had degenerated into a mere pastime for boys, it is evident that it must once upon a time have involved the actual sacrifice of a human being, in order to render the coming summer fruitful.

Pennant gives a somewhat different account of the proceedings. On May 1, he tells us, the herdsmen of every Highland village held their Beltane, and cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle. On the included space of turf they lighted a fire of wood and cooked a large caudle, composed of eggs, butter, oatmeal, and milk. Each of the party was expected to contribute a share of the necessary ingredients and a good supply of beer and whisky.

The rites began by spilling some of the caudle on the ground as a libation. Then everyone took an oatmeal cake, on which were raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some being who was supposed to preserve their flocks and herds, or to some predatory animal or bird which destroyed them, and, turning his face to the fire, broke off a knob from the cake and threw it over his shoulder, exclaiming: "This I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this I give to thee, preserve thou my sheep; this I give to thee, O fox; this to thee, O hooded crow; this to thee, O eagle, spare my lambs!" The party then dined off the caudle, and whatever was left was hidden by two persons appointed for the purpose, and they all met again at the same spot on the following Sunday and finished the remains of the feast. (*"Tour in Scotland,"* 1769, 4th edition, p. 110.)

Confirmatory evidence to the same effect is contained in the *"Statistical Account,"* under the head of the parish of Logierait, Perthshire. We read that the festival of Beltane was kept at that place on May 1, Old Style, by the cowherds, who assembled by scores in the fields, and dressed a meal consisting of boiled milk, eggs, and cakes, the surface of the latter being covered with small lumps in the form of nipples (Vol. V., p. 84); and a paper on *"Elgin and the Shire of Moray,"* written by Mr. Shaw, the minister of Elgin, and printed in the second appendix to Pennant's *"Tour,"* 1769, relates that on the same day the herdsmen of several farms collected dry wood, set fire to it, and danced three times southwards around the pile.

The fact that the custom chiefly prevailed amongst cowherds and shepherds indicates that it had originated amongst a pastoral people. There was apparently great virtue latent in the number nine, or three times three. Near the Perthshire village of Tullie-beltane, on the borders of the Highlands, was a circle of eight standing stones, where it was believed that the May fire had been kindled in ancient times, and at some distance from it was a second, but smaller, circle of stones, and a well, which was held in great veneration. On Beltane morning, the people repaired to this well, drank its waters, walked round it in procession nine times, and afterwards marched round the adjacent stone circle in like manner. So deeply rooted was the superstition that many who reckoned themselves good Christians never neglected the rites, even when Beltane fell on the Sabbath (Jamieson's *"Scottish Dictionary"*). We may compare with this the custom which prevailed among the Scots of making a procession around the church "sunways" at baptisms and marriages (*Pennant's "Tour,"* 1769, Appendix 2), and of walking thrice sun-



ways round a person when they blessed him or wished him good fortune. (Martin: "Western Isles.")

The mimic sunshine of the Beltane bonfire was believed to have the twofold virtue of purifying and preserving man and beast from all evil influences. Martin says that it was the custom of the Druids to burn malefactors between two fires, and therefore, when a man was in great straits, people used to say, "*Edir da hin Veaul*"—he is "between two fires of Bel" ("Western Isles"). Sometimes the criminal was only made to stand for a time between the two blazing piles, or to walk three times barefoot over the burning embers (Shaw's "Moray," p. 231); and Cormac's glossary states that cattle were driven through the fire in order to preserve them from disease. It is handed down by tradition that the Druids extinguished all fires at Beltane, and rekindled them by means of a sacred flame produced by the friction of two pieces of wood ("Agricultural Survey of Caithness," p. 200). The great May fire must have been lighted in ancient times by the same means. This laborious mode of producing a spark was resorted to in the Western Isles for the purpose of raising the *tin egin* or "need-fire," used on special occasions as an antidote for plague and murrain. All the fires in the parish were first extinguished, and then eighty-one married men, in relays of nine at a time, rubbed two planks together until the friction caused the wood to be ignited. The new fire was distributed to each family, who immediately set upon it a pot containing water, and sprinkled some of it upon those who were suffering from the plague, or upon the cattle infected with murrain. This custom prevailed upon the mainland opposite to the Island of Skye within thirty years of the time when the account now being quoted was written (Martin's "Western Isles," 2nd edition, 1716). In Caithness, towards the close of the last century, the need-fire was obtained by a mechanical device. The farmer whose cattle were suffering from the murrain sent for a charm doctor to superintend the raising of the need-fire. A circular booth of stone or turf was built upon a small island in some neighbouring river or stream, and a semi-circular "couple," or rafter made of birch or other hard wood, was built into it. This booth was roofed over, and a post was set in the centre of the building, its upper end being attached by a wooden pin to the top of the couple, and its lower end fixed in an oblong "trink" in the floor. A pole called the "auger" was next placed in a horizontal position, with one of its tapered extremities inserted in the side of the upright post, and the other in the leg of the semi-circular couple. The "auger" had four short handles or levers

attached to it, by means of which it was made to revolve. A number of men were sent for, and, when all metal of every kind had been removed from their persons, two at a time rapidly turned the handles, while others from time to time drove wedges of wood or stone behind the upright post, so as to press it closely against the auger until the tapered ends of the latter burst into flame. All the fires on the farm were then extinguished, and the cattle were brought within reach of the smoke of the new fire which had thus been kindled, and which was believed to preserve them from the murrain ("Agricultural Survey of Caithness," p. 200). An old proverb runs: "You have skill of man and beast; you were born between the Beltanes"—that is to say, between May 1 and 8—from which it would appear that a second fire was made on the latter date, and that a peculiar sanctity was in ancient times attached to the whole octave of the festival. (Kelly's "Scottish Proverbs," p. 376.)

In Ireland the month of May was called *mi na Bealltaine*, and on the eve of May day cows were made to leap over lighted straw or faggots, and the rite came to be regarded as a means of preventing their milk from being pilfered by the "good people," that is to say, the fairies (Hone's "Everyday Book," Vol. I., p. 301). It was the custom in Dublin for boys to go a few miles out of the city on the morning of May day and to bring home the May bush, generally a white thorn four or five feet in height, which they planted in the ground and decorated with candles. At dusk the bush was illuminated, and the boys danced round it. The ceremony concluded with the lighting of a large fire made of turf, a tar barrel, a horse's skull, and plenty of bones, and the May bush was thrown upon the flames and consumed. (*Ibid.* Vol. II., p. 298.)

#### THE SUMMER SOLSTICE.

There is a manuscript in the British Museum, written apparently by a monk of Winchelcombe or Winchcombe, in Gloucestershire, which states that at midsummer the boys of certain districts used to collect bones and other rubbish and set fire to it, so that a great cloud of smoke arose. They also kindled brands or torches and carried them round the fields, and rolled about a wheel, which was eventually consumed along with the other rubbish. (Harleian MSS., No. 2,345, art. 100.)

Thomas Naogeorgus also relates in his poem, "Regnum Papisticum," how people used, on Midsummer eve, to wrap a wheel with straw and tow, drag it to the top of a hill, set it alight, and let it

roll again to the bottom, carrying with it, as they believed, all their ill-luck :

Some others get a rotten wheele,  
 All worne and cast aside,  
 Which, covered round about with strawe  
 And tow, they closely hide ;  
 And caryed to some mountaine's top,  
 Being all with fire light,  
 They hurle it downe with violence,  
 When darke appears the night.

*Barnabe Googe's translation.*

Durand considers the fiery wheel to typify the sun, which at midsummer reaches the highest point of its course, and begins thenceforward to descend in the Zodiacal circle. ("Rationale divinorum officiorum.")

An old homily concerning the feast of St. John the Baptist incidentally mentions some particulars about the making of midsummer fires :

In worshyp of Saint Johan the people waked at home, and made three maner of fyres. One was clene bones and noo woode, and that is called a bone fyre. Another is clene woode and no bones, and that is called a wode fire, for people to sit and wake therby. The thirde is made of wode and bones, and it is callyd Saynt Johanny's fyre.

The homily goes on to explain what was the meaning of the ceremony from a *Christian* point of view. The first fire was intended, forsooth, to drive away the hurtful dragons which were attracted by its heat, for all wise clerks knew full well that dragons hate nothing so much as the smell of burning bones. The second fire burned brightly, and signified that St. John was a lantern of light to the people, and that he was seen from far, in the spirit, by Jeremiah ; while the third fire commemorated how Julian the Apostate burned the Baptist's bones and cast the ashes to the winds, hoping that he would never rise again to life.

The mention of dragons recalls to mind the cock-and-bull story related by Pliny, of the snakes which assembled at this period of the year in order to form the Druidical "serpent's egg." But "this is very Midsummer madness !" Gebelin, the French antiquary, when describing the "Fires of St. John," gives another account of what was meant by the dispersal of the embers of the bale-fire. "They danced around the fire, and the more active leaped over it. Each on leaving took away a firebrand of greater or less size, and the remains of the bonfire were thrown to the winds, in order that they might blow away every misfortune as they dispersed the ashes" ("Allégories Orientales," p. 204). Here we seem to get a glimpse of a primitive superstition,

which attributed to the charred embers and ashes of the magical sun-charm beneficial effects identical with those exercised by the sun itself.

Henry Bourne, the antiquary, tells us that in his time it was usual, in the country villages of the north of England, for old and young to meet and be merry over a large fire lighted in the open street, and that this fire, of whatever material composed, was called a bonfire. Over and around it the young people leaped and played various games, while the elders sat by and looked on. (*"Antiquitates Vulgares,"* 1725, c. 27.)

An Ordinary of the Fellowship of Cooks at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, dated 1575, prescribes that "they shall yearly maintain the bonfires, according to the ancient custom of the said town, on the Sandhill, that is to say, one bonfire on the even of the festivity of the Nativity of St. John Baptist, commonly called Midsummer even, and the other on the even of the Feast of St. Peter Apostle." (Brand's *"Hist. Newcastle,"* II., p. 722.)

The people of Northumberland in the last century lighted bonfires on St. Peter's day, and carried firebrands around their fields. They also attacked the fires belonging to neighbouring villages, and took some of the ashes away by force. This was known as "carrying off the flower of the wake" (Brand's *"Popular Antiquities,"* 1813, Vol. I., p. 269). At the village of Whalton, in that county, a fire was lighted at sundown on July 4 (old Midsummer day), and on "Bonfire night," as it was called, the faggots were dragged down the village with much noise and shouting; and dancing to the music of the fiddle was always part of the ceremony. (*Newcastle Daily Journal*, July 7, 1893.)

The inhabitants of Cumwhinton, in Cumberland, used to hold a wake, on the eve of St. John, with lighting of fires and dancing (Hutchinson's *"History of Cumberland,"* Vol. I., p. 177). The Eton boys, too, had a bonfire after morning prayers on the Nativity of St. John. It was built on the east side of the church, and the scholars stood round in order while three antiphons were reverently sung by the choir. The same ceremonies were repeated on St. Peter's day. (*"Status Scholæ Etonensis,"* 1560. MSS. Donat. Brit. Mus. 4,843.)

It is not, at first sight, very obvious why the Midsummer fire should be rekindled on St. Peter's day (June 29), but we have already noticed that there were two Beltanes—on May 1 and 8 respectively—and probably a bonfire on each of those dates, so in like manner there seems to have been a first and second Midsummer

fire. St. Peter's day does not fall eight days after the Nativity of St. John the Baptist, but it does fall exactly eight days after the summer solstice, the real Midsummer day, on which the first bonfire may well have been lighted in ancient times. Festival fires were also kindled in Cornwall on the eves of St. John the Baptist's and St. Peter's days, and Midsummer was called in the Cornish tongue *Goluan*, which signified both light and rejoicing. At these fires the Cornish people attended with lighted torches, tarred and pitched at the end, and carried them in procession round the fires, and from village to village. This was certainly the remains of a Druidical rite, for the carrying of torches was expressly prohibited by the Gallic Councils, and those who practised the ceremony were thought to deserve capital punishment. (Borlase, "Antiquities of Cornwall," p. 130.)

On St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, in the same county, was a large tumulus, known as Whiteborough. During the last century a great bonfire was built upon this tumulus on Midsummer eve. A tall summer pole, with a bush tied to its top, was fixed in the centre, and fuel was heaped around it. Parties of wrestlers contended for small prizes at the fire. On one occasion, it is said, an evil spirit appeared in the shape of a black dog, and after that no one was able to wrestle, even in jest, without being hurt, and so the custom fell into disuse. (Brand's "Popular Antiquities," 1813, Vol. I., p. 254.)

The accounts which have been left of Midsummer fires in other parts of the United Kingdom are scanty and meagre. Brand says that as late as 1786 they were lighted in the villages of Gloucestershire (*Ibid.* I., p. 254). And the same writer was informed by a Devonshire clergyman that in his county the custom of making bonfires at Midsummer, and of leaping over them, still continued (*Ibid.* I., p. 311). In Herefordshire and Somersetshire people used to make fires on the eve of St. John, in order to bless the apples (Aubrey, "Remains of Gentilism," p. 96). In the Isle of Man bonfires were made to windward of every cornfield, so that the smoke might blow over them, and cattle were driven into folds, and blazing furze was carried around them several times. (Train's "Isle of Man," II., 120.)

The Scotch farmers, too, went round their cornfields in the middle of June with burning torches (Pennant's "Tour," 1769, Appendix 2). It was formerly the custom among the landlords of Lewis to take some fire in the right hand and walk in a circle *deiseil*, that is to say, towards the south or right, around the homestead,

stock, and crop. Martin heard of one solitary instance of the custom having been observed within the previous forty years. In that case, an inhabitant of Shadir, MacCullum by name, had adopted this somewhat risky mode of insurance against fire and other accidents, and that very night his home, cattle, and corn were all burnt! Fire was also borne *deiseil*, night and morning, around women until they were churched, and around children until they were baptized ("Western Isles," 2nd Edit., 1716).

Dr. Moresin had actually seen the Scotch take a newly baptized infant, on its return from church, and gently vibrate it over a flame while they thrice repeated the formula: "Let the flame consume thee now or never ("Papatus," 1594, p. 72). And it was usual at Logierait, in Perthshire, when a child was privately baptized, to spread a cloth over a basket, to place the child, together with some bread and cheese, upon it, and then to make the whole revolve thrice around the iron "crook" or pot-hook, which hung from the roof over the fire ("Statistical Account," Vol. V., p. 83). A bonfire was kindled on Midsummer eve at several places in the neighbourhood of Monquhitter, Aberdeenshire ("Statistical Account," Vol. XXI., p. 145), while Dr. Moresin adds that on St. Peter's eve the Scotch used to run about the mountains and higher grounds with torches ("Papatus," 1594, p. 56).

But it was in Ireland that the Midsummer festival was especially observed in recent times. Sir Henry Piers, in his description of Westmeath, written in 1682, says that there were always bonfires in every town on the eves of St. John the Baptist and St. Peter. They were lighted late in the evening, and the people carried about bundles of dry reeds, tightly bound with string, which lasted a long time when lighted, and flamed better than torches (Vallancey, "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," 2nd edition, Vol. I., p. 123); and from "The Comical Pilgrim's Pilgrimage into Ireland," 1723, we learn that on the vigil of St. John the Baptist's Nativity, the inhabitants made bonfires, and ran along the streets and fields with wisps of straw blazing on long poles (p. 92). Another writer says:

On Midsummer's eve every eminence near which is a habitation blazes with bonfires, and round these they carry numerous torches, shouting and dancing, which affords a beautiful sight, and at the same time confirms the observation of Scaliger, "*En Irlande ils sont quasi tous papistes, mais c'est Papauté meslée de Paganisme comme partout.*" I have, however, heard it lamented that the alteration of the style had spoiled these exhibitions, for the Roman Catholics light their fires by the new style, as the correction originated from a Pope, and for that very same reason the Protestants adhere to the old. ("Survey of the South of Ireland," p. 232.)

And lastly, a very graphic modern account tells us that St. John's eve found all the hills and headlands in Ireland ablaze with bonfires. The boys for many weeks previously employed all their spare time in searching or begging for fuel to burn in the fires lighted in honour of the Midsummer *fete*, and went long distances to obtain the bones of sheep or other animals to add to it, and a horse's head was much sought after on these occasions. The young people of every village vied with one another as to who should have the largest and brightest fire, and saved their money to buy old tar barrels and staves. Soon after the sunset gun had sounded from the Admiral's ship and the garrison tattoo had been beaten, every salient point of beautiful Cork harbour was alight with these fires. When the bonfire had burnt down, the boys and girls danced round it and leaped through or over it, and carried home some of the charred embers as a charm against witchcraft and other evil influences (C. A. White, "Notes and Queries," 8th series, 4, 295).

#### THE AUGUST FIRE.

Lammas is a festival little observed in England generally, but in Cumberland it continues to be one of the half-yearly terms for payment of rent. It seems to have been anciently regarded as the commencement of harvest and of the season of autumn. The name is usually derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaf-masse*, "loaf-mass," because it is supposed that on that day a loaf of bread made with the new corn was offered as first-fruits of the soil. This feast was sometimes called the "gule of August" (Spelman's "Glossary"). Lammas, or the eve of Lammas, was probably the date when the August fire referred to in Cormac's "Glossary" was kindled.

#### THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

There is no evidence of the celebration of a fire-festival at Michaelmas. Analogy would lead us to suppose that one was held at that period, but if so it has become merged in the more important one which follows.

#### THE NOVEMBER FIRE.

Many interesting particulars respecting this fire-festival, held on the eve of All Saints' day, or Hallowe'en, as the Scotch call it, are to be collected from the pages of the "Statistical Account" of Scotland. We have the evidence of the minister of Kirkmichael, Perthshire, that the practice of lighting bonfires and performing other ceremonies on the first night of winter still prevailed in that and the neighbouring Highland parishes (Vol. XV., p. 517), and the minister of Logierat, in the

same county, describes a curious ceremony which was observed there on the evening of October 31 (Old Style), "a night of great festivity." Some heath, broom, and flax dressings were tied to a pole and set on fire, and a man, followed by a crowd, ran round the village carrying this great torch upon his shoulder. When it had burnt out, another was lighted and carried as before. Sometimes a number of these torches were lighted simultaneously, and formed a splendid illumination (*Ibid.* Vol. V., p. 84). Again, the minister of the parish of Monquhitter, Aberdeenshire, reports that the Hallowe'en fire, a relic of Druidism, was kindled in Buchan; various magic ceremonies were performed to counteract the influence of witches and demons and to reveal to the young their future success or disappointment in the matrimonial lottery; and after that the bonfire used to be lighted, and guarded by the males of the family, because the neighbours sometimes conspired, in sport or malice, to scatter the fire, and on such occasions the attack and defence were conducted with some skill. But, at the period when this report was made, the fire was attended by children only (*Ibid.* Vol. XXI., p. 145). It was the custom in every village, as soon as the Hallowe'en bonfire was consumed, to rake the ashes carefully into the form of a circle, and to place near its circumference a number of stones, one for each member of the several families interested in the bonfire, and if any of the stones was injured or removed from its place before the next morning, the person represented by that stone was "fey" or devoted, and was destined to die within twelve months from that day. It was a tradition that the people used to receive from the Druids, on the morning after the festival, consecrated fire, the virtues of which were supposed to last for a whole year (*Ibid.* "Parish of Callander," Vol. XI., p. 621). A similar ceremony was observed by the Welsh, for a manuscript of Pennant, dated 1735, and cited by Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," mentions that in North Wales it was usual upon All Saints' eve for every family to make a great bonfire known as *coel coeth*, in a conspicuous position near the house. When the fire had died down, everyone marked a white stone, and threw it into the ashes. Then they said their prayers, turning meanwhile around the fire, and went to bed.

Next morning they returned to search for the stones, and if any one was missing, the person who had thrown it was doomed to die before he should see another All Saints' eve. On the morning preceding the fire "soul cakes" were distributed to the poor, and each person, on receiving his cake, prayed to God to bless the *next crop of wheat*. The form of the prayer betrays the fact that the distribu-



tion of soul cakes was connected not with the ecclesiastical feast of All Souls, but rather with the rustic festival of which the bonfire was a relic.

The following passage from Sir Richard Hoare's "Giraldus Cambrensis," published in 1806, mentions other customs which were observed at the November festival :

The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales, being on the eve of the first day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies, such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to escape from the black short-tailed sow. Then supping upon parsnips, nuts, and apples, catching up an apple suspended by a string with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water, each throwing a nut into the fire, and those that burn bright betoken prosperity to the owners through the following year, but those that burn black and crackle denote misfortune. On the following morning the stones are searched for in the fire, and if any be missing they betide ill to those who threw them in (Vol. II., p. 315).

The Catholic families in some parts of the kingdom used to illuminate their grounds upon the eve of All Souls (*sic*) by bearing round them bundles of blazing straw, and this ceremony was known as a "tinley" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1788, Vol. LVIII., p. 603), while at Findern, in Derbyshire, the boys and girls repaired on the evening of All Souls' day (that is, the eve of All Saints) to the common, and lighted, amongst the furze bushes which grew there, a number of small fires called "tindles" (*Ibid.* 1784, Vol. LIV., p. 836). The usual explanation of the ceremony was that it was a means of lighting souls out of Purgatory. It has, however, no appearance of being an ecclesiastical rite, but on the contrary bears a most suspicious resemblance to the pagan festival which we are now noticing. The term "tinley," or "tindle," seems to be connected with the word *teind*, "to kindle." An immense bonfire, built of boughs and faggots, and known as the "bale," or "bowa bale," was kindled in November on the village green of Denholm, Roxburghshire, as late as the year 1840 (Murray, "New English Dictionary").

Vallancey says that the Irish have discontinued the making of a November fire, and have substituted the lighting of candles (*Op. cit.* Vol. III., p. 464).

The ceremonies observed at the present day in celebrating the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot on November 5, that is to say, the rolling of lighted tar barrels down the hills, the carrying of lighted torches in procession, the kindling of a great bonfire, the burning of a human effigy, and the concluding dance around the fire are manifestly nothing else than a revival of the rites of the old

November fire-festival, transferred to a new date, and used to commemorate a comparatively recent historical event.

*THE WINTER SOLSTICE.*

Christmas eve was kept by lighting tapers of immense size called "Christmas candles," and placing upon the house fire an enormous log of wood. In Lincolnshire this log was known as the "gule block," and was of such a size that it lasted throughout the octave of the festival (Gebelin, "Allegories Orientales," 1773). Bringing in the Yule log was one of the features of the Christmas festival:

The pond'rous ashen faggot from the yard  
The jolly farmer to his crowded hall  
Conveys with speed, where on the rising flames  
Already fed with store of massy brands,  
It blazes soon, nine bandages it bears.

Thorn's "Christmas," 1795.

The English Yule log was in fact a tree, and its huge dimensions may be gathered from the circumstance that, in the time of the Civil War, the house of Mr. Barker, of Haghmond Abbey, near Shrewsbury, was accidentally burnt down through the careless lighting of the Yule log (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1790, Vol. LX., p. 1193). It was usually kindled with a piece of the old log, carefully preserved from the preceding Christmas:

With the last year's brand  
Light the new block and  
Come while the log is a teending,

Herrick's "Hesperides," 1648, p. 309.

Brand expresses his conviction that the ceremony of burning the Yule block at the winter solstice was a counterpart of the Midsummer bonfire lighted at the summer solstice, and that the winter fire was made indoors on account of the inclemency of the weather at Christmastide, and the opinion is no doubt correct. In many parts of Gloucestershire it was usual to light twelve small bonfires and one large one on Twelfth-day, which brought the Christmas festivities to a close. In Herefordshire, too, a similar practice prevailed under the name of "wassailing." The farmer, with his friends and servants, proceeded at six o'clock on the vigil of Twelfth-day to one of the fields where wheat was sown, and on the highest part of which one large and twelve small bonfires were made. The company pledged one another in copious draughts of old cider, and then formed a circle around the large fire and raised a loud halloo.

This was answered from every side, for sometimes as many as fifty or sixty of these fires might be seen burning at the same time. After that the guests returned to supper at the farm-house (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1791, Vol. LXI., p. 116). Gebelin mentions the fires which were lighted upon the hills in many parts of England on the night of the *Fête des Rois* ("Histoire du Calendrier," p. 280), and Sir Henry Piers, in his "Description of Westmeath," observed that on "Twelve eve" the Irish placed in as high a position as possible a sieve of oats, in which was stuck a tall candle surrounded by a dozen smaller ones all alight.

#### THE FEBRUARY FIRE.

The festival of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin falls on February 2, and is sometimes known as Candlemas, because on that day it was the custom to consecrate torches or candles, and to distribute them to the people. The Old Calendar states concerning this day, "Faces consecrantur. Faces dantur multis diebus." But what, it may be asked, was the meaning of this great illumination? The Christians lighted many candles on their greater feasts, but Candlemas does not fall within that category. The answer appears to be that the distribution of torches is a custom of more ancient date than the Church festival in question. The old ecclesiastics have been somewhat unjustly blamed for grafting pagan ceremonies upon Christian rites, but we know how difficult, nay impossible, it must have been to eradicate ancient customs, to which converts had been accustomed since childhood, and from which they could not entirely cast themselves adrift even if they wished it, and so it was only natural, on the ground of expediency, to consecrate those customs to the service of the new faith, and to render them by that means harmless. There are sure indications that the opening days of the month of February were originally dedicated to a solar festival, for it has always been a tradition that a forecast of the weather may be deduced from the presence or absence of sunshine on the morning of Candlemas day :

Si sol splendescat Mariâ purificante,  
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.  
Browne, "Vulgar Errors," 1646.

The Scottish version of the proverb is more familiar :

If Candlemas day be wet and foul,  
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.  
If Candlemas day be clear and fair,  
The half o' winter's to gang an' mair.

Again, the day following Candlemas is dedicated to St. Blase, and on the evening of that anniversary it was usual to light bonfires on the hills in many parts of England. So Dr. Percy relates in his notes to the "Northumberland Household Book," while Du Cange explains the custom thus: "Festum Sancti Blasii, cur hac die populus lumina pro domibus vel animalibus accendere soleret," as much as to imply that it was called St. Blase's day in consequence of the blaze of torches, lighted, not in honour of the saint, but for the welfare of their families, their flocks, and their herds.

The Yule log was rekindled on Candlemas day, and a portion of it was reserved, as has been already mentioned, for the purpose of lighting the great fire at the following Christmastide.

This appears from some lines of the poet Herrick, in which he describes the ceremonies of Candlemas day:

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then  
 Till sunneset let it burne,  
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen  
 Til Christmas next returne.  
 Part must be kept wherewith to teend  
 The Christmas log next yeare,  
 And where 'tis safely kept the Fiend  
 Can do no mischief there.  
 "Hesperides," p. 337.

#### THE VERNAL EQUINOX.

There is no more precise evidence of the lighting of a bonfire at Lady-day than there is in the case of the corresponding period of autumn. The roving festival of Easter, in the course of its wanderings between March 22 and April 25, has possibly swept up and attached to itself ceremonies peculiar to the minor anniversaries which fall within the intervening period; and, if the custom of making a fire at the vernal equinox has ever existed, we may expect to find that its observance has been transferred to the greatest of Church festivals. And accordingly we do find that at Eastertide the Christian clergy blessed new fire and distributed it to the laity, just as we have seen the Druids did at their periodical fire-raising:

On Easter eve the fire all is quencht in every place,  
 And fresh againe from out the flint is fetcht with solemne grace;  
 The priest doth halow this against great daungers many one,  
 A brande whereof doth every man with greedie minde take home.

*Barnabe Googe.*

At the Office of Tenebræ, in Holy Week, thirteen lighted candles were placed in a triangular candelabrum, and at the conclusion of

every psalm one of them was extinguished, until only one on the top remained alight. The Christian explanation of the ceremony was that it represented the extinction of the "Light of the World," or the desertion of our Lord by his twelve apostles, but that it once formed a part of the Druidical custom of quenching the fire appears not improbable when we compare it to the thirteen fires kindled in Gloucestershire, or the thirteen candles lighted in Westmeath in order to celebrate Twelfth-day.

The lighting of the great paschal candle in the churches at Eastertide may also have had a similar origin, but we must not lay much stress on that point. Bonfires on Easter eve are common in Germany, and so we may conclude that the last of the series of fire-festivals which we have been considering fell about the period of Lady-day.

The glare of the charm-fire has at last faded from the midnight sky. Old superstitions die hard, and enough has been said to show how long not only rustic folk, but townspeople as well, clung to the remnants of a pagan rite, although they could give no reason for the ceremony except that their fathers before them had done the same.

The instances which have been adduced in the preceding pages are confined to the limits of the British Isles, but in order to comprehend their full import it is necessary to compare them with the examples derived from foreign sources and assiduously collected by Mr. Frazer in his interesting work, "The Golden Bough." The great social reforms of the present century have brought about a wholesale extinction of ancient customs such as no other age has ever witnessed. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Many of these customs form the scattered links of a chain which served to connect the highly civilised people of modern times with their barbarous ancestors of a remote past. The chain is broken, and few would care to weld its links anew.

T. H. B. GRAHAM.

## TRIAL BY JURY IN CIVIL CASES.

VARIOUS and conflicting have been the opinions expressed by writers as to the origin of the institution of trial by jury, some writers even considering it a hopeless task to attempt to inquire into its origin. Thus Bourguignon says: *Son origine se perd dans la nuit des temps*. Blackstone, one of our great legal authorities, speaks of it as "trial that has been used time out of mind in this nation, and seems to have been coeval with the first civil government thereof," and he adds, "that certain it is that juries were in use amongst the earliest Saxon colonies." Du Cange and Hickee were of opinion that it was introduced by the Normans, who themselves borrowed the idea from the Goths. Meyer, in his work on "The Origin and Progress of the Judicial Institutions of Europe," looks upon the jury as partly a modification of the Grand Assize established by Henry II., and partly an imitation of the feudal courts erected in Palestine by the Crusaders; and he fixes upon the reign of Henry III. as the era of its introduction into England. Reeves, in his "History of English Law," gives it as his opinion that when Rollo led his followers into Normandy, they carried with them this mode of trial from the North. He says that it was used in Normandy in all cases of small importance, and that when the Normans had transplanted themselves into England, they endeavoured to substitute it in the place of the Saxon tribunals. He therefore speaks of it as a novelty introduced by them soon after the Conquest, and says that the system did not exist in Anglo-Saxon times. Sir Francis Palgrave says that a tribunal of sworn witnesses, elected out of the popular courts, and employed for the decision of rights of property, may be traced to the Anglo-Saxon times; but that in criminal cases the jury appears to have been unknown until it was enacted by William I. Mr. Serjeant Stephen says "that we owe the germ of this (as of so many of our institutions) to the Normans, and that it was derived by them from the Scandinavian tribunals, where the judicial number of twelve was always held in great reverence." Many eminent writers have strongly maintained that the English jury is of indigenous

growth, and was not derived, either directly or indirectly, from any of the tribunals that existed on the Continent. Some others have held that it is of ancient British or Romano-British origin. Others, again, have considered that the Anglo-Saxon compurgators (or sworn witnesses to credibility), the sworn witnesses to facts, the frith-borh, the twelve senior thegns of Ethelred's law, who were sworn to accuse none falsely, the system of trial in local courts by the whole body of the shire or hundred, contain the germ of the modern jury. Yet with the exception of Ethelred's Jury of Presentment, not one of these supposed origins will be found on close examination to possess much more than a superficial analogy to the inquest by sworn recognitors, the historic progenitor of the existing jury.

The theory which presents the fewest difficulties, and which is supported by very weighty arguments, regards the English system of sworn inquests as being derived from Normandy. Whatever may be the remote source of this institution, out of which trial by jury grew, two points are at any rate clear : (1) The system of inquest by sworn recognitors, even in its simplest form, makes its first appearance in England soon after the Norman Conquest. (2) This system was in England, from the first, worked in close combination with the previously existing procedure of the shire-moots.

No trace of such an institution as a jury can be found in Anglo-Saxon times, for if it had existed, distinct mention would have been frequently made of it in the body of Anglo-Saxon laws and contemporary chronicles which we possess, extending from the time of Ethelbert (A.D. 568-616) to the Norman Conquest ; but no mention is made.

With respect to criminal trials, we meet in the ordinance of King Ethelred II. (978-1016) with a kind of jury of accusation, resembling our grand jury, and possibly its direct progenitor. In the Gemot of every hundred the twelve senior thegns, with the reeve, were directed to go apart and bring accusation against all whom they believed to have committed any crime. But this jury did not decide the guilt or innocence of the accused ; that had to be decided by compurgation, or the ordeal. This primitive grand jury probably continued in use after the Norman Conquest, until it was reconstituted by Henry II. For more than a hundred years after the Conquest the ancient Anglo-Saxon modes of trial, or forms of proof, by ordeal (*judicium Dei*), by oath (compurgation, termed later on "wager of law"), by witnesses and production of charters continued in general use alongside the Norman procedure—the wager of battle, and the occasional use of the inquest by sworn recognitors. The Conqueror

was doubtless desirous that the English should still continue to enjoy the rights and usages to which they had been accustomed. Consequently, we find that the distinctive features of the Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence were retained by the Conqueror. But he made, however, some important changes in the judicial system: he separated the spiritual and temporal courts; he introduced the combat, or duel, as a means of determining civil suits and questions of guilt or innocence, and he appointed justices to administer justice throughout the realm.

It was only by degrees, however, that the advantages of the principle of recognition by jury in its application to judicial matters were realised. The sworn inquest appears to have been at first chiefly used for the determining of non-judicial matters, such as the ascertaining of the laws of King Edward, the assessing of feudal taxation under William II. and Henry I., and the customs of the Church of York, which the latter monarch, in 1106, directed five commissioners to verify by the oath of twelve of the citizens. On one occasion the Conqueror ordered the justiciars to summon the shire moots, which had taken part in a suit touching the rights of Ely; a number of the English who knew the state of the lands in question in the reign of Edward were then to be chosen, these were to swear to the truth of their depositions; and action was to be taken accordingly. But still there are equally early instances of strictly legal matters being decided by the recognition on oath of a certain number of *probi et legales homines*, selected from the men of the county to represent the neighbourhood, and testify to facts of which they had special knowledge.

The Normans generally abolished trial by compurgators in criminal cases, and though the trial by ordeal long continued in force, it began to be looked upon as an impious absurdity. In the year 1215, the year of the granting of Magna Charta, the ordeal was abolished throughout Western Europe by the fourth Lateran Council, which prohibited the further use of that mode of trial, so that trial by jury became unavoidably general in England, in order to dispose of the numerous class of cases, when the charge was preferred, not by an injured individual against the culprit in the form of an appeal, but by the great inquest of the county (our modern Grand Jury) in the form of a presentment. For it was only where there was an accusing appellant that the trial by battle was possible. But still there was for a long time no mode of compelling a prisoner to submit the question of his guilt or innocence to twelve such men, summoned from the neighbourhood.



The thirty-ninth section of Magna Charta says: "No free man shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or exiled or anyways destroyed; nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him, unless by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land" (*nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, vel per legem terræ*). This has been generally taken as establishing the institution of trial by jury. But such cannot be the case, for we find the same expression in a compilation of our laws of earlier date than Magna Charta. We find it in the *Leges Henrici Primi*. Thus *unusquisque per pares suos iudicandus est et ejusdem provincie*. Mr. Forsyth, in his learned treatise entitled "History of Trial by Jury" considers that the *pares* here spoken of "may possibly include the members of the county and other courts, who discharged the functions of judges, and who were the peers or fellows of the parties before them." And he goes on to say that, "In a stricter and more technical sense, however, they mean the homage or suitors of the baronial courts, which had seignorial jurisdiction corresponding to the hall-motes of the Anglo-Saxons, and in some degrees to the manorial courts of the present day. And the words alone quoted from the laws of Henry I. were taken by the compiler from the Capitularies of Louis IX. of France, where we know that no such institution as the jury existed until the period of the first Revolution." The "judicium parium" of Magna Charta is the enunciation, however, of a general legal principle, rather than the technical definition of a mode of trial. "It lay," says Stubbs, "at the foundation of all German law, and the very formula here used is probably adopted from the laws of the Frankonian and Saxon Cæsars."

The use of a jury both for criminal presentment and civil inquests is mentioned for the first time in our statute law in the Constitutions of Clarendon. The manner in which the jury is referred to gives one the impression that it was already in common use. The statute declared that "by the recognition of twelve lawful men," the Chief Justice should decide all disputes as to the lay or clerical tenure of land.

It was in the Grand Assize (the exact date of which is unknown) that the principle of recognition by jury, having gradually grown into familiar use in various civil matters, was applied by Henry II., in an expanded form, to the decision of suits to try the right to land. This assize is called by Glanville, a contemporary and the earliest of our judicial writers, a *regalis institutio*. In it we first find the jury in its distinct form, but the elements of which it was composed were all familiar to the jurisprudence of the time. By the Grand Assize

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The Assisa or Magna Assisa, as it was usually termed, was a mode of trial confined to questions concerning (1) the recovery of lands of which the complainant had been disseised; (2) rights of advowsons; (3) claims of vassalage affecting the civil status of the defendant. A writ was then addressed to the sheriff, commanding him to summon four knights of the neighbourhood, where the disputed property lay, who were, after they were sworn, to choose twelve lawful knights who were most cognisant of the facts (*qui melius veritatem sciunt*), and who were upon their oaths to decide which of the parties was entitled to the land. The defendant was also summoned to hear the election of the twelve jurors made by the four knights, and he might object to any of them. When the twelve were duly chosen they were summoned by writ to appear in court, and testify on oath the rights of the parties. They took an oath that they would not give false evidence nor knowingly conceal the truth; and by knowledge, says Glanville, was meant what they had seen or heard by trustworthy information, and this shows most clearly how entirely they were looked upon as mere witnesses, and how different the idea of their duties then was from what it is now. If they were all ignorant as to the rightful claimant they testified this in court, and then others were chosen who were acquainted with the facts in dispute. But if some did and some did not know the facts, the latter only were removed, and others were summoned in their place, until twelve at least were found who knew and agreed upon the facts. If the jurors could not all agree, others were added to the number, until twelve, at least, agreed in favour of one side or the other. This process was called "afforcing" the assize. The verdict of the jury was conclusive, and there could be no subsequent action brought upon the same claim, for it was a legal maxim that *lites per magnam assisam domini Regis legitime decisæ nulla occasione rite resuscitantur imposterum*. If the jurors were guilty of perjury, and were convicted or confessed their crime, they were deprived of all their personal property, and were imprisoned for a year at the least. They were declared to be infamous, and became incompetent to act as witnesses or compurgators in future (*legem terræ amittunt*), but were allowed to retain their freeholds. From this we see that this proceeding by assize was nothing more than the sworn testimony of a certain number of persons summoned that they might testify concerning matters of

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which they were cognisant. So entirely did the verdict of the recognitors proceed upon their own pre-judgment of the disputed facts, that they seem to have considered themselves at liberty to disregard the evidence which was offered in court, however clearly it might disprove the case they had come there to support.

Although twelve was the most usual, it was not the unvarying number of the jurors of assize for some years. When the institution was in its infancy, the number appears to have fluctuated, according to convenience or local custom.

In trial by jury as permanently established, both in civil and criminal cases, by Henry II., the function of the jury continued for a long time to be very different from that of the jury of the present day. The jurymen were still mere recognitors, giving their verdict solely on their own knowledge of the facts, or from tradition, and not upon evidence produced before them; and this was the reason why they were always chosen from the vicinage or hundred in which the question arose. Trial by jury was, therefore, in the infancy of the institution only a trial by witnesses, and jurymen were distinguished from other witnesses only by customs which imposed upon them the obligations of an oath, and regulated their number, and which prescribed their rank and defined their territorial qualifications, whence they obtained their degree and influence in society. Juries were for a long time entitled to rely on their own knowledge in addition to the evidence. In the first year of the reign of Queen Anne, the Court of Queen's Bench decided that if a jury gave a verdict of their own knowledge, they ought so to inform the court, that they might be sworn as witnesses. This and a subsequent case in the reign of George I. at length put an end to all remains of the ancient functions of juries as recognitors.

It has been said of coroners that they are of so great antiquity that their commencement is not known. The name occurs in a rhyming charter granted by the Anglo-Saxon King Athelstan, to the monastery of St. John of Beverley, A.D. 925, which contains the following lines :

If man be found slain idrunkend,  
 Sterved on sain John rike, his aghen men,  
 Withouten swike his aghen bailiffs make ye fight,  
 Nan oyer *coroner* have ye might :  
 Swa mikel freedom give I ye,  
 Swa hert may think or eghe *sée*.

Dugd. Monast. II. 130 (Ed. 1817).

The earliest statute which regulates and defines the mode of taking a coroner's inquest is that entitled *De Officio Coronatoris*, 4 Edw. I.

st. 2 (A.D. 1276), and this enacts that when coroners are directed by the bailiffs of the king, or honest men (*probi homines*) of the county, to go to those who are slain or have died suddenly, or been wounded, or to housebreakers, or to places where treasure is said to be found, they shall forthwith proceed there, and command four of the next towns, or five or six, to appear before them in such a place, and when they are come thither, the coroner upon oath of them shall inquire if it concerns a man slain, where he was slain, whether it were in a house, field, bed, tavern, or company, and if any and who were there.

“Likewise, it is to be inquired who were and in what manner culpable, either of the act, or of the force ; and who were present, either men or women, and of what age soever they be (if they can speak or have any discretion). And how many soever be found culpable by inquisition in any of the manners aforesaid, they shall be taken and delivered to the sheriff, and shall be committed to gaol ; and such as be found and be not culpable, shall be attached until the coming of the justices, and their names shall be written in the coroner’s rolls.”

Then follow a number of minute regulations respecting different kinds of inquiry. Although the jurors are required to be summoned from the nearest township, nothing is said as to their number ; and there can be little doubt that at this period it was indeterminate. But afterwards, following the analogy of the jury system in other cases, it became a fixed rule of law that twelve at least must concur in the finding of the inquest, in order that the parties charged thereby may be put upon their trial before a petit jury. The number, however, summoned and assisting at the inquest is immaterial, provided that twelve agree. Where the jury are not unanimous, it is the duty of the coroner to collect the voices, and take the verdict according to the opinion of the majority. If twelve cannot agree, the jury are, according to the theory of the law, to be kept without meat, drink, or fire, until they give their verdict ; but in practice of course this rule is never enforced so as to endanger life or health. Formerly, if they refused to make a legal presentment, it was the custom for the coroner to adjourn them from place to place ; but it was said by Chief Justice Holt that this was wrong, and that they ought to be adjourned to the assizes, “ where the judge will inform them better.”

Of trial by jury in England it may well be said, “Time consecrates, and what is grey with age becomes religion.” Still men there have been bold enough to question its wisdom, and irreligious

enough to discuss its merits. No less an authority than Hallam, the historian, has pronounced it to be "a preposterous relic of barbarism."

Trial by jury is not the prevailing method for determining questions of fact in civil cases amongst the enlightened nations of the world. It may not be wide of the mark to affirm that it is the exceptional method. It exists mainly in Great Britain and countries under its dominion, and in the United States of America. It has never been adopted by any of the Continental nations of Europe. And yet those people have attained to a high stage of civilisation; they are engaged in the manifold industries of the age, agricultural, mechanical, and commercial; the controversies in their courts for settlement are as various and complicated, as apt to arouse passion and excite prejudice, and demand as fully an acquaintance with the practical affairs of life, as in countries where jury trial is the established method. They have found no need for the jury system, although they have seen it in operation for centuries in the neighbouring country of Great Britain, and for more than a century in the American States. It is a fact that nearly all the Continental States of Europe which have adopted trial by jury in criminal cases have rejected the English characteristic of unanimity.

It is thus demonstrated that jury trial is not, in the nature of things, essential to the determination of questions of fact, and persuasive evidence is furnished that it is not the best method; else we must believe it would have found introduction into the judicial system of these nations.

The want of experience in the functions of a judicial tribunal, under which the vast majorities of juries labour, is of itself an absolute disqualification for dealing with causes of any difficulty, such as those which occupy so much of the time of our courts. Any cause which contains a complication of facts, with contradictory evidence on both sides, and requires both natural sagacity and the habit of weighing and comparing conflicting arguments and piercing through plausible fallacies, is too much for men of little or no education, who never decided a cause before, and they would be perpetually bewildered if the judge did not clearly point out the way to a conclusion. Where he is unwilling to indicate plainly the verdict they ought to give, as he often is, for fear of being charged with usurping their functions, the juries too frequently draw erroneous conclusions, and compel the party who is wronged thereby to incur the heavy expense and delay of moving the courts for a new trial. Mistakes of this kind are so frequent that Lord Mansfield established it as a

rule, which has been followed ever since, to grant a new trial where the verdict was a mistake in the opinion of the court, and openly declared that at his time of day trial by jury could no longer subsist without it. But what is the use of putting the unhappy suitor to the great trouble, delay, and expense of having a jury if, after all, the courts are to decide whether the verdict shall stand or be set aside?

The law emphatically proclaims its distrust of juries by refusing them the right belonging to every other judicial body, of deciding their differences by a majority, and by exacting a unanimous verdict. In effect it says that the decision of an unlearned jury is good for nothing if not unanimous; but that skilled judges may decide all causes by a majority.

It is hazarding too much to say that jurors are better fitted than judges to determine all questions of fact. A verdict is judgment in form. Judgment is the result of reasoning. The power to reason accurately is not possessed in a higher degree by farmers or tradesmen than by judges—men of learning, men of ability, whose previous study and training peculiarly fit them for the task. Some cases there may be in which, owing to rules of trade, or other peculiar circumstances more within the knowledge of laymen than lawyers, the judgment of the former would be of the two the more correct. For such cases let there be trial by jury. But why should trial by jury be for all cases?

The jurors have not merely to decide the disputed facts; they are to decide them *according to the law and the evidence*. It is a mistake to suppose that all that is necessary in order to do this is to listen to the testimony, and to receive the propositions of law from the court, with such aid as may be derived from the argument of counsel. When all this has been done, the jurors have only fairly entered upon their work; their most difficult duties are yet to be performed. They must now weigh all the testimony to which they have listened, and thoroughly analyse it. To do this properly and profitably this testimony must be carefully sifted, and its details collected, conflicting testimony must be reconciled where reconciliation is possible, and where reconciliation is impossible a wise discrimination must be exercised in selecting from this testimony that which is most trustworthy. From the mass of testimony—oftentimes from a maze of contradictions—the evidence which establishes, or most strongly tends to establish, the very truth of the matter must be extracted; and to do this successfully there must be a clear comprehension of the real points at issue. To do all this properly and

well demands a more than ordinary exercise of the reasoning faculties ; and if it does not require, at any rate will be greatly aided by mental discipline and mental training in this kind of intellectual work. Surely the man who has had a large acquaintance with court trials, who as part of his vocation in life has had to listen to the testimony of witnesses, and to carefully weigh this testimony ; whose mind has thus become trained, as well as by the character of his education, to logical processes of thought, and to the ready detection of fallacies in respect to the arguments which may be addressed to him upon the testimony is better able, *ceteris paribus*, to arrive at a correct determination of the issues involved, than the man who has not had so much experience and so much training.

When the testimony has been weighed and sifted, and a conclusion reached respecting the truth of the matters of fact involved, a function as important and none the less difficult remains to be exercised by the juror. He must now apply the law as given him by the court to the facts. Frequently the instructions are numerous, and oftentimes a particular instruction is lengthy, and involves more than one proposition. All of these instructions have to be pondered by minds unfamiliar with legal principles in order to apply the law to the facts. To do this intelligently often requires much close-thinking, a more than ordinary exercise of the reasoning faculties. Instructions are not always—or most frequently, indeed, they are rarely—mere directions to the jury that if they find the facts so and so, to give their verdict for plaintiff or defendant. They are usually a series of legal propositions, the one having its bearing upon another ; and in which case it is not only necessary that the whole series, but also that each separate instruction in its relationship to another, and to the whole, should be clearly comprehended.

Now, if the juror needs the guidance of the disciplined mind of an impartial judge in the matter of weighing the testimony, in order to extract the truth from it, and also in the application of the law of the case to his findings of the fact, his incompetency for the duty required is no longer an open question. Under the jury system, where the “summing-up” by the presiding judge is recognised as essential to the proper performance of the functions of the jury, it must be regarded as an anomaly in the very constitution of things that the judge shall be considered incompetent or unfit to reach a conclusion upon the facts, and yet shall be recognised as fully competent to deal with all the more difficult matters essential to the reaching of that conclusion ; capable of acting as guide to the jury through all the intricacies and obstacles that attend their journey to

a verdict, competent to point out to them how to reach the goal, but incompetent to go there himself. The judge, both by reason of the dignity of his vocation and the permanent character of his position, as well as by reason of his previous training, and that habit of mind which the exercise of the judicial functions begets, is less susceptible to improper appeals to either prejudice or sympathy, if, indeed, he could be induced to listen to them at all, and is more alert to prevent the introduction in argument of extraneous matters than a jury can be.

The unnecessary employment of juries to try cases which could be better and quicker disposed of by a single judge, or by two or three judges, is one of the principal causes of delay and expense of legal proceedings. When a sufficient number of jurymen appear, a part of the few and precious hours of the court is consumed in calling the jury, in hearing the excuses for absence, in disposing of challenges, and swearing the jury; but a far greater waste of time takes place in trying to make a case of any length or difficulty intelligible and interesting to uneducated and unlearned men, and in the efforts of counsel to delude them, and to enlist their sympathies and work on their prejudices, and so to win their verdict. After the counsel on both sides have finished, the judge must sum up the evidence and go over the ground again carefully, partly to undo what counsel have done, and partly to see that the jury do not misunderstand the evidence and the law. The effect of all this iteration and reiteration is, that innumerable cases occur which a single judge would dispose of in an hour or two, but which take a jury a day or more. The Tichborne case would have been blown up by Chief Justice Bovill, if he had sat alone, as soon as the impostor's cross-examination was over, whereas some of the jury could not see through the fraud till several weeks later.

J. E. R. STEPHENS.



## ON SNOW-SHOES.

THE winter cold of Canada is not a thing to be ignored, or lightly set aside ; it grows upon you daily, and amply justifies the prevalent talk of weather.

On the night of January 8 the frost began to be extraordinary, even for Quebec ; and towards morning it grew so intense that, though my room had double windows, with a well-tended stove not far from the bed, sponges and towels were stiff with ice. The night following, the wave of cold was at its height, mercury froze in the tube, and the spirit thermometer marked *minus 44° Fahr.* !

During these two nights the broad stream of the St. Lawrence was fast locked in ice, so that people crossed afoot. The grip of frost does not loosen its hold till well on in April. Till that day the river is a promenade—not for ships, but for steel-shod cars.

Concrescunt subitæ currenti in flumine crustæ  
Undaque jam tergo ferratos sustinet orbes,  
Puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita claustris.

Towards the end of the month we had three days of what they call "the January thaw"—raw, dismal, sloppy weather, with sleet and slush. After that things settled down to the ordinary rigour of an Arctic winter ; and, what with sleighing parties by day, dinners, dances, and tobogganing at night, time passed swiftly away till February 24, on which day I left Quebec for the country.

As I stepped into my sleigh, the late rising sun began to touch the heights in front, while over mountains on our right hung showers of snow. Our path, however, marked out for us to Lake St. Joseph, a distance of thirty miles, by evergreen branches, lay steeped in light ; and away we went at a merry pace, over gates and fences, with many a short cut, to which the sudden heats of spring put a six months' stop. The drive was charming and the scenery romantic ; steep hills and hanging woods on either hand, blue sky above, and virgin snow below. The dark and sombre green of conifers, interposed between the brilliancy of the winter white and blue, is a rest and consolation to the eyes ; a provision of Nature, probably, for securing them against attacks of snow-blindness.

After passing a little hamlet picturesquely situated on the Jaques

Cartier river, we crossed over to the other side by the *pont de glace*, and arriving at the summit of an abrupt hill, beheld below and ahead, through an opening in the woods, the white sheet of Lake St. Joseph. The view was one of the most striking imaginable; the great lake, frozen over, and now a field of glittering fresh-fallen snow, winding in and out, with many an arm and bay, amongst the lofty pine-clad mountains.

Driving on hard, in impatience to be at the lake, every turn revealing some fresh beauty, or showing some beauty already seen in a fresh light, we stopped at length by a tiny cottage, on the very edge of the frozen lake. An admirable old lady peeped out at the door; and when she told me that hers was indeed the very cottage at which I was to find rest, I could have hugged her, for joy of heart.

Her cottage, it is true, was of the smallest possible dimensions; but there was an air of cleanliness and sweetness about it, and of urbane simplicity about its inmates that struck me pleasantly at first sight.

After a hasty meal of soup, venison, and tea, I put on snow-shoes, and with a young fellow called Larue, who was also lodging in the little *maison de pension*, went down to the lake to see the lines that are set for trout. In the evening we were busy oiling guns and rifles, and after a substantial, though primitive, supper, and a game at chess, retired early to bed, overjoyed to be once again far from the haunts of man, and housed in such splendid scenery.

My month at Lake St. Joseph slipped all too quickly away, and it was with amazement I woke up one morning to find it gone. The time had been spent in shooting and hunting, with tobogganing and fishing in the moonlight, and an occasional camp *al fresco*, when caught afar off by sudden storm. Also, several times we had indulged in long drives of forty or fifty miles, and thus seen much of the neighbourhood. North of us, indeed, all roads came to an end, and I was naturally anxious to explore in that unexplored direction.

March came in like a lion. Whilst at breakfast on the sunny first, the thermometer outside our window was standing at zero, and next day, at the same hour, it was down to *minus 16*! A fresh and heavy fall of snow followed, and lay so thick upon the earth that our eyes, as we sat at table, were on a level with the world outside. However, as there were still six weeks of frost left to be got over somehow or other, we were all glad of this new fall. The old snow had got to look horribly the worse for wear; weather had told on it to its detriment. And now, this spring coating of white would set things to rights again, dressing all Nature in bridal attire to meet her God, spotless and unsullied, at Easter.

The first fine day after this long storm had lulled down, I put in execution the plan of a little excursion that had often been aired, but which, from sheer stupidity, seemed likely to fall to the ground—a little excursion to the remote land north of Lake St. Joseph.

No class of persons has less enterprise than your petty farmer ; his face is steadfastly set against aught that savours of the hardness of bush life. However, I managed to cajole my host's youngest son—his mother's darling, an affable milksop—into being my companion for this one occasion. Unluckily, just as we were on the eve of departure, there came a sudden hurtling in the air, and a blinding gust of snowy blizzard swooped down upon the land. The elders were at the door in their cariole, fresh come from Mass at Pont Rouge ; and they besought their son, with loud cries and lamentations, to forswear himself and violate his plighted troth, assuring him the expedition was fraught with immoderate fatigue and risks both manifest and hidden. By dint of soft enticement, commingled with bribe and threat, I kept my young man from actual breach of promise ; and eventually (tears, jeers, and snow notwithstanding) we made a start, each man with his *traineau sauvage*, on which were packed provisions and ammunition laced in buffalo robes.

For six miles we went along the surface of the lake in the teeth of a cutting wind, which, with a thermometer at 19° Fahr., certainly did give us some creepy qualms as to the wisdom of our exploit. But, once under cover of the forest at the far end of the lake, we found the weather moderate, and even serene. At the head of the furthest creek we came upon five fishermen camped in a hut. They were a gruff, untutored lot, declining either to sell or barter a fish they had caught, and which we, with an eye to supper, sought to appropriate. So we went on our way into the gloomy bush, and came to a lakelet called Saguy, which, crossing, we came presently to another and greater lake, rejoicing in the name of Ventre Rouge, so called, for anything I know to the contrary (and that is as much as your philologists can say for many of their fine derivations), from the colour of the trout which people its waters.

Traversing this lake in the midst of thickly falling snow, and again entering the forest which encompasses it, we proceeded ; now up hill, now down, following a very doubtful *blazed track*, and seeing occasionally the gigantic footprints of moose, till we came to Lac au Chien. Here we misspent no little time, and “wandered far and wide” in search of an apocryphal hut. I do not deny its existence, which was an article of faith with the *habitans*. All I say is we never found it, and I believe we had employed our time as profitably in

searching for the Wandering Jew, the Phantom Ship, or the poor lost Digamma. When my man *had* convinced himself of his inability to find his unfindable hut, we pressed hastily on, hoping to reach Lac de deux Truites in time to make a few preparations for sleeping there. But the way was long, and we were weary; and thus it came to pass that, ere we reached the lake, the gross darkness of a starless night was upon us, and we groped in vain for firewood. Unbuckling our snow-shoes, we scooped away the snow to a depth of three feet, lined the hole with evergreen branches, stuck a fence of upright boughs roundabout, cut a hole in the ice with our chisel, drew some water, ate some biscuit, and coiling ourselves in the buffalo robes, tried to sleep. It was a foolish, shiftless way of doing things, and my young man upbraided me with having seduced him from the path of safety. I, however, retorted loudly that it was *he* who had led *me* astray; and that, but for him, and his devious track of search for a fabulous hut, we should now have been smoking our pipes over hot coffee by a fire of logs.

On the morrow, when we could sleep no longer for the cold, we arose, and found the sun up, slanting with level ray through the network of pines. Leaving our *traineaux* behind, and filling our pockets with a slender provision of victuals, we started for Lac de Sept Iles, where, after a brisk walk along the bank of a frozen stream, we came by 10 A.M. Crossing to a rocky islet, we stripped some dry peelings of birch from the trees about, and managed to kindle a fire on a bald rock jutting out into the lake. Thawing the contents of our coffee-pot, we threw in biscuits, boiled the mess, and breakfasted. Whilst admiring the shapely mountains, which rose in hanging woods from the margin of the ice-bound waters, we espied two men afar off, moving like little specks on the dazzling surface of the lake. On coming up with them, we found they hailed from St. Omer—a small settlement not far ahead, and close to the river St. Anne; and they put me on a trail in the snow, by sticking to which I should (they said) reach the settlement.

My man, being knocked-up, and repenting him of the undertaking, turned back to the place where we had left our *traineaux*, carrying our pot and pannikin, and ordered to rig up a booth of branches against the coming night. He was not quite cut out for "roughing it in the bush," and would have thriven better in some merchant's or lawyer's office, sitting on a three-legged stool, with scent, pomade, and a valentine.

Walking on alone—and, in such scenery, glad to be alone—I dropped down on the hamlet I sought; and tapping at a cottage

door, asked leave to dry my socks and eat some food. The natives, innocent of one word of English, sat at meat with me, eating what I think was a dog's head. It reposed in a dish of broth, black as ink, thick as mud. My messmates, taking morsels of barley loaf in their hands, fished about in this pond of inky mud; and from its Stygian depths brought up many crude bits of absurdity—dissevered limbs, small animals, and such like—and ate them with avidity.

When they had said their graces, and given their fingers a final suck, I took a boy of their number to be my guide to the river. Coming to a mill, picturesquely placed by a brawling beck in a rocky gorge, I let the boy go; and following the rivulet down the wood soon made the river. To cross was out of the question, for though the ice was, no doubt, strong and thick, water was running rapidly over its surface. So I retraced my steps, and by sunset arrived once more at Lac de deux Truites. I was not sorry, on looking across the bay, to see blue smoke curling up amongst the dark firs, and to hear the clear ring of an axe in the frosty twilight; and when I found myself reclining on a buffalo robe, at the outskirts of a fire fit to roast an ox, and drinking a pannikin of hot tea, I felt that rare and holy feeling of being in perfect charity with all mankind, which begets self-complacency in the spirit of a man, and acts on the soul like good digestion on the body.

My young man had contrived a snug and really artistic den of spruce branches; and our roaring fire, as the blackness of night drew on, threw a ruddy light on the sombre forest. The frost was intense, making the ice and very trees crack again, with loud explosive reports. Fine trout, alive and well at sunset, were by 10 P.M. fried and eaten; and half an hour later, after an evening pipe and a stiff pull at my flask of grog, we turned in for the night.

About midnight a frightful howling, made I think by a lynx or *loup-cervier*, startled us from our dreams, and my companion bounced up in his bed, with a big oath. "Des aujourd'hui," cried he; "I renounce the damned Bush and all its beasts!" And then, either for very fear, or perhaps feeling his language had been too strong, he crossed himself and muttered an *Ave*.

"Parbleu! mon ami," said I in a pet, "je vous l'ai dit, et je vous le répète encore—vous êtes un véritable enfant gâté." *A regular fool!* I was within an ace of adding; but he was a nice amiable youth, with a good though soft heart, and I was glad afterwards that my *petit mouvement de vivacité* had carried me no further than "enfant gâté."

With a gesture of girlish horror, and laying his hand on his side,

the lad murmured, "Ah ! comme mon pauvre cœur battait dans ce moment-là !" A soft answer turneth away wrath ; and after firing a shot in the direction of the sound that had affrighted us, with a parting fling at my timid young man—"his mother's darling"—we buried the hatchet, lay down in good-fellowship, and fell asleep once more.

Little birds twittering, and impudent blue-jays chattering close by, roused us at dawn, and we rose with the rising sun. Fanning the embers of last night's fire into a flame, we breakfasted, and spent the livelong day in fishing.

The following morning young Larue came out to meet us, steering himself by the print of our shoes in the snow. A thick mist drew on, with a darkness that might be felt. The silence and stillness were oppressive. A dead calm is often more terrifying than the wildest gale ; one misses the *company* of sound. What but dread of silence makes the boy belated whistle in a wood ? What but dread of silence the hardy seaman to start from sleep, if for one instant the churning blades do cease their thundering roar ?

We weathered the fog, huddled close in our hut. Next day, the fog lifting, we sent our young man back to his mother, with the *traineaux* and spoils, while Larue and I ascended a mountain. The ascent, on our cumbersome snow-shoes, was toilsome ; but we were amply repaid for all our trouble when, on gaining the bare and stony top, a magnificent panorama of sylvan scenery burst on our view.

At night we fell back on the comforts of comparative civilisation in the little *maison de pension* on Lake St. Joseph.

Two days later on, I took a regretful leave of the simple peasants who had housed me so hospitably, and bent my steps to Capsanté, twenty-two miles off, on the St. Lawrence.

J. LAWSON.

**TABLE TALK.****GENERAL IGNORANCE OF LONDON.**

**N**OTHING adds more to the pleasure of a peregrination through the streets of our huge, smoky, enchanting, overgrown London, which Victor Hugo ineptly reprobated as "*une grande ville sans grandeur*," than a knowledge of the history, the antiquities, and the associations of the places and scenes amidst which we move. This is a form of gratification which Londoners assiduously neglect. Hurried on with the breathless tide of life in the midst of which we dwell they pass frequently, daily it may even be, spots of beauty or interest not easily to be described, without wasting a solitary thought upon their claims or associations. This is easily understood. Familiarity is a great begetter of indifference, and those even who dwell among such exquisite surroundings as Oxford and Cambridge supply are apt to grow indifferent to that which is always before them. Unconsciously, no doubt, and almost in their own despite, they are influenced if they are "made of penetrable stuff."

Like some sweet beguiling melody,  
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,

objects of beauty amidst which we continually dwell may work upon us. What, however, is most remarkable is that those who live remote from spots of interest and beauty are rarely moved to visit them. I have heard of picnics to Burnham Beeches, of explorations of Epping Forest, of excursions to Virginia Water. The spots around London as distinguished from those within its circumference are indeed moderately familiar to us. Which of us has, however, undertaken a pilgrimage to Fulham Palace, on the beauty of which I recently dwelt? Which of us, whose occupation is not in the City, knows of the still courts that lurk close to the most crowded thoroughfares and under the sound of Bow Bells? To the dome of St. Paul's, the Tower, and other spots, we were taken in youth; and municipal hospitality or state may have led us to the Mansion House or the Guildhall. There, however, ordinarily end the explorations of those who are not what are known as City men.

## SOUTH LONDON.

THESE questionings or reflections have been begotten by the appearance of Sir Walter Besant's "South London,"<sup>1</sup> the most recent and one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of the capital. The volume is a companion to the "Westminster" and the "London" of the same writer, works which, greatly to my regret, and to some extent to my shame, I have not read. I judge, however, that the scheme of the latest volume is to some extent more ambitious and more elaborate than that of its predecessors. The book itself deals with London south of the Thames, from Battersea on the west to Greenwich on the east, from the mouth of the Wandle to that of the Ravensbourne, and gives the history of the district from the time when the whole constituted the Great South Marsh until to-day, when the population of what consisted once of a few scattered hamlets is counted by millions. Sir Walter does not claim to preserve very many of the associations, since every vestige of spots formerly of historical interest has vanished, and no tradition is left even of the name. The south had once its share of the royal palaces, dotted round London like beads upon a string. Palaces at one time or another existed at Kennington, Eltham, Greenwich, Kew, Hampton, Windsor, Cheam, and Streatham. Many of these—most of them, Sir Walter will have it—are "clean forgotten." Nonsuch has entirely disappeared; of Kennington not one stone remains upon another, not a tradition concerning it being left, though "part of the ruins were still standing only a hundred years ago." Eltham preserves some ruins of the buildings of Edward IV. Other buildings of beauty or importance remain; and the Church or Cathedral of St. Mary Overies, Lambeth Palace, and other ecclesiastical spots, still challenge attention.

## ATTRACTIONS OF SOUTHERN LONDON.

IS it or is it not a fact that the south of the Thames is less familiar to the pleasure-seeker, or even to the antiquary, than the north? I fancy so. Unlike the London of the time of Elizabeth, when the principal theatres and places of entertainment—the Globe, the Rose, Paris Garden, the Bear Garden—were all on the south side; the places of amusement, as well as the great residential hotels and fashionable shops, are now on the northern bank. The distance alone will account for the comparative neglect of the south. Though something both of an explorer and an antiquary, I know little concerning

<sup>1</sup> Chatto & Windus.



the edifices of Southern London. Greenwich I have of course, seen, as who has not? though I fear its culinary history is responsible for some of my visits. St. Mary Overies I have explored, and I have there met Sir Walter himself, similarly, if more actively, occupied; and I have even in bygone years made a sort of pilgrimage to the Tabard and the White Hart. I have never, however, seen Lambeth Palace, and should like to know how many of my readers are in a similar plight. Sir Walter's volume inspires a strong desire to visit this and other spots; it remains to be seen whether the ambition will be potent enough to conquer the inertia always existent when a place is within easy reach, and any day not otherwise occupied may be devoted to an exploration. One other scene that I have visited is Battersea Park, the tropical gardens at which no one can afford to neglect. It is probable that the recent development of cycling has rendered these magical gardens familiar to thousands to whom a decade ago they were unknown.

#### SIR WALTER BESANT'S LONDON PICTURES.

HAVING introduced to some, it may be, Sir Walter's pleasant and edifying volume, which, with its abundant and well-executed designs, must needs be welcome to all whom London scenes and life attract, I must dismiss it with a mere passing reference to one or two matters of interest. It is difficult to believe that we are reading about Southwark or Lambeth, and not about Western Africa, when we peruse the account of the Great South Marsh, as it at one time existed. "No trees stood upon this morass, no flowers of the field flourished there, no thorns and bushes grew, no cattle pastured there; the wild deer were afraid of it; there were no creatures of the land upon it. . . . No man could live upon that marsh; its breath after sunset and in the night was pestilential." Quaint and curious is it to view the appearance, more than a thousand years later, of the Surrey end of London Bridge from High Street, Southwark, with the arched entry flanked at both sides by huge towers apparently of Norman architecture, recalling to the memory those at Angers. From tower and archway rise spears and lances with the heads of so-called traitors. Contrast with this feudal edifice the great commercial bridge of to-day, as it is shown in another design. Things theatrical play necessarily a considerable part, and the illustrations include the Globe Theatre, the Bear Garden, the Hope Theatre, and the interior of the Old Swan Theatre.

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*UNDER THE PYRAMID.*

BY W. B. WALLACE, B.A.

CAPTAIN JOHN VINTRAM, of the —shire Regiment, was stationed at Gizeh in the spring of 1883. He had witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria the year before, had taken gallant and conspicuous part in the engagement at Tel-el-Kebir, which had finally extinguished the military insurrection of Arabi, and was at present resting on his laurels and dutifully helping in the general pacification of Egypt. It was now pretty evident to the European Powers, as well as to the Egyptians themselves, that the "red locusts," as the native enemies of English rule bitterly termed the British troops, had "come to stay." Single-handed they had faced and put down a formidable *émeute*; it was scarcely to be expected that, having done so, they should calmly evacuate the land of Nile and leave it to be scrambled for by others who had not borne the burden and heat of the day. For those who could read between the lines, *J'y suis, j'y reste* was to be henceforth the motto of England, so far as Egypt was concerned.

Captain Vintram found his sojourn at Gizeh pleasant enough. Before him stretched the billowy expanse of the desert, with its mighty pyramids and enigmatical Sphinx, its turquoise skies and wonderful atmospheric effects, its magic sunrises and sunsets, its dry, transparent, exhilarating air, and, above all, its great river, the mystic and muddy Nile. His military duties, shared as they were with other officers, were not so onerous as to debar him from taking long excursions into the sandy wastes, and occasionally crossing the river and wandering with British dignity and *insouciance* through the crowded,

noisy bazaars and the narrow, shady, covered ways of Cairo, that old-world city of minarets and Mameluke memories, of roses, rags, and rapine.

Nature and art and the manifold aspects of Oriental life interested John Vintram in a mild way, for his was a fairly receptive mind; but the spirit of adventure was the ruling one within him. He was, in fact, in this as all else, a typical British officer, tall, fair, well set up, intelligent without being intellectual, and good-looking without being handsome. His career had been the usual one affected by the aristocracy and the higher middle-class youth of ambition and warlike proclivities. Entering betimes that modest and unpretentious *Landwehr* known as the militia, he had subsequently managed, by dint of hard reading with a successful Kensington coach, to secure a commission in the line. Life in an army tutor's establishment, where a young man's companions are generally a rather "fast" lot, is, as the initiated know, a very *laissez-aller* affair indeed, and does not, as a rule, aim at any abnormally high standard of morality; and John Vintram had not been more fortunate than others in his associates. While possessing all the pluck and dash of a D'Artagnan, as he had amply proved at Tel-el-Kebir, he was as prone as any one of the *Trois Mousquetaires*, or of our own Grant's impossible heroes, to rush blindly into an adventure, whether of love or war, quite heedless of the result. This unfortunate propensity had already on more than one occasion led to exceedingly awkward consequences; and yet, despite the painful lessons of experience, the gallant captain was quite as ready as ever to run the risk of breaking his neck or having his brains blown out where no earthly good, beyond the bare excitement of the moment, was to be gained by either disagreeable process; and was prepared, at an instant's notice, to follow a pretty face or figure, through fire and flood if need were, to the very ends of the earth.

One evening, amid the gorgeous light of an Egyptian sunset, Captain Vintram sauntered along the dusty and glaring road that leads to the cemetery of Gizeh. His countenance expressed unusual gravity. He kept switching his cane about nervously and spasmodically, as Southey's devil did his tail—to reverse that poet's simile—looked straight before him, and only occasionally bestowed a pre-occupied stare on some graceful acacia as he passed. He was ruminating on an event, or rather a series of events, which had created a considerable scare among the British residents in Gizeh.

"I can't understand it," he muttered. "All I know is that there must be some Eastern devilry at the bottom of it. Six men—a

captain, three lieutenants, and two non-coms., one of the latter colour-sergeant in my own regiment—gone in the course of as many weeks, spirited away as cleanly and as cleverly as if one of the old Pharaohs and a band of his magicians had been at work, or the sands or the river had swallowed them up. No doubt about it, this land of the pyramids and—let it be added—the lively flea is a queer, uncanny place. By Jove, though, wouldn't they have made a row about it at home! Rather. I fancy I can see the flaming posters on the hoardings and the Brobdingnagian capitals in the dailies, and hear the triumphant war-whoop of the peripatetic newsboy in the Strand, 'Ha-no-ther mys-te-ree!' Here, on the contrary, good old Horace's *nil admirari* is in vogue, and the solemn Moslems only wag their long beards and murmur 'Kismet!' if you appeal to their sympathies.

"Hang it all!" he concluded indignantly, with a vicious cut at an acacia, "I wonder how long Queen Victoria's troops are to be decimated with impunity."

It was just and natural that, in the face of a certainly terrible and apparently insoluble enigma of this kind, Captain Vintram should have been utterly disgusted with Egypt and things Egyptian; but it happened incongruously enough that, exactly as he had ended his diatribe, he saw through the gathering shadows something which acted as a prompt sedative upon his perturbed feelings and wonderfully reconciled him to the land of Mizraim. That something was neither more nor less than a figure moving on a few yards before him—a female figure, be it observed, arrayed in the unbecoming, unvarying, immemorial garb wherewith the East so jealously and sedulously veils the charms of the *beau sexe*. There was no other wayfarer on the road, and Vintram felt his too susceptible heart thrill with pleasurable anticipations. Now, some might have considered this rejoicing on his part rather premature, arguing with apparent plausibility that, for aught he knew to the contrary, the lady in front of him might have been one of those toothless and ugly hags who share with mutilated slaves the task of keeping the peace and guarding the proprieties in the harems of the wealthy grandees of Gizeh and the neighbouring Cairo. But no; the experienced squire of dames felt that he could not be deceived; the unsightly robe, he assured himself, was but the cloud that concealed the radiant beauty, the perfect *tournure* of a goddess; and no decrepit *duenna* could possibly have borne herself so proudly, or walked with such easy lissom grace, as the interesting *incognita*.

A few more strides and he was beside her. The day had bidden

a soft, lingering, and poetic adieu to earth, and the Eastern moon was up in all her glory. She imparted a pale and classic beauty to Vintram's face—a face not altogether unattractive, even in the searching light of the sun—as the Englishman, politely raising his pith helmet, addressed a courteous greeting and a few remarks on that rather threadbare but universally acceptable topic, the weather, to the—presumably—fair pedestrian. On the impulse of the moment he had spoken in English, which the lady apparently did not understand. She gently and deprecatingly shook her head, murmured an apologetic word or two in Arabic, and through her *yashmak*—a veritable masked battery—directed upon her interlocutor the deadly point-blank fire of a pair of dark, lustrous, witching eyes.

Captain Vintram devoutly thanked his stars that, amongst his other accomplishments, he possessed a competent knowledge of the language of the great prophet of Islam. He had always deemed it a guttural jargon, but now, on the lady's lips, it seemed more musical than the "soft bastard Latin" of the Hesperian peninsula.

Communications having been pleasantly opened up, one remark led on to another, and they were soon engaged in animated conversation; nor did his fair enslaver oppose other than the very faintest and most factitious resistance to her companion's suggestion that, considering the extraordinary beauty of the night, they might extend their walk to the pyramids.

"But does my lord reflect that there may be danger—that ghouls and afreets roam by night over the sands of Egypt?" she had half jestingly, half timidly asked.

"I am a British officer, and fear nothing," had been Vintram's quiet reply: a statement made in all sincerity, and unaccompanied by the least *souffçon* of brag; for the old *civis Romanus* spirit was strong within him; he was confident in his manhood; and felt further encouraged by the possession of a Webley's revolver, which, owing to a somewhat hazy but perhaps common enough conception of the supernatural, he reckoned a match for any ghouls or afreets.

Probably from a wish to inhale with greater freedom the cool fresh air of the desert, the lady became so far forgetful of Eastern conventionalities as to discard her *yashmak*, which ever since the commencement of their interview Vintram had been mentally consigning with much vigour and fervour to the regions of Eblis.

The removal of that hateful obstacle more than realised our D'Artagnan's anticipations. Stay, the expression is *ps* too tame. It would be more correct to say that the fancy portrait of the veiled one which he had already limned, and in which he had been by no

means sparing of the gorgeous pigments that a vivid imagination knows so well how to mix, was to the glowing vision before him what the palest star that twinkles in the outer courts of space is to the Orient moon at her full. No houri ever wandered by streams of milk and honey in Mohammed's teetotal Paradise—no damsel of mortal strain ever dazzled the eyes of the deluded follower of the Old Man of the Mountain in his garden of delight—and hasheesh, endowed with such loveliness as that upon which Vintram now gazed, silent, spellbound, and motionless.

But by degrees the pale, chaste, æsthetic flame of surprised and unaffected admiration became warmed and suffused with the rosy hue of passion. The peerless Egyptian Iphigenia had no diffident Cimion to deal with in Vintram, and his ardent glances soon told their own story—a story which, with the frank absence of coquetry peculiar to women of the East, she did not even affect to misunderstand.

The lovers—let no one marvel at the word, for in the Orient love, like the ephemera, springs into winged life, arrives at maturity, and, alas! often dies in the course of a few brief hours—the lovers were reposing in deep shadow beneath the mighty pyramid of the godless and tyrannical Cheops. The moon was waning in the heavens, and the breath of the desert was chill—chill as the bones of armies that lie buried beneath it. The cynical Sphinx had smiled and the giants of Egypt had frowned upon an episode in that eternal *drame passionné* which commenced its run in Eden, has been played by a constant succession of enthusiastic actors ever since, and will probably be performed to overflowing houses of angels and demons until the consummation of the world-process rings down the curtain on this and all other mundane spectacles.

John Vintram slept; the anxieties and worries of the day seemed to have told even upon his iron frame. His head rested lightly on the woman's knee; she gazed fondly down on him, and ever and anon she gently stooped, holding her breath the while, to drop a kiss, light as the silent fall of a snowflake or the descent of the Persian bulbul upon the rose, on his bronzed forehead.

"He dreams of me," she whispered, as a passing smile relaxed and softened the sternness of the soldier's face. "He dreams of me," she repeated, dwelling lovingly on every murmured syllable. "And, ah! he little knows how near he has been to death. . . . What will Mustapha think? How he will scorn me! Be it so. I have loved. But will the dead forgive me?"

From his dream, whatever it was, Vintram woke to behold in the

uncertain light preceding the dawn the gazelle-like eyes, the ripe carmine tremulous lips upon which he had rained kisses ere he slept, hanging tenderly over him, and to hear the music of her voice as she said in his ears :

“I have watched over my lord and love as he slept. Now the dawn is close at hand, but ere it flame above the pyramids of Gizeh and the mosques and minarets of Cairo, Amina would fain tell her sultan a story, after the fashion of Scheherazade of old.

“There lived in the land of Nile not long ago a maiden—her name and lineage and birthplace matter not—who, men said, was beautiful as Mary, the beloved Egyptian wife of our holy Prophet. In due course her parents gave her in marriage to Ahmed, the son of Ibrahim, in whose veins ran the warrior blood of the old Mamelukes whom Mehemet Ali destroyed. Happy was their union, though Allah granted them no offspring, until the English armies, in which my lord is a chief, invaded the land. Then Ahmed left his wife and went north to fight against the unbelievers. He fell at Tel-el-Kebir, and his comrade Mustapha, a gigantic Soudanese, who escaped from that bloody field, bore his dying farewell to his widow. Into that widow's lonely heart there forthwith entered a spirit from Eblis—a spirit which spoke of a dark and deadly revenge to be wreaked upon those who had slain the husband of her youth. In concert with Mustapha, whose hatred of the conqueror was only less intense than hers, she concocted a murderous scheme. Her beauty was unimpaired ; grief had but chastened, not lessened it ; and it was a fatal weapon ready to her hand. By its means did she lure six of the chiefest among the English warriors at Gizeh to their doom. At dusk would she meet her victim, intoxicate him with her charms, and then, like a ghoul, draw him on beneath the shadows of the pyramids, near to the spot where Mustapha lurked in ambush. Then would she offer the poor fool, thus taken in the toils, sherbet, drugged with a powerful narcotic, from a bottle which she bore—for, oddly enough, but with feminine inconsistency, she shrank from personally taking a human life by poison or otherwise—and when he fell senseless at her feet, would summon Mustapha by a pre-conceived signal, who would promptly strangle the helpless wretch with a bowstring, and in the still hours of night commit the body, with stones attached to its feet, to the depths of the Nile.

“Six of the foemen had she thus vanquished by subtlety ; the seventh vanquished her. He was like you, my lord, tallant, fair, frank, and fearless, with the joyous light of battle in his eyes. Before this man her soul fell prostrate and her purpose was aside ; for

she loved him. What mattered it to her that he was a Nazarene, an Englishman, a leader of the "red locusts" that had descended upon the land of Egypt! Yes, she loved him—loved him more than she had ever loved Ahmed. She flung away the medicated draught; she flung away her womanly pride; she flung away her cherished revenge. The lurking assassin remained unsummoned; and with the dew of her lover's kisses still fresh upon her hair, her lips, her cheek, her brow, her eyes, she said to her adored one what I say to you now, 'Go in peace.'

Captain Vintram had listened breathlessly. He had seen, as he was bound to do, through the thin disguise of Amina's narrative. Joy and grief are twin guardians of the portals of the human soul, and relieve each other at stated intervals; and now blank horror and dismay succeeded the rapture of that night of love. Amina—Amina, the woman whose beauty had entranced him, whom he loved with a genuine and lasting love, which was not that of a mere vulgar amour—Amina, whose heart had beaten so fondly next his own, was, by her own virtual confession, the organiser of a fell, mysterious, murderous conspiracy—an Egyptian version of the Indian thuggee—which had destroyed six of the bravest men in the British army, and to which he himself would most indubitably have fallen a victim but for the sudden and inexplicable passion conceived for him, a new Jason, by a new Medea—a passion which had fortunately rescued him from death and given her into his arms. But this discovery, heartrending as it was, was not the worst or only one to which those sweet lips had led him. *He was himself the slayer of Ahmed*—of that husband whose untimely death she had so fearfully avenged! How well he remembered it all! That last desperate stand made by a section of the rebel host loomed forth in his memory with startling distinctness. Once more he saw the flash and heard the thunder of the guns, once more inhaled the reek and fume of powder, and saw the young Egyptian soldier, who for one moment confronted him and the next fell, as though blasted by lightning, beneath the tremendous sweep of his sword. There, too, was the giant black, who had called the fallen man by the name of Ahmed, and bent over him amidst the press of horses and combatants, careless of the infernal rain of shot and shell. All these rapidly succeeding incidents of Tel-el-Kebir, which, in the mad excitement of the fight, he had scarcely noticed, now flashed through his troubled brain, whereon they had then been almost unconsciously impressed. Although on that fatal day he had but done his duty towards his Queen and country, he somehow felt self-condemned as a murderer.



And from the depths of his abasement he looked with pitying eyes upon Amina. How could he honestly reproach this woman—this woman whom he so madly loved—for the deeds she had done? How could he pose as her judge, when his own hands, so far from being clean, were stained with her husband's blood—when, but for that wrathful blow of his descending steel, she might have been even now an angel of love and mercy—as Nature had surely intended her to be—instead of one of vengeance and destruction?

He rose with tottering limbs, with brow pallid and corrugated by the stress and spasms of his mental agony, his unavailing remorse, his bitter hopeless grief for the loss of a woman's love, no sooner gained than forfeited for ever, and impressing one kiss, fiery as the anguish of his despairing soul, upon the upturned brow of Amina, fled towards Gizeh.

And Mustapha? He had not been unfaithful to his terrible tryst. Long before the arrival of Amina, who, he knew, had gone on one of her fatal missions, while the western skies were undergoing those myriad transformations which in Egypt exceed in brilliance and variety the hues of the expiring dolphin, he had been crouching in the penumbra of the great pyramid, awaiting his prey.

The man was a true son of the desert—one of the gloomy, fighting, fanatical band that have accepted with such avidity and guarded with such tenacity the fatalistic and intolerant dogmas of Mohammed. Had he lived in the early days of Islam and commanded the armies of the Caliphs, there would have been no question of tribute where he was concerned; conquered races would have had to face the stern and simple alternative—the Koran or the sword. Such men as he, under the name of Dervishes, have ever formed the backbone of those Mahdist hosts which for some years past have constituted a perpetual menace not only to the safety of Egypt, but to the cause of Occidental civilisation in North Africa. He was an enthusiast, simple, honest, abstemious, brave, cruel as Eblis, and doubtless had to thank the torrid sun of his native wilds, as well as the peculiar licence of his creed, for a strong vein of sensuality which pervaded his character. His recent career could be easily explained. Arabi fought against the hated *giaours*; that was enough for him; and although he loved neither Egypt nor the Egyptians, he had been well content to follow that rebel's banner in what he considered a holy war. Ahmed had been his comrade, as Amina had told Vintram, had fought by his side at Tel-el-Kebir, and had whispered in his ear his last message to the wife he so

dearly loved. He had duly discharged the sacred trust, and had subsequently associated himself with the widow in the dire project which she meditated—with what success we have already seen.

Still the facts remained that the Soudanese had been thrown by mere chance into the company of the young Egyptian soldier, and that the only bond of union between them had been the rough fellowship of the camp. Owing to difference of nationality, the sympathy between the two men could scarcely at any time have been very deep. It was strange, then, to say the least of it, that he should make himself the willing tool of such a horrible vendetta, and stolidly incur all the attendant risks. His native ferocity and his inborn detestation of the *giaours* were far from being *quantités négligeables*; but they did not supply a sufficiently strong motive for the commission of a series of crimes of such enormity. The real motive lay far beneath the surface. Now, as ever, it was the "eternal feminine." The grace and loveliness of Amina—although in Mustapha's case she had never consciously used her charms as a lure—had made the huge black her subservient vassal. He cherished and was cheered by a wild, insane hope that, when the tale of victims was complete, Amina would reward him, as she alone could.

Darkness was falling on the land when the grisly watcher dimly descried two figures approaching the pyramid, and his heart beat joyously. It was another murder in prospect, but it would bring him nearer to his goal. Instinctively he grasped the bowstring and drew further back into the shadows. The distance was too great, the light too uncertain to admit of his scanning the features of Amina's companion. Nor had he any particular desire to do so. He would see quite enough of that face presently, when the moon's rays revealed it, distorted and livid from the merciless pressure of the fatal cord, and later still, when it lay on Nile's banks and hurled the last malediction of its stony eyes into his ere he consigned it to the slimy depths of the river. And so he cowered down at a discreet distance from the pair, whose forms were, of course, invisible to him in the gloom, and patiently awaited Amina's call, the usual herald of the ghastly *dénouement*. Nor was he quite alone; those related demons, lust and cruelty, sat upon the fiery threshold of his soul, and whiled away the time in mouthing and gibbering and cursing their human entertainer and each other. The usual interval had long expired, and yet there came no sign. It was strange. Had the drugged sherbet failed in its accursed work? The Soudanese sat erect and listened, and his yellow eyes vainly strove to peer

through the darkness. Although the distance which separated him from Amina and Vintram did not amount to a hundred yards, still, owing to the impenetrable pall of night beneath the pyramid, they, were as effectually parted, so far as the possibility of mutual observation was concerned, as if it had been a hundred miles; moreover, the lovers conversed in such a low tone that not the faintest echo of their words reached his straining ears. The slow sad watches of the night crept on, but no summons came; all around was as still as the sleep of the dead Cheops. The dawn was at hand, and at last a horrible apprehension arose within him. Had the infidel suspected or discovered the design of Amina, slain her, and slipped away under cover of the darkness? Allah forbend! but it was still possible—nay, more, likely. How else could her silence be accounted for? For aught he knew to the contrary the woman whom he loved might now be lying, weltering in her blood, within a few yards of him, attacked and murdered ere she could call for aid. He could endure the dreadful uncertainty no longer. His patience, his loyalty, his unswerving obedience to Amina's lightest behest—all gave way when he thought that her safety was threatened—her life perhaps sacrificed. He arose, and with long, stealthy steps, skirting the base of the pyramid, approached the couple, like some colossal fiend, who, long banished by incantations from the vicinity of a magician's pentacle, draws gradually nearer and nearer when the flame is burning low and the supply of essences is giving out.

Cynical fate had so ordered it that the skulking negro came within earshot just as Amina had commenced the momentous narrative of her life and crimes, just as the first faint rosy streaks of day, falling across the listener's face, enabled him to recognise his identity. The intellect of Mustapha was not perhaps very keen, but he was a man—a man consumed by a secret and almost hopeless love, and he took in the situation at a glance, cursing, as he did so, heaven and earth and all therein contained. This woman, whose bondsman he had made himself, whose vengeance he had faithfully and remorselessly executed, had in requital betrayed him—so he rather unreasonably phrased it—and sold that vengeance for the momentary gratification of a momentary and disgraceful passion, conceived in the course of an hour or two, for a stranger she had never seen before, a giaour, a leader in the accursed armies of the aliens of the West. And—just Allah!—she knew not that the man to whom she had given her love, to whom she was confiding her life, her past, her whole terrible history, whom, of all others, she had weakly rescued from his merited doom, was the very one by whose

act in slaying her husband she had herself become—and had made another—the servant of Eblis.

Grinding his teeth, and racked by tortures worse than those which lost souls experience—the tortures of jealous hate and disappointed desire—he listened to every word.

Why did he not rush forth from his place of concealment, grasp the *giaour* by the throat, and slay or be slain? Who shall say? The ways of the East are not to be gauged by a Western standard. The terrific emotions which rent his spirit may have paralysed his bodily energies. Perchance the hereditary inferiority which has ever made the sons of Africa bow in involuntary homage before men of Caucasian race may have chained him to the spot. Or did memories of that day of blood and fire, when the flaming sword of the Englishman before him raged in the forefront of the battle, hold him back despite his bravery and his fatalism? Yet again, might it not have been that his rude sense of justice, snatching in that moment the bandage of love from his eyes, caused him to see in the woman the greater sinner of the two? Whatever the restraining influence may have been, he paused, listened, and looked, saw the last despairing kiss imprinted by Vintram's lips upon the brow of Amina—saw the mighty conqueror of Tel-el-Kebir tottering along the desert path towards Gizeh with the blind uncertain gait of a stricken man. When that form was already dim in the distance, Mustapha, gloomy and threatening of aspect as Azrael himself, stepped forward and confronted Amina, as her streaming eyes followed the fast-vanishing figure of her lover.

"Woman," he said with deliberate and savage emphasis, "weak, wanton, soulless, and accursed woman, I know and have heard all. Something there now remains for you to learn; something there still remains for me to do. Know that the man—may dogs uproot his father's grave!—who captivated your wayward choice—the man for whose sake you have sacrificed a righteous retribution—the man upon whom you have just lavished your fickle favours—the man a hair of whose head is dearer in your eyes than the body of the black Mustapha—your poor puppet, who was mad enough to adore a courtesan, false to the living and the dead—is none other than the furious *giaour* beneath whose brand your Ahmed went down at Tel-el-Kebir."

Shrinking, fainting, with the wild dilated eyes of one upon whose soul has fallen a great horror, Amina listened, although conscience was fast deserting her.

The grim accuser proceeded: "And now prepare for death.

The pyramid of Cheops must not lack a last victim because you have chosen to spare your husband's murderer. And, for the rest, the ways of lust and doom never lie far apart. But ere you die, I would fain console, for I have loved you: know, therefore, that Mustapha will not long survive you."

There was no struggle between victim and executioner; for Amina lay senseless at the feet of the inexorable negro, and the bowstring swiftly and surely did its work.

Ere many days had elapsed some boatmen of the Nile brought to land two corpses which they had found floating in mid-stream—a man and a woman. The man, a black of unusual stature and proportions, held locked in an embrace as close as that wherewith a Breton peasant may have clasped in death some cold pale aristocrat maiden in the time of the Noyades, a beautiful woman. His body bore no marks of external violence; but round her neck ran the livid ring of the strangling-cord, and in her eyes and on her face were set the tokens of a dire despair which had seized and slain the soul before death had claimed the body.

The secret of the pyramid remained locked in the breast of Captain Vintram, who once for all discarded the *role* of D'Artagnan for that of a modern military monk. So staid and circumspect did he become, that the colonel of his regiment was wont to point him out as a model of virtue to young subalterns when they joined. The truth was that he was perpetually haunted by the dead Amina's pleading eyes, as he had seen them on that fatal dawn beneath the pyramid when they had parted for ever. He is now a grave, melancholy man on the shady side of forty, and—highest tribute which a man can pay to the memory of a woman whom he has loved and lost—remains, and is likely to remain, unmarried.

No clue was ever discovered as to the fate of the luckless six; but there was no further mysterious disappearance from the ranks of Her Majesty's loyal troops in Egypt.

## SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF THE ULSTER PEASANT.

THAT our waning century is marked by much free-thought and materialism, mingled with a good deal of superstition, has frequently been asserted, and we believe the assertion to be correct in the main. With free-thinkers Ulster is little troubled, at least in country districts; but superstition exists in various forms, even though the fairies are not believed in as generally as of old.

Middle-aged people among our working class still cherish the ancient fancies regarding "the gentry," *alias* "the good people," *alias* "the wee folk," or fairies. Good and bad luck; cures and charms; witchcraft; the evil eye; and the malign influence wielded unconsciously by an "unlucky person," are all believed in more or less firmly.

Hardly a country parish exists in our Northern Province that cannot boast of its witch—sometimes a poor feeble crone, haggard and wild in her attire, like the witches in Macbeth; but sometimes a pretty, fair-haired, and blue-eyed matron, whose husband and children are supposed to be the better for her unlawfully acquired gains.

Such a witch as this last was Nancy McGarvey, the wife of a tenant of Mr. O'Hara, who lives in a wild part of Donegal. Nancy and her landlord are still alive. The events which we recall took place twenty years ago. Accidents suddenly began to occur in the O'Hara dairy. The cows milked well, but their milk yielded no butter whatever. The servants churned for hours with no result. The master and mistress were naturally very much annoyed when week after week passed by, and their fine cows seemed useless; and the extraordinary reasons given for the lack of butter provoked them further.

"Your servants must be incapable, lazy, or dirty. Probably they don't wash the milk vessels," said the master.

"I thought so myself, and taxed them with carelessness," replied

the mistress. "Thereupon the cook told me that Nancy McGarvey is 'allowed' (*i.e.* supposed) to have taken all our butter off the churn by witchcraft, drawing it through the keyhole."

"My dear, you should get rid of your servants. Don't listen to such folly."

"Of course it's folly; but how disabuse their minds of it? Nancy has no cow, as you are aware, yet she sells pounds of butter at every market, and the whole country is saying that she sells *our* butter. I cannot go into the kitchen or venture outside the place without being told this. I disagree heartily when accosted by one woman after another, but I bring contempt upon myself by so doing, I assure you. 'God bless you, ma'am. God help your innocent wit,' say they, turning away pityingly."

Cook was churning, with the churn set upon an ass's shoe for luck, when Mrs. O'Hara went to the kitchen to discharge her from her service.

We ought to premise that iron is a counter-charm against witch, fairy, or other power of evil—horseshoes being useful, but those of an ass much more so, because of the mark of the cross upon its back. An ass is often put to graze with cattle as a safeguard against spells.

Before there was time for a word, the door was hastily opened by Nancy McGarvey, who civilly enough asked leave to buy butter-milk.

"Say 'God gie ye the gude o' yer milk an' butter,' " screamed the cook, "or ye'll get nae milk." Thereupon such violent and angry words ensued that the mistress retreated in disorder.

We remember that the advent of a new dairywoman put an end to the O'Haras' trouble; but Nancy's evil reputation stuck to her for many years.

While on the subject of witchcraft it may be remarked that an incantation used upon May-day morning, the fateful season, is as follows:

From all the reeks that I see  
Milk and butter come to me.

The witch sings these words as she drags a rope made of hair from the cow's tail over pasture lands, while the May dew lies upon the grass. Here and there peeps a thatched roof from out the sycamores, and the smoke curls upward; but wise and cautious women take care not to light their fire too early upon May-day morning.

We knew a reputed witch in early days, and liked her greatly; in fact, she was a dear friend of ours. Poor little Rosanna was a tiny, bright-eyed, apple-cheeked old woman, with pleasant genial manners. She lived in my father's village with her brother and sister. She possessed a goat, which browsed at the edge of the high road while she watched, knitting socks the while, and gaily conversing with the passers-by.

The village shopkeeper was a wealthy man, the owner of two sleek cows, and his wife was quite unrivalled as a dairywoman. But he was unfortunate one summer, and the fine cows yielded no butter. Soon the village began to say that a witch must be at work. "William Hazlett is gone to consult the wise man who lives on Binion mountain," was the next item of news given us.

William was told by the wise man to put an ass's shoe in the fire next time the milk was churned, and was assured that whoever had cast a spell over the cows would be certain to knock at the door, entreating admittance. Mrs. Hazlett churned. The shoe grew red-hot. William stood by grimly listening. Hurried steps to the door; urgent knocking. Presently Rosanna's voice begging to be let in: "My heart's roasting. Oh, William Hazlett, let me in! let me in! If you knowed the burning heat that's here!"

All the neighbours knew that Rosanna was admitted, and that before the shoe was taken out of the fire she was forced to promise never more to look at Mr. Hazlett's cattle.

We were considered a partisan of the poor little witch because we laughed at the story; and when she became sick soon afterwards, and received frequent visits and presents from "the big house," there was a good deal of murmuring.

"Why but you watch yersel, miss, dear? Dinna be going to Rosanna. Thon's a dangerous woman," was the warning thrown away upon us.

"Poor Rosanna could not harm me."

"Could she no? God bless your innocent wit, dear!" was the pitying reply.

Before we take leave of Rosanna Harrigan we recall a story told by the neighbours of her and her old brother and sister. The reader is aware that spirits are supposed to wander earthwards on Halloween. The dead return to visit their families on that night; they form part of the company, and watch the revelry, themselves unseen. Rosanna, Niel, and Maria were wont to leave the door open that their parents might come in and occupy the two creepy stools in front of the fire, while they sat at the side of the hearth; and five



bowls of tea and five plates of stirabout were always provided. The fairies have great power on that night. It is very dangerous for a pretty girl to wander far from home at that season. Many a maiden, many a fair child, has been stolen by the "gentry," and carried away to live with them in their underground dwellings. Infants have been taken out of their cradles, and cross and dwindling elves left instead.

The best cheer procurable is spread in hall and cottage. Apples and nuts are within the reach of all, and every child looks forward to a feast. Young girls put a ring in their potato-cake or apple-pudding, and she who is helped to the portion in which the ring is found will surely be married before the next Hallowe'en. Or she peels an apple without breaking the peel, and throws it over her shoulder, sure that it must form the initial letter of her true love's name.

Opposite Rosanna lived a very "knowledgeable woman," one Bell Bradley, who, among other talents and shining gifts, possessed that of being able to charm away the "heart fever." To suffer from a pain in the heart does not mean that you are afflicted with any poetical malady—nothing of the kind; it simply means that you suffer from indigestion or dyspepsia. Bell Bradley used to eye you from head to foot, and if she knew you well would be likely to offer help thus: "Dear, but you're far failed an' very 'ill-like.' Why but you come to me an' let me measure you wi' a green thread round the waist?"

A green thread is a thread of undyed yarn, just as it left the spinning-wheel. The patient had to go to Bell before sunrise three mornings to be measured; and part of the cure was to eat three dandelion leaves "in the name of the Blessed Trinity" three mornings running. Bell Bradley also cured the headache by measuring and at the same time repeating some charm.

An old man named Paddy McCarron, who resided in the same street as the witch and the heart-fever doctress, was skilled to cure the "rose"—*i.e.* erysipelas. Paddy lived to be very old, and unable to work in the fields any longer; and then his doctoring gift came to be most important to him as a means of support. He confided to us a part of his secret, to which the reader is quite welcome.

"A neighbour woman that was good at curing the rose sent for me when she was dying, an' bestowed the power on me. I was a wee boy at the time. A woman can gie it to a man, an' a man can gie it to a woman. (I could gie it to *you*, dear, if you liked.) I rub wi' bog-water that I be to fetch mysel' at the full o' the moon. I rub

the patient three times—once before sunrise, an' twice before sunset——”

“And you say some words, Paddy, while you rub, don't you?”

“I do. I ha' seen mysel' called out in the night-time to visit patients, just like a doctor, but without a doctor's pay. If it was certainly the rose that ailed them, they got better at once when I'd done rubbing them.”

A charmer, whether he or she deals with diseases or with spells, never takes money in payment. A screw of tobacco, bread, meal, or a little tea and sugar, is gladly given and accepted. Paddy died sixteen years ago, and, as far as the village where he used to live is concerned, we believe that his secret died with him.

Yet can a record of country cures and charms be carried down to the present day. We met a well-to-do farmer the other day in Londonderry, who spoke with regret of the illness of a well-known landlord and magistrate in the county. “The doctors are not able to do him any good,” he remarked; “but I know a woman that has a real cure for the jaundice, an' I'd get it an' send it to her ladyship (the invalid's wife) if I thought she'd give in to it an' try it.”

“Is it a charm?”

“It is, miss, an' a gude charm too. Sure it cured a sister of my own. Would her ladyship give in to it, do you think?”

“I am sure she would not, Mr. D.! But she would be grateful to you for wishing to help her.”

One of our labourers is laid on the shelf at present suffering from the mumps. A neighbour of his begged him to try a cure which she declared she had found most efficacious with her own children. “I put the donkey's branks on them one after the other; an' Mary took Joe to the water an' made him go down an' drink. Then she brung him hame, an' he put the branks on her an' led her to the water; an' you may tak' my word the swelling went down at oncet.”

The “branks” means the donkey's head-stall with or without winkers, to which the reins are attached. To make the cure effectual a boy must be led by a girl, and a girl by a boy.

A cure widely used for whooping-cough, called by the country people “chincough,” is to pass the afflicted child three times beneath and over a donkey.

A seventh son is believed to be a doctor by nature, able to cure the evil (scrofula) by his touch. Such a person has many visitors all his life long. There is a well near Milford in the county Donegal called the Dooan well. This is a “holy well.” We confess frankly to our complete ignorance of the reason why the

poor people call the well "holy" and make pilgrimages to it, and hang rags on the bushes around it, and bathe crippled limbs in it, and fetch the water home in bottles!

One cannot, alas! be clever all round. Suffice it to say that the working people are known to try its power when the doctor's science seems to have failed. We have known several instances of late years when the sick as a last chance sent to "Dooan well" for a bottle of the water. With surprised sorrow they confessed that the cure they so much trusted in availed not to help them.

The "unlucky person" is a most unhappy creature—perhaps the more so in that he is unconscious of his sad peculiarity until he is made aware of it by the timid avoidance of his neighbours.

Such a person ought not to go out of doors before he has eaten something, as his glance is most deadly and dangerous when he is fasting. It is not considered right for anybody—any stranger, that is to say—to enter a house and praise a child in it without first saying "God bless you for a bonnie wean," because the stranger might possibly be an "unlucky" man or woman, or might be possessed of the envious, or of the evil eye.

One of these unfortunates is known to us. He lives in a wildly beautiful corner of Donegal, where sea and mountain and natural wood can be seen from his cabin door. He has a greedy eye.

Not long ago a poor neighbour of his applied to a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county for a summons for him to appear at the next petty sessions to answer to the charge of "blinking" his horse, and causing it to fall in the plough.

"How did he make your horse fall?" asked the magistrate.

"He just blinked the beast, your honour. Sure, you know Matt Conlan is allowed to ha' the greedy eye?"

"What nonsense, Dillon! Did Conlan lay his hand upon your horse?"

"He did not, sir. He just stood at the gate o' the field an' looked steady for maybe five minutes at the horse, an' he staggered an' fell in the plough. Sure, your honour knows that Matt Conlan is allowed to ha' the greedy eye?"

"Stuff and nonsense, Dillon! You cannot have a summons for him."

The indignant man was beginning to repeat his charge for the third time, when the magistrate silenced him impatiently, and he turned away muttering that neither law nor justice was to be had in Ireland. Should this over-true tale meet the eye of any educated reader who believes that departed friends may be communicated

with through spiritualistic mediums, let him not despise the poor Donegal farmer for superstition.

The mermaid is a more interesting figure than witch or wizard. Poetry loves to dwell upon the nymphs and Undines of stream and fountain. Lorelei of the Rhine has her siren spells, her mirror, her flowing yellow hair—

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,  
Und singt ein Lied dabei.

We had our Lorelei in the Foyle, just where the river is broadest, about halfway between Derry and Strabane. The country on both sides is very fertile and excellently farmed—a beautiful valley, through which

Foyle runs down  
To his ancient town,  
Telling her walls  
Of their old renown.

The Lorelei was called Sheelah by the country-people. There used to be a flat stone near the water's edge, upon which a past generation declared they had seen the mermaid seated on summer evenings. People inhabiting certain cottages near the ruined castle of Montgavlin watched Sheelah unbind her hair.

A woman called Ellen MacDonnell went to the river's edge for water one evening, and out of wanton mischief overturned the mermaid's stone. Sheelah was not in sight at the time, so Ellen thought that only the wild duck, snipe, and plover saw her ill-natured deed.

But the very next day, when she returned home after a short absence, Sheelah was in the house bending over the cradle where the baby lay. While the mother darted screaming into the house, the mermaid, quick as thought, snatched up the child, tossed it upon the fire, and made good her retreat to the river, singing as she went—

When I think on my stane,  
An' you think on your wean,  
We may weel speak an' look,  
But freens we'll e'en be nane.

The woman who told the present writer the above story, firmly believing every word of it, declared that the last two lines of Sheelah's song were used by neighbours who disagreed, when she was a young girl, thus :

We may weel speak an' look,  
But friends we'll e'en be nane,

as the mermaid said to Ellen.

poor people call the well "holy" and make pilgrimages to it, and hang rags on the bushes around it, and bathe crippled limbs in it, and fetch the water home in bottles!

One cannot, alas! be clever all round. Suffice it to say that the working people are known to try its power when the doctor's science seems to have failed. We have known several instances of late years when the sick as a last chance sent to "Dooan well" for a bottle of the water. With surprised sorrow they confessed that the cure they so much trusted in availed not to help them.

The "unlucky person" is a most unhappy creature—perhaps the more so in that he is unconscious of his sad peculiarity until he is made aware of it by the timid avoidance of his neighbours.

Such a person ought not to go out of doors before he has eaten something, as his glance is most deadly and dangerous when he is fasting. It is not considered right for anybody—any stranger, that is to say—to enter a house and praise a child in it without first saying "God bless you for a bonnie wean," because the stranger might possibly be an "unlucky" man or woman, or might be possessed of the envious, or of the evil eye.

One of these unfortunates is known to us. He lives in a wildly beautiful corner of Donegal, where sea and mountain and natural wood can be seen from his cabin door. He has a greedy eye.

Not long ago a poor neighbour of his applied to a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county for a summons for him to appear at the next petty sessions to answer to the charge of "blinking" his horse, and causing it to fall in the plough.

"How did he make your horse fall?" asked the magistrate.

"He just blinked the beast, your honour. Sure, you know Matt Conlan is allowed to ha' the greedy eye?"

"What nonsense, Dillon! Did Conlan lay his hand upon your horse?"

"He did not, sir. He just stood at the gate o' the field an' looked steady for maybe five minutes at the horse, an' he staggered an' fell in the plough. Sure, your honour knows that Matt Conlan is allowed to ha' the greedy eye?"

"Stuff and nonsense, Dillon! You cannot have a summons for him."

The indignant man was beginning to repeat his charge for the third time, when the magistrate silenced him impatiently, and he turned away muttering that neither law nor justice was to be had in Ireland. Should this over-true tale meet the eye of a y educated reader who believes that departed friends may be c amunicated

with through spiritualistic mediums, let him not despise the poor Donegal farmer for superstition.

The mermaid is a more interesting figure than witch or wizard. Poetry loves to dwell upon the nymphs and Undines of stream and fountain. Lorelei of the Rhine has her siren spells, her mirror, her flowing yellow hair—

Sie kämmt es mit goldenem Kamme,  
Und singt ein Lied dabei.

We had our Lorelei in the Foyle, just where the river is broadest, about halfway between Derry and Strabane. The country on both sides is very fertile and excellently farmed—a beautiful valley, through which

Foyle runs down  
To his ancient town,  
Telling her walls  
Of their old renown.

The Lorelei was called Sheelah by the country-people. There used to be a flat stone near the water's edge, upon which a past generation declared they had seen the mermaid seated on summer evenings. People inhabiting certain cottages near the ruined castle of Montgavlin watched Sheelah unbind her hair.

A woman called Ellen MacDonnell went to the river's edge for water one evening, and out of wanton mischief overturned the mermaid's stone. Sheelah was not in sight at the time, so Ellen thought that only the wild duck, snipe, and plover saw her ill-natured deed.

But the very next day, when she returned home after a short absence, Sheelah was in the house bending over the cradle where the baby lay. While the mother darted screaming into the house, the mermaid, quick as thought, snatched up the child, tossed it upon the fire, and made good her retreat to the river, singing as she went—

When I think on my stane,  
An' you think on your wean,  
We may weel speak an' look,  
But freens we'll e'en be nane.

The woman who told the present writer the above story, firmly believing every word of it, declared that the last two lines of Sheelah's song were used by neighbours who disagreed, when she was a young girl, thus :

We may weel speak an' look,  
But friends we'll e'en be nane,

as the mermaid said to Ellen.

might be—for he prided himself on never catching cold. But he preferred walking about his house, going over for the thousandth time, or showing to a visitor, the treasures he had amassed during a long life of collecting, passing from the top to the bottom of his house, though in his old age he could not go either up or down stairs without the help of a servant. Pinkerton, the antiquary, who knew Walpole from 1784 till his death, and was a favourite with him, has described a day at Strawberry Hill, and his description is very interesting. He says, "Though he sat up very late, either writing or conversing, he generally rose about nine o'clock, and appeared in the breakfast-room, his constant and chosen apartment, with fine vistas towards the Thames." This was the bow-windowed room on the first floor, looking eastward across the Thames to the Ham meadows—which Walpole always particularly admired—and the trees of Richmond Park, and on one side the "town," as he calls it, of Twickenham, with its bend of the river looking like a miniature sea-harbour, on the other "a suburb of Kingston," that is, I have no doubt, the village of Ham. With this view before him, he took his breakfast. A fat little spaniel named Tonton, the legacy of Mme. du Deffand (of whom more by and by), came to the room with him and was placed on a sofa by his side. "The tea-kettle, stand, and heater," making up, I suppose, the urn, "were brought in, and he drank two or three cups of that liquor out of most rare and precious ancient porcelain of Japan, of a fine white embossed with large leaves. The account of his china cabinet, in his description of his villa, will show how rich he was in that elegant luxury." "Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large bason, and throw it out of the window for the squirrels, who, soon after, came down from the high trees to enjoy their allowance." At four o'clock he dined in what he called the "Refectory"—a large room at the north-east corner of the ground floor—or more often, especially in winter, in the small parlour, the bow-windowed room on the ground floor, facing the south and the garden. He was a very small eater, and confined himself to the lighter and more digestible kinds of food, and nearly always drank nothing but iced water from a decanter standing in a pail of ice under the table. He never sat over his wine after dinner, but at once rang the bell for coffee, which he took upstairs about five o'clock, and from that time till two in the morning he would often sit on the sofa, "in miscellaneous chit-chat, full of singular anecdotes, strokes of wit, and acute observations, occasionally sending for books or curiosities, or passing to the library, as any reference happened to

## HORACE WALPOLE.

THE year 1897 was the centenary of Horace Walpole's death. He died on March 2, 1797, not at his beloved "Strawberry," but at his house in Berkeley Square (now No. 11), to which he had moved in 1779 from that in Arlington Street, in which he had lived, at first with his father and afterwards alone, from his early youth. But he had been at Strawberry Hill near the end of 1796; his last letter from it is dated November 20. Just five years before he had succeeded his nephew as Earl of Orford, but had never taken his seat in the House of Lords. At his death he was in the eightieth year of his age, and had always been more or less of an invalid, having from his twenty-fifth year been a sufferer from gout in both feet and hands. In consequence he had never been an active man or given to any out-of-door pursuits. If we had lived at Twickenham or Teddington in those days, I do not think we should often have met him in the lanes or field-paths near his house. "Walking is not one of my excellences," he wrote to Lady Ossory in 1775. "In my best days Mr. Winnington said I tripped like a peewit, and if I do not flatter myself, my march at present is more like a dabchick's." Miss Hawkins, who was his neighbour, living at Twickenham House, gives her version of the same facts, when she says, "He always entered a room in that style of affected delicacy which fashion had then made almost natural; *chapeau bas* between his hands, as if he wished to compress it, or under his arm—knees bent, and feet on tip-toe, as if afraid of a wet floor." If we had seen him outside the precincts of Strawberry Hill, he would have been in his light-bodied chariot, with his English coachman and his Swiss valet on the box.

But if we had been persons with any pretensions to "quality," or, indeed, any of his humbler neighbours with whom he was on friendly terms, we should have been readily admitted within the gates of his "Gothic castle," and might have seen him walking in the grounds, always in slippers, however heavy the dew on the lawn, and without a hat or any overcoat or under waistcoat, however cold it



might be—for he prided himself on never catching cold. But he preferred walking about his house, going over for the thousandth time, or showing to a visitor, the treasures he had amassed during a long life of collecting, passing from the top to the bottom of his house, though in his old age he could not go either up or down stairs without the help of a servant. Pinkerton, the antiquary, who knew Walpole from 1784 till his death, and was a favourite with him, has described a day at Strawberry Hill, and his description is very interesting. He says, "Though he sat up very late, either writing or conversing, he generally rose about nine o'clock, and appeared in the breakfast-room, his constant and chosen apartment, with fine vistas towards the Thames." This was the bow-windowed room on the first floor, looking eastward across the Thames to the Ham meadows—which Walpole always particularly admired—and the trees of Richmond Park, and on one side the "town," as he calls it, of Twickenham, with its bend of the river looking like a miniature sea-harbour, on the other "a suburb of Kingston," that is, I have no doubt, the village of Ham. With this view before him, he took his breakfast. A fat little spaniel named Tonton, the legacy of Mme. du Deffand (of whom more by and by), came to the room with him and was placed on a sofa by his side. "The tea-kettle, stand, and heater," making up, I suppose, the urn, "were brought in, and he drank two or three cups of that liquor out of most rare and precious ancient porcelain of Japan, of a fine white embossed with large leaves. The account of his china cabinet, in his description of his villa, will show how rich he was in that elegant luxury." "Regularly after breakfast, in the summer season at least, Mr. Walpole used to mix bread and milk in a large bason, and throw it out of the window for the squirrels, who, soon after, came down from the high trees to enjoy their allowance." At four o'clock he dined in what he called the "Refectory"—a large room at the north-east corner of the ground floor—or more often, especially in winter, in the small parlour, the bow-windowed room on the ground floor, facing the south and the garden. He was a very small eater, and confined himself to the lighter and more digestible kinds of food, and nearly always drank nothing but iced water from a decanter standing in a pail of ice under the table. He never sat over his wine after dinner, but at once rang the bell for coffee, which he took upstairs about five o'clock, and from that time till two in the morning he would often sit on the sofa, "in miscellaneous chit-chat, full of singular anecdotes, strokes of wit, and acute observations, occasionally sending for books or curiosities, or passing to the library, as any reference happened to

arise in conversation. After his coffee he tasted nothing; but the snuff-box of *tabac d'étrennes* from Fribourg's was not forgotten."

When Horace Walpole died, he was, as I have said, in his eightieth year, having been born in September 1717. George I. had then been three years on the throne, and Sir Robert Walpole, Horace's father, had held an important position in the Ministry, but at the time of Horace's birth was for a time out of power, fortunate in being so the following year, which was that of the great South Sea crash. When George II. came to the throne, in June 1727 (when Horace Walpole was in his tenth year, and had just gone to Eton, having been before with a private tutor in Twickenham), his father became the principal Minister. Sir Robert was not a great speaker, or a man of any particular learning or information, but he was a sound financier and man of business, and a skilful debater, with a great knowledge of human nature, especially as seen in the House of Commons. For the next fifteen years he had the whole control of the Government.

He was, originally, a younger son of Sir Robert Walpole, of Houghton, in Norfolk, a baronet of a good old Norfolk family. With a view to qualifying himself for holding a family living, he was sent to Eton as a collegier, and in due course succeeded to King's College, Cambridge;<sup>1</sup> but his eldest brother dying in 1698, and his father in 1700, he succeeded, when twenty-four years old, to the estates, which were worth some £2,000 a year, gave up his intention of taking Orders, and in 1700 got elected member for his own borough of Castle Rising, and in 1702 for King's Lynn, which was also his property, for which he sat till he went out of office in 1742.

Horace Walpole was christened Horatio, after his father's brother who was a famous diplomatist, afterwards Lord Walpole; the name Horatio had been introduced into the Walpole family by the marriage of an ancestor, Sir Roger Townshend, with a daughter of Horace Lord Vere, of Tilbury; and from the Walpoles it passed to a still more famous Norfolk man, Horatio Nelson, whose grandmother was a niece of Sir Robert, the Prime Minister, and the elder Horatio. Our Horace thought Horatio a "theatrical" name, and preferred the English equivalent; though to be namesake to the

<sup>1</sup> The College still has two portraits of him, the only Prime Minister among her sons. When his elder brother's death made him heir to a landed estate exceeding in value a certain number of "marks," he was obliged by the College statutes to give up his Scholarship, and thus he never became a Fellow of the College.

loyal friend whom Hamlet "wore in his heart of heart" was surely nothing to be ashamed of.

The son of a powerful Minister in those days was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Horace was sent to Eton, where he seems to have led a happy, but not very energetic, life—he always disliked games or active exercise—and either there or at King's College, Cambridge, his father's college, where he was a fellow commoner, he made himself a very fair scholar in Latin and English, if not in Greek. At Eton he made many of the friends whom he clung to through all his life: his cousin Harry Conway, who became Marshal Conway, a good soldier and a very respectable politician, who held high office under Lord Rockingham and Lord Chatham—a cousin whom Horace Walpole loved so dearly that, when there was a difficulty about Conway marrying from want of means, he offered to share all his income with him; Lord Conway, Henry's elder brother, who was afterwards Earl of Hertford, Viceroy of Ireland, and Ambassador at Paris; George Montagu, a grand-nephew of the Earl of Halifax, who was afterwards member for Northampton and private secretary to Lord North; George Augustus Selwyn, the great humorist of his day, cousin in an older generation of another George Augustus Selwyn, a very different man, but also a humorist in his way, the first Bishop of New Zealand; Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, long English Minister at Dresden, famous as a writer of witty verses of society; Thomas Gray, the poet; West, also a poet, who translated Pindar, and would have been more famous if he had not died so young; and Ashton, who became a Master and Fellow of Eton, and held a living in the City. Walpole and Gray took the grand tour together, Walpole paying all expenses, but making it clearly understood that Gray was not a dependant, but his own master, free to stay with him or leave him as he thought proper. Walpole also, with remarkable generosity and without telling Gray, made a will leaving Gray heir to his property—I suppose to save Gray from the risk of being left without funds in a foreign land, supposing his friend and companion should die. The four friends—Walpole, Gray, West, and Ashton—had called themselves at Eton "the Quadruple Alliance," and Walpole laments, in his earliest letter preserved to us, the breaking-up of the Alliance by West going to Oxford, while the other three went to Cambridge.

A great deal has been said—perhaps more than was necessary—about the unlikeness of Horace Walpole to his father, and scandal was set afloat—a good deal, I am sorry to say, through the charming lady I lately spoke of in a paper about Lady Mary Wortley, Lady

Louisa Stuart, to the effect that Horace was not really the son of Sir Robert.<sup>1</sup> There is certainly a contrast between the burly and robust fox-hunting squire, coarse in his language and intemperate in his habits, whom his father had made drink more than was good for him in his boyhood, "on the ground that no son should be allowed to have enough of his senses to see that his father was tipsy," and the delicate and refined invalid, whom we have seen sipping his tea or his iced water, for whom "ladylike" seems the most appropriate epithet, whose chief delights consisted in collecting knick-knacks and hearing and repeating the *on dits* of Society. But many sons are not like their fathers in all things, and in the present case there were points of resemblance as well as contrast, such as a genuine interest in party politics, a belief in the articles of the Whig creed, which did not include any belief in the equality of men, and, more strikingly still, a love of art and good taste in judging works of art, which was a singular feature in a character such as that of Sir Robert. He had got about him at Houghton, his Norfolk seat, and also in his official residence in Downing Street, a really fine collection of pictures by the Old Masters, some of which Horace, during his stay in Italy, had been instrumental in collecting, and of which he compiled a catalogue, the "*Ædes Walpolianæ*," which may still be read with interest by all lovers of art. This famous collection was sold and dispersed by Sir Robert's grandson, the third Lord Orford, a spendthrift and an imbecile, many of the pictures being bought by the Empress Catherine of Russia. The fourth Lord Orford, our Horace, collected pictures also, as well as china and old furniture and stained glass, but he had not the means of replacing such a collection as his father had gathered. He was, however, not a poor man, for, as I have said, a Prime Minister's son in those days was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. It is astonishing to us nowadays to read of the wealth of sinecure offices that Sir Robert could bestow on his relations. His eldest son was, first, Clerk of the Pells, with a salary of £2,000 a year, and afterwards Auditor of the Exchequer, with the larger salary of £7,000 a year. This was the great prize among sinecure offices, and it lasted till our own time. I can remember many years ago having an interview with a gentleman of whom I was told by one of my friends, "That old fellow goes once a year in wig and gown into the Court of Exchequer

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Peter Cunningham, the accomplished editor of Horace Walpole's Letters, inclined to the belief that the scandal was true, and that Horace was really the son of Lord Hervey—not John Lord Hervey, the writer of the Memoirs and the enemy of Pope, but his elder brother, Carr.

and makes a bow, and for that he is paid £6,000 or £7,000 a year." When Lord Walpole received this office, his former office of Clerk of the Pells was passed on to Sir Robert's second son, Edward, who also, under his father's will, shared with Horace another office,<sup>1</sup> that of Collector in the Custom House, from which the latter received £1,400 a year, the former £400; but this office was held only for Edward's life, so that Horace lost a large slice of his income when his brother died. Besides this, Horace enjoyed three other patent places in the Exchequer. He was "Comptroller of the Pipe," "Clerk of the Estreats," and "Usher of the Exchequer." He told Conway, before his father's death—that is, before the £1,400 a year from the Collectorship of Customs came in—that his income from places was nearly £2,000 a year. After his father's death his income must have approached £4,000 a year (Letters, i. p. 314), and later, in the war time, it increased very largely, the Ushership, which was worth £900 originally, rising in one year to £4,200, and often exceeding £2,000. A very candid account of his income is given in a pamphlet written in 1782, which is to be found in vol. ii. of the collected edition of his works of 1798 (pp. 365 sqq.) All these offices he discharged by deputy, but their duties were probably not heavy. For instance, the Usher of the Exchequer had to provide the Court of Exchequer and the Treasury with pens, paper, penknives, and sealing-wax. It is probable that Sir Robert himself made some indirect gains, for his salary of £5,000 a year as First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, together with his patrimonial income, however much the latter may have increased during his time of office—that is, during practically the first half of the eighteenth century—could hardly have sufficed to meet the vast expense he incurred in rebuilding Houghton on a most magnificent scale, in purchasing pictures for at least £30,000, in addition to that of lavish hospitality and reckless household expenditure. Although when a young man he had been expelled from the House of Commons for allowing money to be received for a Government contract, this was done at a time when party spirit ran furiously high, and the transaction for which he was punished, though irregular and highly injurious to the public, was not severely condemned by public opinion, when, as was admitted in his case, the offender had not taken the bribe himself, but only winked at a friend taking it. He died poor, and with his estates heavily mortgaged.

<sup>1</sup> See Letters (Cunningham's edition), ii. p. 315; see also "Short Notes," *ibid.* i. p. lxiv.

No one will nowadays dream of justifying a system under which Horace Walpole, for performing no definite service to his country,<sup>1</sup> received a life income of some thousands a year from taxes or fees. He boasted that from the age of twenty-one he lived on his own income, and travelled at his own expense, and, as we have seen, he also paid Gray's travelling expenses. He was generous and magnificent in his tastes and ideas, and spent the income he received from sources in those days thought perfectly honourable,<sup>2</sup> not on riotous living or worthless parasites, but in ways that have given both instruction and pleasure to all the generations that have followed his own. He had a genius for collecting pictures, prints, statues, inscriptions, old books, engravings, coins, stained glass, china, and old curiosities. He never went over a great house—and he went over several nearly every August or September—without coveting something or other, often something impossible to carry away, such as a cloister or an arcade; no one ever broke oftener the Tenth Commandment. Things more movable than arcades or cloisters he was constantly able to buy, from impoverished owners or suppressed convents in Italy or Germany, or the Low Countries. His catalogue of the contents of Strawberry Hill is delightful reading to any one with the least touch of the collecting mania. But one form of collecting that was peculiar to him was that of his own letters. With several of his correspondents it was a regular understanding that they should return his letters to him, that he might collect and annotate them with a view to their future publication. And the letters deserved all his care; Macaulay, who had a very unfavourable, and in many respects unjust, opinion of Walpole, says of his writings generally, of which he thought the letters the best, that they "rank as high among the delicacies of intellectual epicures as the Strasbourg pies among the dishes described in the '*Almanach des Gourmands*.'" The edition of them in nine volumes by Peter Cunningham is one of the best edited and annotated books in our language. Some of the earliest letters are those he wrote from France and Italy, mostly to West, who was then a student in the Temple, but disliked the law, and was longing to go into the

<sup>1</sup> He says himself, with perfect candour, "I know no man who can plead fewer services to his country or less merit than I can." (*Works*, ii. p. 306.)

<sup>2</sup> He argues with some force that his income came from the same source as the rent-roll of most of the nobility—viz., the bounty of the Crown; the difference being that his came from fees paid by suitors, while theirs came from the plunder of the Church or confiscation of the property of political adversaries.

army, and who received letters also from Gray, so that he had the good fortune of being in correspondence with two of the best letter-writers of that or any age. We can read the letters of both friends, which, like all familiar accounts of travelling in a past age, are very interesting. Walpole's tour lasted two and a half years—from March 1739 till September 1741. They were in Paris from early in April till June, seeing a great deal of good company, both English and French; the next three months they spent at Rheims, where Henry Conway was with them, and perfected themselves in the French language; leaving this in September, they first kept Conway company to Geneva, where he was going to stay, paying a visit to the Grande Chartreuse on their way, and getting their first taste of Alpine travelling in the valleys thereabouts. After staying a week at Geneva, Gray and Walpole returned to Lyons, and there found a letter from Sir Robert Walpole desiring them to go on to Italy, instead of spending the winter, as they had intended, in the South of France. This was a great delight to Gray, who, for the first and only time in his life, was, during this visit, able to throw off the deep-rooted melancholy of his disposition. Their passage over the Mont Cenis early in November involved a good deal of hardship and some danger, as it always did in those days, when there were no mountain roads; there is a still more graphic account of the pass in Richardson's novel of Sir Charles Grandison. The passage of the two friends was signalled by a curious incident: Walpole's little black King Charles spaniel was carried off under their very eyes by a wolf; perhaps this misfortune—for Walpole was very fond of his pets—may have made him dwell more on the gloom of the rocks and snow than on their beauty, which he had much admired at the Chartreuse. From whatever cause, his description reflects the feelings of antiquity and the Middle Ages, when even Dante associated the Alps only with ideas of horror, while Gray is as enthusiastic as Wordsworth or Ruskin in his admiration of the scenery—"not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry;" but Gray, like Walpole, preferred the Chartreuse to the Mont Cenis. Gray is probably the first writer who has expressed enthusiastic admiration of mountain scenery. They reached Turin on November 7, and travelled on leisurely by Genoa, Piacenza, and Parma, till they crossed the Apennines to Florence on December 15. At Florence they stayed—except for a visit of a little more than three months to Rome, where they hoped to be present at the election of a Pope, but were

disappointed by the endless delays of the Conclave—till April 1741. There they studied art, Gray more as a serious student, and Walpole more as a dilettante, and saw a great deal of Italian society of a somewhat shady description; the reigning Grand Duke Francis of Lorraine, afterwards Emperor, Maria Theresa's husband, was non-resident, and his representatives, the Prince and Princess of Craon, were not persons of character or influence. But the most important result to Walpole of his long stay at Florence, a place he always afterwards looked back upon with affection, was his friendship commenced there with his namesake and distant relation, Sir Horace Mann, whom Sir R. Walpole had lately sent out to represent George II. at the Court of Tuscany. Mann was just the person to be envoy at a little Italian Court—an easy-going man, not scrupulously moral, but very amiable and careful in looking after the comfort of English visitors of quality. He stayed at Florence nearly fifty years, and died there, never even visiting his own country in the interval. His importance to us is that Walpole constituted himself Mann's English correspondent, and made it his duty to keep Mann informed of everything that went on in England, and everything that affected England in other countries. Mann returned the letters to Walpole, who arranged and annotated them, and they thus form to us a very complete chronicle of all that went on in England between 1741 and 1786—politics first and foremost, but a vast deal of the gossip of society also.

Another friend Walpole made at Florence was John Chute, an old Etonian, but sixteen years older than himself, who had spent many years in Italy, and become *Italianato*, or Italianised, though he by no means illustrated the truth of the proverb, *Inglese Italianato è diavolo incarnato*, but, on the contrary, was a very humane and courteous gentleman. In 1754 he succeeded, by an elder brother's death, to the Vyne, near Basingstoke, a good estate with a beautiful old house, still the property of his descendants. He became a friend and correspondent of both Walpole and Gray, and, when he returned to England, was Walpole's companion in some of those excursions to old castles or abbeys of which I have spoken. He was also Walpole's constant adviser and helper in the building and furnishing of Strawberry Hill.

From Florence, Gray and Walpole went to Bologna and Reggio; and at Reggio, as is well known, they quarrelled and parted. Neither of them ever published any account of the quarrel, and many false stories, discreditable to Walpole, were circulated in



society. Walpole, in a letter to Mason, Gray's biographer, in 1773, gave an account to be published after his death—Gray was already dead—in which he very handsomely took all the blame on himself. There was really very little blame due to any one; considering the reason in which they stood, combined with Gray's proud and sensitive temper, and the fact that, though both were scholars and dissenters, Gray was essentially a student, while Walpole had more of the man of fashion and society, it is wonderful that they kept friends so long. Travelling together has been the ruin of many friendships, but it was not permanently so in this case. Gray was very sore, and never admitted that the fault had been in any way his; but four or five years afterwards Walpole made overtures for a reconciliation, and took great trouble to bring it about, as we know from Gray's, but not from Walpole's own, letters. Walpole was always most generous in his admiration of Gray's poetry, and expended a great deal of trouble and money in bringing it before the public beautifully printed and illustrated. Gray was frequently at Strawberry Hill, and the graceful and delightful "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" referred to one of Walpole's pets; the china vase in which the pensive Selima was drowned was one of the best-known ornaments of Strawberry Hill, where it stood in the cloister between "the low monastic doorway and the hall of entrance." For the present Gray left Walpole behind at Reggio (where he shortly afterwards fell very ill of a quinsy, and his life was only saved by the kind nursing of Mr. Spence, the Oxford professor of poetry), and himself joined Mr. Chute and his nephew at Venice, coming home leisurely, and arriving only a week or two before Walpole, in September 1741.

Walpole's letters on his return are at first full of the events that led to his father's fall from power. He himself had a seat in the House of Commons for the Cornish borough of Callington. Early in 1742 Sir Robert was defeated in the House of Commons and resigned, being created by his successors Earl of Orford. Horace retired with his father to Houghton, where he was much bored by the society of fox-hunting and beef-eating Norfolk squires, but comforted by his father's great collection of pictures, and by the interest of bringing to England and adding to it a Madonna by Domenichino, which he had himself bought in Florence. When back in London there is always the opera and the stage, Ranelagh and Vauxhall to chronicle for Mann's benefit. He lived with his father in Arlington Street till March 1745, when Lord Orford died, just three years after his fall from power, and afterwards alone in the same house, which was bequeathed to him. The events of 1745 gave him much to chronicle—

first the English defeat by the French at Fontenoy, and then the invasion of the young Pretender. After the battle of Preston Pans things for a time looked serious for those so deeply committed as the Walpoles to the Hanoverian cause. Horace wrote to Montagu: "I shall wonderfully dislike being a loyal sufferer in a threadbare coat, and shivering in an ante-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. Will you ever write to me in my garret at Herrenhausen?" This does not look like serious uneasiness; but later things undoubtedly looked gloomy, and the victory of Culloden is hailed as a relief for which Walpole ever afterwards felt gratitude to the Duke of Cumberland. He was present at the trial of the rebel lords, Kilmarnock and Balmerino, for high treason, and gave a most interesting account of it to Mann; he did not go to their execution—or to that of Lord Lovat—but Chute and some of his Italian friends went to the latter, so that his account of that may be taken to come from eye-witnesses.

It was in June 1747 that he first came to Strawberry Hill; Pope had then been dead three years, so that the two most famous literary lights of Twickenham were not living there at the same time. In the autumn of 1746 Walpole had taken a small house—he calls it a "tub of £40 a year," comparing himself to Diogenes (Letters, ii. 59)—within the precincts of Windsor Castle, where he was near Gray at Stoke Pogis, and George Montagu, who was living in the town of Windsor; but after staying a few months there, he saw, and fell in love with, the "little new farm just out of Twickenham," which became the nucleus of his Gothic castle, or Gothic abbey (for it was something of both), of Strawberry Hill. It was leased at the time Walpole saw it by Mrs. Chenevix, who kept a famous toy-shop in Suffolk Street, Charing Cross; but it had been originally built by a retired coachman of Lord Bradford, probably that Lord Bradford who lived at Richmond House in Twickenham, and died in 1708. It had frequently been let, probably as summer lodgings, among others to Colley Cibber, the dramatist, a bishop (Talbot, of Durham), the Marquis of Caernarvon (son of the Duke of Chandos), and Lord John Sackville.<sup>2</sup> It was not yet called Strawberry Hill, but Walpole found in one of the title-deeds the name of "Strawberry Hill Shot" given to the site, and he wrote to Mann saying he had named his new house Strawberry Hill, "so pray never call it Twickenham

<sup>1</sup> September 17, 1745.

<sup>2</sup> Lord John, Walpole tells us, established games called "Cricketalia" in the meadow under his garden.

again." He soon made up his mind to buy the freehold, which required an Act of Parliament, and got five acres for £1,350—a high price for those days; to these he added, as soon as an opportunity offered, nine acres more, and then he began to lay out his garden and plant. Gradually the resolve to rebuild and enlarge the house grew up, and, characteristically enough, as soon as he had come to this resolution he wrote to ask Mann to pick up any odds and ends of painted glass he could get from disused castles or monasteries in Italy. He also seems to have begged some old stained glass from Cheneys of the Duke of Bedford.

For the next six years he saved up money for his building, and in 1753 began the enlargement of his Gothic castle. The work went on with great deliberation and with some long pauses, and was not finished till 1772. This, and the collection of all kinds of beautiful or curious things to put in it, the establishment of his printing-press, and the writing of books for it to print, furnished, with his systematic history of his own times in his letters to Mann and others, full and delightful employment for most of the remainder of his life. In his building and decoration he had the help of several of the most noted dilettanti of the day, such as Lord Edgewcombe, Gilly Williams, and George Selwyn, portraits of whom, sitting as a committee of taste on the plans, were painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and hung in the "Refectory" of Strawberry Hill. But a greater part was taken by two intimate friends, Chute, of the Vyne, whom I have before mentioned, who was an authority in mediæval church furniture and could design altars, niches, and holy-water basins, and also knew all about heraldry; and Richard Bentley, son of the famous scholar, the Master of Trinity, who was a very fair artist and drew the illustrations for Walpole's edition of Gray's six poems, the "Poemata Grayo-Bentleyana," as Walpole called it, which is one of the choicest illustrated books of the last century. The mediæval and ecclesiastical character of the building was sedulously kept up; as you entered, you passed a little oratory with a statue of a saint in a niche and an altar, beyond it a very little cloister. The entrance-hall was decked with long saints in lean arched windows, and with taper columns, "which we call the Paraclete, in memory of Eloisa's cloister" (Letters, ii. p. 327); from the entrance-hall you passed into the "Refectory," at the north-east corner of the house; far away to the south-west was a long cloister open to the garden.

Some of the chimney-pieces were copied from Gothic tombs, and many of the ceilings from those in Westminster Abbey, York, Salisbury, or St. Albans; in the garden was a tiny black chapel,

built to receive a painted window from Bexhill that Lord Ashburnham gave him, and a tomb from the church of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, sent him by Sir W. Hamilton. The ecclesiastical character of his house made many people speak of him in derision as the "Abbot of Teddington," but the saint to whom his chief devotion was paid was Mme. de Sévigné, whom he liked to call "Notre Dame de Livry." The abundance of stained glass<sup>1</sup> and the lowness of many of the rooms made the house no doubt a little gloomy, and its unsubstantial structure and mixture of the architecture and decoration of different periods have led later revivers of Gothic to speak contemptuously of Strawberry Hill as a kind of gingerbread Gothic, unworthy to be compared with the solid and massive buildings of the Middle Ages. Mr. Gosse speaks of the "gimcrack pinnacles" of Strawberry Hill, which is not, I think, meant to be complimentary, though "jim," which I suppose is identical with the first syllable of "gimcrack," is used in some verses I shall soon quote as equivalent to our modern *chic*. Walpole himself, in reply to a letter from Mann urging him to build his villa in the Grecian style, replied that if he were building a great house he would choose the Grecian style; but his cottage was to be a mere plaything, for which a fanciful mixture of arched windows and taper columns, cloisters and niches, was not inappropriate. In one sense his building and furnishing was a *jeu d'esprit*; but I think no one reading his letters can doubt that he really loved Gothic architecture, with its abundant wealth of details, its darkness and mystery, its ivy-grown and moss-grown decay, and took real pleasure in visiting old abbeys and manor-houses. And he was undoubtedly a pioneer of the revival, both in architecture and literature, of an interest in the Middle Ages; not only did he build Strawberry Hill, but he wrote "The Castle of Otranto." Sir Francis Palgrave, also a genuine lover of the Middle Ages, and one of those who have known its history most thoroughly, mentions Horace Walpole and Strawberry Hill as among the first signs of the Gothic revival that produced afterwards so much of Sir Walter Scott's fiction, a good deal of Victor Hugo's, the Oxford movement in theology, and has covered our own country chiefly, but other countries also to a certain extent,<sup>2</sup> with a vast number of costly

<sup>1</sup> "I have amassed such quantities of painted glass," Walpole wrote soon after he had gone to Strawberry Hill, "that every window in my castle will be illuminated with it."

<sup>2</sup> The completion of Cologne Cathedral and the restoration of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris have been effects in Germany and France of the same movement of feeling.

churches and dwelling-houses in a style that Sir Christopher Wren and his contemporaries would have thought unworthy of the notice of any person of intelligence. The particular part of this work that Walpole did, and did well, was to make Gothic architecture fashionable; and it should make us look on Strawberry Hill with more interest, if we reflect that it and its builder bore an early and important part in the revolution of sentiment that has resulted in substituting a religious care of our great mediæval churches and cathedrals for the neglect they had suffered ever since the time of the Reformation.

All the world flocked to see Strawberry Hill, one of the earliest being the Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden. In 1763 Walpole speaks of himself as "keeping an inn—the sign the Gothic castle," and advises Montagu, "Never build a charming house for yourself between London and Hampton Court; everybody will live in it but you." Here is a pretty little picture of an entertainment he gave in 1764 to the French and Spanish Ambassadors and other distinguished guests—a scene such as one sees in Watteau's pictures: "During dinner there were French horns and clarionets in the cloisters," and after coffee "a syllabub milked under the cows that were brought to the brow of the terrace. Thence they went to the printing-house, and saw a new fashionable French song printed. They drank tea in the gallery, and at eight went away to Vauxhall."

So long as this flood of visitors consisted of only his own friends and persons of the highest fashion, it was delightful enough. But when the outer world began to talk of his villa and to wish to see it, he was bored. He made regulations that only one party a day, and that not of more than four persons, should see it, and no children might be of the party. When the crowd became unusually great, he retreated to what he called "the Flower Garden" across the road—that is, to what was the kitchen garden in Lady Waldegrave's time, in which stood once a cottage inhabited by Francklin, the printer of the *Craftsman*, the magazine that had been the organ of Lord Chesterfield and Pulteney, the bitterest enemies of Sir Robert when he was Prime Minister.<sup>1</sup> Horace Walpole was pleased with the notion that one of his father's chief enemies was now his tenant, while Pulteney—at this time Earl of Bath—was his excellent friend, and joined with him in writing the pretty song in which the charms

<sup>1</sup> This cottage Walpole pulled down, and built in its place the picturesque little building with high-pitched thatch and Gothic windows that we now know; in this he had a tea-room and a small library, in which he kept the books relating to his father's times.

of Strawberry are celebrated. The lines are well known, but they deserve to be quoted here :—

Some cry up Gunnersbury,  
For Sion some declare ;  
And some say that with Chiswick House  
No villa can compare ;  
But ask the beaux of Middlesex,  
Who know the country well,  
If Strawb'ry Hill, if Strawb'ry Hill  
Don't bear away the bell ?

Some love to roll down Greenwich Hill  
For this thing and for that ;  
And some prefer sweet Marble Hill,  
Tho' sure 'tis somewhat flat ;  
Yet Marble Hill and Greenwich Hill,  
If Kitty Clive can tell,  
From Strawb'ry Hill, from Strawb'ry Hill  
Will never bear the bell.

Though Surrey boasts its Oatlands,  
And Clermont kept so jim,<sup>1</sup>  
And some prefer sweet Southcotes,  
'Tis but a dainty whim ;  
For ask the gallant Bristow,  
Who does in taste excell,  
If Strawb'ry Hill, if Strawb'ry Hill  
Don't bear away the bell.

Since Denham sung of Cooper's,  
There's scarce a hill around,  
But what in song or ditty  
Is turn'd to fairy-ground.  
Ah ! peace be with their memories,  
I wish them wondrous well,  
But Strawb'ry Hill, but Strawb'ry Hill,  
Must bear away the bell.

Great William lives at Windsor,  
As Edward did of old,  
And many a Gaul and many a Scot  
Have found him full as bold.  
On lofty hills like Windsor  
Such heroes ought to dwell,  
Yet little folks like Strawb'ry Hill,  
Like Strawb'ry Hill as well.

Great William is, of course, the Duke of Cumberland, who had been as formidable to the Scots as Edward I., the hammer of the Scots. "The gallant Bristow, who does in taste excell," was a Clerk

<sup>1</sup> "Jim" is recognised in Johnson's Dictionary (where it is spelt "gim") as an old word meaning "neat" or "spruce."

in Chancery, and a friend of Lord Bath. Most of the places mentioned are familiar to us, except perhaps Southcote's, which was Philip Southcote's *ferme ornée*, at Woburn, between Weybridge and Chertsey, which is mentioned in Walpole's "Essay on Gardening" as the best specimen of that kind of country-house. It still exists, but has been much altered.

I have referred once or twice already to the Strawberry Hill printing press, which in 1757 Walpole set up in a house in the garden, the "Officina Arbuteana," as he was fond of calling it. He first employed as printer an Irishman named Robinson, who had remarkable eyes, that Garrick envied as "more Richard the Third's than Garrick's own," and the taste for flowery composition that often distinguishes his countrymen. But Walpole soon quarrelled with him, and appointed a man named Kirgate, of whom we know less, but who kept his place for the rest of Walpole's life. The first book printed was a thin quarto, containing Gray's two great odes, "The Bard" and "The Progress of Poesy." Walpole wrote to Chute, "I found Gray in town last week; he had brought his two odes to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands," and to Mann, "I send you two copies of a very honourable opening of my press—two amazing odes of Mr. Gray; they are Greek, they are Pindaric, they are sublime, consequently, I fear, a little obscure." Of the other books printed here I need only mention Walpole's own—his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors;" "Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose," one of which is the Parish Register of Twickenham, printed in all local histories; "Anecdotes of Painting in England," to which is added the "History of the Modern Taste in Gardening;" "The Mysterious Mother," a tragedy; "A Description of Strawberry Hill," "An Essay on Modern Gardening," "Hieroglyphic Tales," and a "Letter to the Editor of the Miscellanies of Thomas Chatterton." Of some of these I may have something to say later. The list does not include two of the best known of his writings, "The Castle of Otranto," and the "Historic Doubts as to Richard III." The latter was printed when Walpole was absent in France, and probably he did not care to trust Kirgate to print without his own supervision. The former was at first anonymous, and pretended to be translated from an old black-letter original of the sixteenth century found at Naples, and Walpole no doubt intended to conceal his connection with it, which printing it at Strawberry Hill would have revealed. Such a mystification was very consistent with his character, as was the paradox of defending Richard III. from the charges all historians have brought against

him. He very soon acknowledged the authorship of the romance, and gave up, in reply to criticisms, most of the details of his defence of Richard. He always rather affected to make light of his literary work, as if the writing of books was a thing that a man of fashion might be ashamed of, or at least treat *de haut en bas*. He is fond of saying how short a time he took over the work of composition; of "The Castle of Otranto" he says, "Shall I confess to you what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning, in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which all I could recover was, that I had thought I was in an ancient castle (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with Gothic story), and that on the uppermost banister of a great staircase I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph." We must probably take this, and similar statements as to other writings, *cum grano*. The romance is skilfully constructed, and was read with great interest at the time, and really made something of an epoch, bringing into fashion the ideas of chivalry that Don Quixote had laughed out of existence, and setting an example that was followed by Sir Walter Scott, just as in architecture Strawberry Hill had paved the way for Pugin and Ruskin. At Cambridge Gray says, "It makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights." And Walter Scott, writing some years after Walpole's death, gives his romance very warm praise, saying that the framework and accessories of the story are such as to put the reader in the frame of mind of one who is passing a solitary night in an ancient mansion amid "the gigantic and preposterous figures dimly visible in the defaced tapestry, the remote clang of the distant doors which divide him from living society, the dimly seen pictures of ancient knights, the varied and indistinct sounds which disturb the silent desolation of a half-deserted mansion"—a frame of mind that is ready to feel the full effect of superstitious fears. To produce such a state of mind as well as "The Castle of Otranto" has done it was "a task which required no little learning, no ordinary degree of fancy, no common portion of genius." This is high praise from a master in the same kind of fiction. Walpole's other attempt at



found to lack some tragedy of the "Mysterious Mother," was, as we are told of burlesques that he did not venture to put it on the stage, and it was pronounced by Byron to be a tragedy of the highest order and by Walter Scott to be "horribly impressive, but disgusting." Miss Burney and she shuddered at its very name, while the never Lady Dr. Beaufort, a neighbour of Walpole's at Little Marlow Hill illustrated it by a series of pictures "in soot-water," which had a distinguished place in the cabinet adjoining the great round tower at Strawberry Hill.

Walpole himself told Maria in Bedford that "The Castle of Otranto" was the only one of his works with which he was himself pleased, because in it he had given the reins to his imagination, and he anticipated that in the future, when taste should have improved it would be popular. Probably it was not due to mere elegant trifling, as he professed, but had taken a good deal of time and thought. His "Royal and Noble Authors" and his "Anecdotes of Painting" are both works of a great deal of research that must have required great industry. His "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of George II.," published posthumously in 1822 in accordance with elaborate and minute directions left by him for his executors, have received very warm praise from Carlyle, "almost the one original English book yet written on those times . . . burning like a small steady light there, shining faithfully if stingily on the evil and the good." He is "an irrefragable authority on English points, and—in regard to foreign—he has read the best documents accessible, has conversed with select ambassadors, and has informed himself to a degree far beyond most of his contemporaries. We may thank Walpole that Pitt is not dumb to us—very curious little scratchings and etchings those of Walpole—hasty pen-and-ink outlines—which yield you a conceivable notion of what and how excellent those Pitt speeches may have been—airy, winged like arrow-flights of Phœbus Apollo." This praise is, I think, very well deserved, and a similar panegyric might be bestowed on his letters; his information was always that of a man moving in high political society, and, but for a dislike of enthusiasm, impartial, written down at the moment when the impression on his mind was fresh.

On these letters his main fame must rest, and I can imagine no pleasanter employment for leisure moments than dipping into

<sup>1</sup> She was then the widow of Johnson's friend, Topham B. previously been divorced from Lord Bolingbroke. She is the famous uncomplimentary saying of Johnson (Boswell, ii. 231).

them casually anywhere. Besides the history and politics, and the social interests of the day, you will find a good deal of scandal and gossip, but Walpole is not a man who delights in unsavoury subjects. I cannot attempt to give any kind of account of the nine ample volumes of these, but before concluding I must say something of some of the friends to whom many of the letters of his later years were written—a great number of whom were ladies.

First among these we must certainly rank Mme. du Deffand, a very great French lady indeed, whose acquaintance he made in the autumn of 1765, when he went to Paris for the first time since he had gone thither with Gray and Conway in 1739. He was treated with great distinction in the best society there, and among other places was taken to Mme. du Deffand's salon, where very distinguished company in respect of both fashion and intellect was to be met with. She was at this time sixty-eight years old, and had lately become blind. Walpole at first described her disrespectfully, but not altogether incorrectly, as "an old blind debauchee of wit." In no other time or country perhaps could a lady with such a past have held a leading place in society. I need not go into details—a convent education that had disagreed with her and made her an unbeliever, a loveless marriage, followed by a separation, many affairs of gallantry, but no affair of the heart;<sup>1</sup> she had become a brilliant leader of society, a charming talker, the best letter-writer since Mme. de Sévigné, always sensible and always cold; she had feared nothing so much as *ennui*, and now, when old age was in prospect, she had become blind. What an outlook for a cynical woman who could never believe that any one cared for her, who on her death-bed, when her secretary burst into tears in reading the letter of farewell to Walpole that he had just written for her, said in *naïf* astonishment—"What? you love me then?"<sup>2</sup> Walpole's introduction to her, his interest in her conversation, and the charm of his own, broke like sunshine into her life and introduced into it for the first time a dash of sentiment and romance. Her affection, however flattering, became in time embarrassing to Walpole; she had retained all the energy and restlessness of youth, and the long and late hours of Parisian dissipation could not fatigue her. "She retains," Walpole wrote of her to Gray, "all

<sup>1</sup> She had been at one time the recognised mistress of the Regent Orleans; at the time I am now speaking of the old President Hénault lived in her house, but more perhaps in the character of tame-cat than of lover.

<sup>2</sup> Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi*, i. p. 431.

her vivacity, wit, memory, judgment, passions, and agreeableness. She goes to operas, plays, suppers, and Versailles; gives suppers twice a week; has everything new read to her; makes new songs and epigrams, ay admirably, and remembers every one that has been made these fourscore years. She corresponds with Voltaire, dictates charming letters to him, contradicts him, is no bigot to him or anybody, and laughs both at the clergy and the philosophers. . . . As she can have no amusement but conversation, the least solitude and *ennui* are insupportable to her." In another letter he says: "If we come back at one in the morning from a supper in the country, she will propose to take a turn on the boulevards or to the fair, because it is too early to go to bed. I had great trouble last night to persuade her, although she was not well, not to sit up till two or three for the comet; for she had, with this object, told an astronomer to bring his telescope to President Hénault's, in the idea that this would amuse me." It was bad enough to be obliged to keep such late hours, but it was far worse, for a man so nervously afraid of ridicule as Walpole, to think of what the backbiting world of London and Paris would say. Although, as Sainte-Beuve says, the sudden enthusiasm of her childless old age might be looked upon as a kind of maternal tenderness that had never had its object, a *tendresse d'adoption*, people like Selwyn and Gilly Williams and their likes in Paris would make endless fun of the blind old woman falling in love with the middle-aged cynic and fine gentleman of Strawberry Hill. This fear made him no doubt treat Mme. du Deffand with a certain amount of coldness, for which he has been blamed; but he never ceased to admire her talents and be grateful for her kindness, and on her death took over as a legacy from her the little pet dog I have already mentioned—he was always ready to add to his pet animals—while portraits of her cats also figured in the catalogue of the Strawberry Hill Gallery.

Of his other lady friends there were Lady Suffolk, his neighbour at Marble Hill, another royal mistress, the lady whom Jeanie Deans unintentionally puts out of countenance by referring to the breach of the Seventh Commandment, the Countess of Ossory and Lady Di Beauclerk—both ladies who had been divorced. I fear my list has not begun altogether well. But there are others of unspotted reputation, Lady Ailesbury, General Conway's wife, widow of an Earl of Ailesbury and daughter of John Duke of Argyll, and it is of interest to remember that she was one of the sprightly young ladies in the "Heart of Midlothian" who rally their father about his defeat

at Sherrifmuir; Kitty Clive, the actress, whose "blameless life" is proclaimed by the tablet outside the chancel wall of Twickenham Church, with whom Walpole did not correspond, because she lived at Little Strawberry Hill, just at the bottom of his garden, but whom he constantly saw and speaks of, and seems to have liked quite as well as any of his fine lady friends;<sup>1</sup> and towards the end of his life three young ladies, Hannah More and Mary and Agnes Berry, of whom something more must be said.

Hannah More, when she became acquainted with Walpole in 1781, was thirty-six years old. From the portrait of her in the fifth volume of Walpole's collected works, she must have had a very intelligent and charming face. She belonged to the middle class, and had earned her living by keeping with her sisters a very successful school at Bristol. She had written one or two books that had been popular, especially a poem describing the Club of Bas-Bleus, established by Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Chapone, and a number of other literary ladies, of which she was a member. She had been a great friend of the Garricks, and often stayed with them at Hampton, and it may have been there that she made Walpole's acquaintance. She was also a friend of Dr. Johnson and had corresponded with him, each flattering the other outrageously. In 1787 she came under the influence of John Newton, the Evangelical leader, Cowper's friend, became more serious—she had never been an irreligious person—and gave up theatre-going and gay London society. She was one of the first founders of Sunday schools, and spent much time and money in circulating her "Village Politics" and other cheap and improving literature among the poor in the troubled times of the French Revolution and the great war. She was also concerned with Wilberforce in the agitation against the slave trade. Walpole's letters to her, which began in 1784, are charmingly paternal—one in which he refers to his printing of her "Bishop Bonner's Ghost" at Strawberry Hill gives a really delightful picture of his happy and grateful old age—he was then seventy-two. In another he speaks of his succession to his peerage as "the empty metamorphosis that has happened to the outward man—it is being called names in one's old age;" and in another of 1793 he speaks with much feeling of the horrors of the French Revolution. His letters to her show that on several occasions he helped liberally

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Clive was through much of her theatrical life the associate and friend of Garrick. Her line was low comedy, and it is curious to read of her that she made Portia in the "Merchant of Venice" a low comedy part, by taking off the manner and tricks of the chief Old Bailey counsel of the day.

from his purse the good works in which she was concerned. They are as full of persiflage as his other letters, but he is very careful to avoid anything that could jar on her strict religious notions.

The Misses Berry came with their father to live at Twickenham in 1788, and about the same time made Walpole's acquaintance in London. Their father was a man of small fortune and no profession, who had expected to inherit a large Scotch property from his uncle Fergusson of Raith, but had been disappointed, his uncle cutting him out of his will because he first married a poor wife, and, when she died, refused to repair his mistake by marrying a rich second wife. The daughters, who were quite young, were pretty and clever. They had educated themselves at their first home in Yorkshire, and then had spent a year or two travelling, spoke French well—which was an accomplishment by which Walpole set great store—were well up in English and foreign literature; Mary, the elder and cleverer, was a Latin scholar, and Agnes, the younger, drew and painted. Walpole had heard so much in their praise that he was prepared to dislike them; but after sitting next Mary in a very small company he found her an "angel both inside and out. Her face is formed for a sentimental novel, but it is ten times fitter for a fifty times better thing—genteel comedy." Of both sisters he wrote to Lady Ossory: "They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing, is so easy and agreeable as their conversation. . . . They are of pleasing figures: Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is more interesting from her being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable, sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. . . . I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons." His opinion, he says, was shared by all who knew them, and it was confirmed by the affection and respect they enjoyed through their long lives, not only in England, but in all the best society of Europe. No names figure more frequently in the Memoirs of the first half of this century, and there is a very pleasing account of them to be found in Lord Houghton's "Monographs." They lived together unmarried—each had had a disappointment in early life—all their lives, and died both in the same year, 1852, in extreme old age, but retaining to the last, in Lord Houghton's words, "not only the clearness of the head, but the brightness of the heart." They are buried in Petersham Churchyard, near another

great lady of the following generation, Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury.

From the autumn of 1788, when their father for a time took a house on Twickenham Common, till Walpole's death, the Berry family were more to him than all his other friends. When at Twickenham or at Teddington they spent every Sunday evening at Strawberry Hill, and when absent they received long and anxious letters from the old man. He busied himself in finding houses for them, and reproaches himself once bitterly for having let Lady Dudley's house "in my own lane" slip through his fingers when he might have secured it for them. At length, in 1791, he was able to establish them in Little Strawberry Hill, where Mrs. Clive had lived till her death in 1785, and which he was fond of calling, from her, "Cliveden." This house, with its garden and meadow, he left to the Misses Berry for their life. It has been often said of Horace Walpole that he had two love-affairs in his life—once when a lady old enough to be his mother fell in love with him, and once when he fell in love with a lady young enough to be his granddaughter. This epigram was not absolutely true, either in the case of Mme. du Deffand or in that of Miss Berry. He used to write to both sisters (there is safety in plurality in such matters) as his twin wives, and call himself their paternal lover, and it is probable that not long before his death he thought of marrying Mary Berry, only in order that he might provide for her as his widow by a charge on the Orford estates; but he was always nervously sensitive to ridicule, and would never have ventured, in the face of his many cynical friends, to appear at seventy-two as the lover of a lady of twenty-five. Nor would Miss Berry for worlds have done anything that could have been justly called mercenary, added to which she was at this time, or very soon after, engaged, with Walpole's full knowledge and approval, to a certain handsome General O'Hara, who in the end cast her off. What is certain is that the acquaintance of these charming and sensible girls did much to cheer the last years of the old man's life, while his friendship did a great deal towards securing for them the unique social position they enjoyed.

When Macaulay in 1833 reviewed Lord Dover's edition of Walpole's letters and treated Walpole very unmercifully, he rather expected that Miss Berry would cut him. She did not do this, but she wrote a pathetic defence of her old friend. The conviction that the reviewer had written in ignorance "a character so offensively unlike the original," she wrote, "has forced the pen into the feeble and failing hand of the writer of these pages"—she was then over seventy.

She admits the justice, as I think we all may, of Macaulay's epigram, that "serious business was a trifle to him, and trifles were his serious business;" but we may concede this and also that there was a great deal of affectation in his character (which Miss Berry will not admit), without altogether withholding our esteem and admiration. Thank God, every one is not bound to be an earnest Liberal politician; there is some room for scholars and dilettantes and persons of taste. Walpole was in the House of Commons from 1741 till 1768, with one interval in 1757, when he took the Chiltern Hundreds in order to change from one rotten borough to another. During these twenty-seven years he is said to have spoken only once, and that in defence of his father—a speech which was handsomely complimented by the great Lord Chatham, who was then still in the House of Commons. The only other event of his time about which he was really moved was the execution of Admiral Byng, which happened in 1757, in the interval when he had not a seat; but he was in the gallery of the house during the discussion, and was most vigorous and zealous in urging all his friends to save an innocent man. Most of the politics of his time, during the ministries of Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle, were such as a sensible man might well be indifferent to; they were, in fact, just as much trifling as the collecting of painted glass or statues for Strawberry Hill. In his father's time politics were serious; if the Stuarts had been restored in 1715, Sir Robert would certainly have lost his head; but in 1745, when the Hanoverians had been in quiet possession for thirty years, even if the Pretender had won back the kingdom, Horace Walpole could safely treat as a joke the prospect of his being exiled to Herrenhausen. In the French Revolution time things again became serious, though even then Charles Fox was hardly in earnest.

Walpole was a very clever man, of much learning and, on the whole, exquisite taste. Macaulay is very severe on his neglect of Johnson and Richardson and Fielding in England, of Voltaire and Rousseau in France; while his admiration for inferior writers, like Crébillon *filis* in French and Sir C. Hanbury Williams in English, was unbounded. But it is conceivable that a scholar who was also a very fine gentleman may have thought Johnson rude, Richardson vulgar (as Lady Mary Wortley did), and Fielding coarse. There is some merit in high polish. And Walpole's admiration for Gray—the greatest poet of his century—his enthusiasm for Mme. de Sévigné and Grammont may atone for some errors of his taste. Gray, like him, was enthusiastic about Crébillon. Another thing that has been said against Walpole—not, I think, by Macaulay—is that he never

really cared for any friend who was not an aristocrat, and it has been illustrated by the precarious nature of his relations with Gray. But I have no doubt that what Walpole said of Gray was true: "He is the worst company in the world. From a melancholy turn, from living reclusely, and from a little too much dignity, he never converses easily; all his words are measured and chosen and formed into sentences; his writings are admirable, he himself is not agreeable." In the reconciliation with Gray,<sup>1</sup> Walpole seems to have shown great forbearance, and he always spoke of Gray as immeasurably his superior. His regard for Mrs. Clive also shows that he cared more for good sense than for birth or fashion.

Walpole seems to me to have been an amiable man, with a great capacity for friendship, but with a feminine sensitiveness and a too fastidious taste, which made him intolerant of much that he might well have respected. His affection for his mother and his loyalty to his father were conspicuous; he took infinite trouble in getting carved in Italy the beautiful monument to his mother, which is still one of the ornaments of Henry VII.'s chapel; but when it was put up he had not courage to venture alone among the Westminster boys at the abbey to see it. At Cambridge he and Gray were looked upon as milksops, because they drank tea for their breakfast when all the rest of the University drank beer; in Norfolk Walpole shrank nervously from the great eaters and drinkers among the country gentlemen and ladies, and vows he fears they will fall upon and carve one another; when he goes to stay with George Montagu in Northamptonshire he is horrified at a neighbour, who comes to a meet of hounds after breakfast, drinking so potent a cordial as—negus. We may admit that he had not the making of a Cromwell or a Falkland in him; but fortunately his lot fell in quiet times, and he was enabled to pass through life neither uselessly nor ingloriously in the learned and elegant refinement of Strawberry Hill.

F. C. HODGSON.

<sup>1</sup> Gray, on the other hand, was very unwilling to believe in Walpole's sincerity. See his letter to Wharton, at p. 123 of vol. ii. of Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray.



*PETER ON COOKERY LESSONS.*

“**D**ID us ever have a course o’ cookery lessons in our village?”  
 ‘Ess, us did, an’ it come ‘bout in this way. One day, jest as us was to dinner, Miss Barks, th’ district lady, her comes in.

Now I don’t like volks trapsin’ in o’ meal times; ‘tis one o’ they things I can’t abide; all th’ same us couldn’t order she out! Howsomever, to make my story short, her tells us there’s to be a class up to skule once a week, to teach th’ women volks an’ maidens how to cook th’ vittles.

“An’ a good thing too,” says I; “for tho’ I’ll back my missis here ‘gainst all th’ world for tatey parsties, squab pies, or Irish stews, there aint many in this village as knows how to make their men volks’ vittles toothsome an’ raylishin’, so I tell ‘ee plain.”

I must tell ‘ee my missis’ volks come from Cornwall; they’re famous for pies there, everything goes into pies or parsties in they parts, an’ I’ve heard granfeytheer tell, as th’ rayson th’ Cornish be so pious, ‘tis cos th’ Devil hisself won’t go anigh there for fear o’ bein’ put into a pie! But, as I was sayin’ in this place ‘tis nothin’ but th’ fryin’ pan week in an’ week out. La! how ‘ee do hear th’ fizzlin’ in every house when they be gettin’ th’ men’s suppers o’ nights!

O’ course our Tryphee wanted to go—(her does dressmakin’ to home, an’ helps mother). But my Betsy didn’t seem to feggie to it; her didn’t seem to see th’ sense o’ it like, till I sez:

“Bless ‘ee, mother, ‘twon’t harm the maide; ‘twill be a bit o’ outin’ for she, an’ won’t cost any.” For my old ‘ooman be one o’ th’ savin’ sort, an’ likes to see her pen’north for her penny, as th’ sayin’ is; an’ so her said as Tryphee might go to these ‘ere lessons, an’ it were amoosin’ to see our lass makin’ herself big pin-be-fores, wi’ sleeves too! for this ‘ere cookery “course,” an’ her promised to make us jest ‘bout toothsome vittles when her had learnt all—why th’ very names o’ th’ “dishes,” as ‘em called ‘em, was enuff to puzzle ‘ee.

“Will they tell ‘ee how to make a toad-in-th’-hole or a sjetty puddin’ as is light?” asks my missis, for *her* suetty puddin’s never lays heavy on th’ stummick, I must say.

Well, mother an' me waited to see how th' mäide got on ; so th' night her come home from th' fust lessons, I sez, quiet like, givin' a sly look at my old 'ooman to keep still a bit :

"Aye, then, what have 'ee learnt, my gal?"

"Oh," her sez, "it's wonderful what volks want to cook properly ; not saucepans like ours"—cockin' up her nose to where ours was set up on th' shelf, clean an' shiny enuff to make your head up in 'em ; "there's ban-marys, sottie-pans——"

"Somethin' drinky they !" puts in I.

"Sally-manders," goes on Tryphee wi' a flourish ; "oh, an' lots o' things we've never heard tell on."

"Then if 'ee cooks vittles for thee feythur an' I, 'ee 'l have to do wi'out that nonsense," sez my missis, whose a bit proud o' her cookery, as well her may be, as I've said afore ; an' her didn't fancy th' way our gal was turnin' up her nose at th' home-things. But Tryphee didn't see as her mother was gettin' a bit wroth, so on her goes full tilt.

"An' th' lady sez us should allers use th' best butter, an' plenty o' eggs."

"I s'pose her thinks eggs cost nothin'," sez my Betsy ; "bless th' 'ooman, th' vowls do if th' eggs don't ! I'm thinkin' her ——"

"Steady, steady, mother," sez I ; "th' teacher's ways mayn't be ours ; all th' same, lets hear what us can o' these new-fangled notions."

So on goes Tryphee, "teachin' her granny to suck eggs," as th' sayin' is, an' by-'m-bye her takes a book her had bought at th' class. 'Twere called "Cookery made Easy and Economical" (which means cheap), an' her sez :

"Listen to this recipe, mother ; here's a bootiful cake ! I might experiment wi' this, an' 'twould be jest 'bout nice for uncle Jim when he comes next White-Monday ;" an' her reads out :

"An excellent cake—Cream,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. of butter,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. sugar, twelve eggs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. flour, half-ounce each nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon, allspice, 2 lbs. each of raisins, currants, chopped, half-pound each of citron and other candied fruit. Add one cup of wine and one of brandy. Steam the cake two hours, then bake one hour."<sup>1</sup>

When her stopped readin' I turned round to ask the missis, what her thought o' this sort o' cake, an' her face were a sight to see, I tell 'ee, her were that wroth !"

"Now look 'ere, our Tryphee ! Don't 'ee dare to try they 'speriments to home ; if 'ee fills th' chillern's stummicks wi' that muck

<sup>1</sup> A fact—recip: copied from book.

thee't ruin thee feythur wi' doctor's stuff, an' coffins for th' whole of 'em! Jest fancy th' waste too! did ever 'ee hear tell? twelve eggs, let alone th' two pounds o' this and th' two pounds o' that! An' then th' vool's sense on it, to steam th' nasty trash for two hours. Did ever 'ee hear tell o' steamin' a cake? Why not call it a puddin' at once, an' a done wi' it? An' arter th' blessed muck a been steamed, to bake it only one hour! All I sezs is, that they volks as wrote that there," pointin' to th' book disdainful like, "ought to be made to eat th' stuff theirselves, an' find out ow' it'll suit their insides."

Secin' as her were real upset by th' rubbidge, I made signs to our Tryphee to put th' book aside, cos I ne'er will have th' mother put out if I can help. So us said no more 'bout they cookery lessons, not as us stopped our gal from goin' to them, for maidens wants a change. I take it that it's good for young volks.

'Twas 'bout this time that cousin Benjamin come from Astraley, cos I mind as how th' harvest was 'bout over. He'd gone to furrin parts years agoone when quite a lad as 'ee may say, but it seems he hankered to see England agin avore he died, an' all his kinsvolk as was livin', which was only nat'ral I take it. So home he comes, an' he brought his missis, for he'd a married out there, an' brought up a vam'ly too! Ben an' me had been boys together, so one day us hires Winsham's cart, an' I drives th' missis to Chaffstock to cousin Jim's (as is his brother), to give him welcome home, as 'ee may be sure, an' as it's some ways off, it took us th' whole day; then—us doesn't often have a holiday.

I shouldn't have known Ben; why, if his old mother had been alive I doubt if she'd a said it were her own child, he were that altered. Forty years he'd been in Astraley, an' time do change volks; aye, he were that brown an' stodgy, sure-ly 'twas marvellous! His good 'ooman had been born an' bred out there; her was a white pusson, which some-what surprised I, for us allers thought that in they parts them was black as niggers, but our Tryphee sezs them's white, like us; her learnt that at skule, so arter all book learnin' do teach summat.

Us had a real pleasant day to Jim's; an' Ben he were glad to see us, an' to'd us how he'd got on out there, an' many queer tales o' his ups an' downs, tho' now he's doin' well an' savin' money. An' his missis was as nice a body as 'ee'd wish to see; 'twas amoosin' to mark how th' women volks—Jim's wife, my Bess, an' th' t'other—sat talkin' o' their chillern, an' th' price o' vittles, for all 'er world as tho' they'd known each other all their lives; but us had to get back

home, tho' us made them promise to come an' bide along o' we afore they left—which they did.

"Arter all, mother," sez I, when us see th' lights in our winders, "pend upon it there's no place like old England. Give us our home, my dear, an' let they as likes to meander do it—we'll bide in th' old country!"

An' certain it was good to be home agin, for us was a bit tired arter our long drive; but Tryphee had got supper ready, which us was glad to see, bein' a bit peckish.

"What have 'ee got, my lass?" sez I; "it smells rayther tasty."

"There!" her sez, puttin' a dish o' summat down avore her mother; "I learnt to make it at th' cookery class."

My missis *her* looked, an' I put on my glasses to see, for ne'er had us seen sich avore.

"What be it?" sez I; "seems summat o' th' look o' yaller leather."

"La, dad! it's a hommerlet!"

"It's made o' eggs," sez mother, stern-like.

"They're only sixpence a dozen now," cries our mäide, a bit fear-some, for her knows her mother's weakness as 'ee may say for eggs an' coals. Her can't abide waste in neither o' they articles, tho' for th' matter o' that, her's a savin' body all round.

Well, to please th' gal, as had done her best, us tried to eat this ere "hommerlet," but us couldn't get on wi' it no ways.

"Has 'ee got aught else, my dear?" asks mother; "this be a bit too eggie as I may say for feyther an' me, leastways for supper," cos us didn't want to hurt her feelin's.

"Oh yes!" her sez so gleeful; an' her took out o' th' oven some whity-brown balls.

"What do 'ee call they?" I asks.

"Tater crookits," sez she; "them's nice an' light. Gentry allers likes them, so th' lady told us."

"Oh!" 'twas all us said; an' sartin sure them *was* light—nothin' to bite at, so to speak, very well for gentle volks as eats 'tother things 'sides, an only wants jest a morsel or two to fill up th' chinks, as th' sayin' is, but not for hungry stummicks as has driven o'er fourteen miles. So when our Tryphee had gone out to th' well to fill th' kettle to wash up, I whispers to our Joe (he was doin' his lessons for skule next morn): "Do 'ee go into th' larder, an' see if there's any cold vittles left from dinner; bacon an' pudden 'll do, there's a good lad, summat as mother an' me can fill our insides wi'—none o' these kickshaws for us volks!"

An' so us contrived to get a good meal arter all, aye, an avore our mäide come back too, for 'Liza Dudham come about her gown as Tryphee was makin' for she, an' them chattered o'er that business until us had done supper an' Joe had cleared away the things.

An' as I sat smokin' my pipe, this is what I said to my missis :

" I tell 'ee what it is, Bess, them's got th' wrong end o' th' stick. These cookery lessons be all very well in their 'tentions, but what be th' sense o' teachin' workin' volks' darters sich may games as ' hommerlets,' ' tatey crookits,' an' ' tother queer messes as Tryphee tells on? When a man goes home from a day's work he wants summat he can eat, an' as will fill his inside, which these fallals won't; an' they ain't cheap neither. Why a pound o' good meat or bacon 'll go a much longer way ! Furriners may thrive on sich vittles. I've heard tell they can live on frogs an' snails, wi' dandelions for green stuff, but Englishmen can't work on sich muck ; so if them wants to teach the maidens how to cook, teach 'em what'll be useful."

Jest bide a bit, I ain't come to th' end o' th' täle !

O' course us kep' th' Jew-billy, as did arl th' rest o' th' volks.

Our Tryphee do say as " Faythur don't speak that word proper ; it is Jewbillee."

Now where be th' diffrance—can 'ee tell ?

Why 'twould moither a lawyer to say. Arl I knows as grand-faythur allers called 'un " Jew-billy," cos I mind as he used to tell us younkens how them roasted beastès whole an' drunk as much zider as them could put inside o' em, when King Jarge kep' his " Jew-billy," an' burnt fires a top o' arl th' baycons ; an' what were good enuff for my forbears be good enuff for I, sure-ly ! But that be one o' my 'jections to this 'ere Eddication ; it makes th' young volks that cocky there's no bidin 'em, an' for arl that, as I tells my chillern, th' whole o' their *räle* larnin' wouldn't cover a sixpence, as th' sayin' is.

The young 'uns *think* th' old volks vools ; th' old volks know th' young 'uns be !

Look at my Bess ; why her was to skule one week, her couldn't be spared from home, her was wanted to tend th' babies an' keep house while her mother went to work ; but bless 'ee her can make, mend, wash, an' cook th' vittles better than arl th' gals wi' arl their skulin', aye, an' can read her Bible too !—but there, I be rodlin.

As I were sayin', us was to keep th' Jew-billy. The gentle volks put money together for us men volks to have a dinner, wi' roast beef an' plum puddin' loike to Christmas, an' th' 'o [redacted] chillern to have a tea arterwards, wi' games o' arl sorts ; an' [redacted] Victory never to be put out o' mind, a big lamp was to [redacted] up near th'

Green, wi' what money was left over, just "to lighten our darkness," said Squire Rennels in his jokey way; he be allers nice an' cheerful loike. Now Miss Twinch up to Meadowlands, her had set her mind to havin' lamps put up in th' village, 'cos o' winter nights 'tis as dark as a hedge, 'ee can't see th' hand avore 'ee; why Squire Rennels hisself once fell into Sally Harper's garden, thinkin' he were turnin' into one o' his own gâtes, an' I mind as poor old Lizzie Gooden walked right into Pound Pond, which 'tis a mercy were a bit low then! 'Twere a Saterdag night, wi' ne'er a moon or star, an' black as pitch. Her were goin' to shop w' half a sov'reign in her hand; her pulled herself out, an', merciful to tell, her had gripped th' money tight, an' it were safe, but th' poor body were that wet an' drippen!

For arl that, us never thought o' lamps 'till Miss Twinch put it in our heads, an' her used to have concerts an' get us arl to sing (her would have I too!), an' us sang glees 'bout "Towers" an' "Cuckoos" an' "Fisher gals," an' sich loike, jest 'bout bootiful! an' butcher Bleach an' Zam Hopkins dressed up, an' played th' vool foine, to make th' volks laugh; but it takes a long time to get enuff money for sich a thing as lamps, when front seats is only a shillin', an' not many at that! Miss Twinch, her called these ere concerts her "Parable Concerts." I'm derned if I can tell why, but her do say queer things a' times; her fairly puzzles some o' th' volks, 'specially them as is a bit starchy.

Up to Chaffstock they didn't keep their Jew-billy th' same day as us, so my Bess her said, "Faythur, what think 'ee o' askin' cousin Jim an' arl o' them to come an' spend th' day wi' us, an' see th' fun? Charlie he sleeps up to farm, so Tryphee an' me 'll make shift to put 'em up for a night or two; 'sides, as Ben an' his missis is come from furrin parts, 'twill be pleasant change for 'em to bide wi' us a bit."

I were mighty pleased wi' th' plan, us hadn't seen much o' Ben, an' I wanted to hear tell more 'bout Australey. So Tryphee her wrote to ask him over; 'twas jest 'bout foine, loike a rale lady's letter it were what her sent, a most too foine for sich as we. Her didn't say out friendly, "Come arl on 'ee, an' us'll be glad to see 'ee," what I would have said; but lor, I'd sooner hoe a field o' turmuts nor hold a pen; I never were much o' a scholar, not but what I could a told she better nor she writ, for 'twas that stiff that I'm derned if I'd a gone to couzin, or no couzin, had them writ so to I! But when us told our mäide plain what us thought o' her letter, will 'ee b'lieve I? her showed us a printed book, called "The Complete Letter Writer," out o' which her'd a took it to be perlite an' ginte!

"Oh, dash it!" zed I to my Bess; "couldn't her send a word or two to Jim an' Ben wi'out a book to go by? Didn't her pass arl th' 'standards,' as they calls them, an' I paid th' skule-rate?" I were that riled!

Howsomever, they come, arl on them, little an' big, in Varmer Ousley's waggin, which Jim loaned, as work was slack for a day or two, an' t'were a sight good for sore eyes to see them, they were as merry as grigs! My Bess never does things by halves, an' her set upon servin' of them up in a clean dish, as the sayin' is; an' had vittles an' drink ready set for them, arter which they was to come an' sec us have our dinners in a big tent wi' flags a flyin'. Aye, 'twere a pretty sight, to see us men volks walkin', two by two, wi' our Sunday coäts on, wi' posies pinned aside, an' ribbins; aye, that it were, an' when us was into th' tent, Squire Rennels, him sez in his jokey way:

"Here, Pater! support me on my roight, I be fond o' Sal-o' bright-eyes!"<sup>1</sup> which as he be gettin' on in years, wi' a dear good lady o' his own, an' chillern, aye, an' gran'chillern too, didn't 'pear seemly to I, but lor! gentle volks' ways ain't loike our'n, I take it.

Howsomever, I said straight out to him, 'cos there was a plenty o' young chaps there, an' it b'hoves us old volks to be "as shinnin lights" to 'em, leastways, so sez th' minister up to our chapel, where I drops in now an' agin. Parzon up to church he talks over th' heads on us most times, not but what us was born an' bred to th' service there; for all that 'tis rayfreshin' up to Ebenezer, I must say, minister he do speak plain. But where be I? Oh, I mind, 'twas o' Squire.

Well, so I sez to him:—

"Beggin' 'ee pardin, sir! who be Sal-o'-bright-eyes? I didn't know as any females was to be to th' dinner wi' us men volks, picktler a strange 'ooman."

'Cos I know'd arl on 'em 'bout these parts, an' there isn't sich a name among th' whole lot. 'Tisn't often I speaks avore company, but when I does, I does, as 'ee may say! La! how them did laugh, to be sure, but where the joke come in, derved if I can tell. Squire were fit to choke, an' got that red, I a most feared he'd have a stroke o' some sort. But he clapped me on th' back, an', lor, how it shook me, for he be turrible strong in th' arm even now.

"Why, Pater!" sez he, "who ever 'sposed you was a punster?" (What be that, can 'ee tell I? 'tis somethin' dacent I hope.) "Sit down, sit down," he goes on; "its arl right, 'ee morals shan't be

<sup>1</sup> Celebrities.

corrupted, no females *are* admitted to this festive board, so be quite easy in yer mind."

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made b'lieve as this ere was arl nat'ral to she, e'en th' bits o' hankerchers as was put avore each on us ; " Sarvettes " our Tryphee called them, but they was no use to I, my pocket-handkercher is allers in my coät, an' so are most volks I take it.

" They're to wipe your mouth on, fayther," her sez, giving I a poke in th' back, which wasn't dootiful o' she, an' breakin th' fifth commandment ; oh ! that ever I let th' mäide go up to Squire's to larn sich neish ways !

Well us sat down, but nothin on th' table but they derved bow-pots, an' us a starin at each other loike grinnin idiots. Arl to once, our Tryphee an' Edie (that's our second gal) brings each on us a plate o' broth, an' sets it avore us.

" Us ain't got no tureen !" her sez reproachful loike in my ear.

" What be that ? " sez I, out loud.

" S-s-s-h," her sez, an' gives I another poke ; if our Tryphee lives long i' th' land I'm derved ! may be her 'll emigrate.

But when I looked at that 'ere broth, I were 'mazed.

" To goodness sake ! don't 'ee eat that muck," for I were skeered ; " there be white maggits floatin a top." Wi' that, they arl dropped their spunes, I tell 'ee, pretty quick !

" So there be," sez Jim ; " why, tisen't wholesome vittles, Pater."

" La, faythur !" sez our darter ; " they baint nasty maggits, 'tis 'vermsilly,' they often has it up to Squires, an' cook sez 'tis turrible nourishin' ; her gave it I."

Not another word from I, for my Bess give I a look, so us souped down th' stuff ; but it didn't fill our stummicks, not it !

Arter us had swallered this ere " vermsilly," her put on avore us a dish o' tough things, th' size o' a crown piece, which her called " Veal patties." Now us know what a Cornish parsty is, nice an' large, wi' taters, an' meat a plenty, somethin to bite at ; but these 'ere patties were that small, why Jim he took two to once, 'an eat them at one bite, an' so did Ben ; an' then looked over th' hedge for more as th' sayin is ; the whiles my Bess kep' on talkin 'bout " our Tryphee's cookery lessons ; " derved if I didn't think her had more sense ! but 'ee never can answer for a 'ooman's tongue. I must say as th' looks o' these patties weren't takin, so I took some meat as her'd a cut in thin slices an' laid on a dish, wi' red beans loike aside, an' round 'em.

" What be these 'ere red things ? " I whispers to she, for I see th' missis were makin b'lieve her knew arl 'bout it.

" Pickled chillies," her sez.

Now if there be a thing I calls " toothsome," 'tis pickles, an' my

Bess's red cabbage, onions, an' walnuts beats arl as 'ee would say if 'ee tasted them; so hearin they was pickles, I helped myself bountiful, for I were that lear! but—oh lor! if I lives to th' days o' Maythusalam, never shall I forgit they chillies!—t'aint their right name, 'tis hotties them ought to be called. I put th' biggest o' them I could see into my mouth, an' begun to bite, oh goodness me! 'tis turrrible to think on e'en now. I a most thought my end was come; swaller th' derned thing I couldn't, spit 'em out avore company I dursn't, an' th' tears they come runnin' down my cheeks jist 'bout; then up I starts an' goes off into th' wash'us, 'twas more nor a man could stand, an' a fayther too!

Arter arl, cold water be a blessin', more 'special when 'ee've been eatin' them chillies!

What that Tryphee o' ours give them next, goodness knows! some muck o' 'tother, but arl to once I heard such a screechin'.

"Her've done it to some on they poor bodies now," says I out loud to myself; "us'll have a Crowner's 'quest 'ere avore long wi her derned 'speriments," an' in I goes so quick as rheumatiz in my leg will let I, an' they was arl lookin' skeere to death, an' my Bess holdin' Ben's wife in her arms, an' her a-rockin' to an' fror, screechin' loike a soul demented.

"What be th' matter?" cries I. "Tryphee, 'ee'll be hung for murder wi' thee pranks, as sure as eggs is eggs. Have 'ee pizened th' poor critter?" for I were that wrath an' my stummick that empty.

"Pizened!" her sezs, turnin' up that nose o' her'n, an' tossin' her head at her own fayther, as if her'd *never* learned her Catechism wi' that long bit in it, 'bout her dooty to her payrents (which 'twixt 'ee an' me, I *never* could mind; but that's neither here nor there). Pizened!" her says again, "*that's* what Mrs. Marnick th' cook up to Squire's calls 'a shayd over,'" pointin' to *summut* on th' table, "it's ice pudden, an' couzin have got a holler tooth. Some volks *don't* nor *can't* take to fine art cookery, that's all!"

"That's arl, is it," sezs I, for I were jest 'bout riled wi' she, an' they chillies, an' ice puddens, an' arl they rick-shaws; "these gam-micks don't suit us plain volks, so I tell 'ee straight! Here be every man Jack o' us wi' innards as empty as drums, I be that lear 'tis painful, an' 'ee've wasted a lot o' vittles into the bargain, wi' ne'er a mouthful o' good food to show."

Wi' that, I goes to a cupboard where us allers keeps some brandy for th' spasms, an' pours out a drap or so for Ben's good 'ooman's toothache, an' I tells our Joe to see what there's in th' larder as us *can* eat; *he* were munchin' away foine at bread an' cheese *hissself*, he

were wise ! never havin' any notion o' our Tryphee's cookery, which sartin sure ain't fitty for human Christians. An' he brings out a foine leg o' pork my Bess had got ready against th' next day, wi' cold taties, an' beans, wi' a parstey or two, an' I tell 'ee, us made they vittles look shy ! Our mäide were a bit sulky at first, an' rare taffity wi' her knife an' fork, as if 'twern good enuff for she, plain wholesome meat too ! but as us took no count o' she, by' in bye I see she peggin' at it wi' a raylish, eh ! an' us finished up pleasant, wi' pipes an' zider, an' sang "Auld lang syne" 'cos o' Ben, wi' our Joe playin' th' toon 'pon his whistle-pipe.

Our Tryphee ain't tried any more gammicks wi' that 'ere " 'igh art cookery " o' hern—chillies, indeed ! No, thank 'ee !

Jim an' th' rest on 'em went home airly th' next morn !—Ah !

PENLEY REYD.

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Thus does Saint-Simon comment upon the career of Charles de Batz de Castelmore, Comte d'Artagnan, the famous D'Artagnan of romance; and other contemporary writers speak of the famous Musketeer in much the same strain. The son of a poor gentleman of Béarn, he rose from a mere cadet in the Guards to the important position of Captain-Lieutenant of the 1st or King's Company of Musketeers, a post which entailed constant personal attendance upon the sovereign himself.

From another passage in the “Memoirs of Saint-Simon” we learn that Louis XIV. had become so devoted to D'Artagnan that a later commander of his Musketeers (D'Artagnan's immediate successor was the Chevalier de Fourbins, a man of no great attainments) assumed the name of D'Artagnan, thinking that such a course might render him more acceptable to the King.

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There is not much historical mention of the famous captain of grey musketeers which can be absolutely relied upon; several of his contemporaries, however, speak of him, and their comments upon his career are usually of a favourable kind. An exception, however, is Madame de Motteville, who contemptuously terms him “a creature of Mazarin's.” It is evident that she was not one of that throng of ladies who looked with lenient, not to say kindly, eyes upon the dashing figure of the renowned Captain of Musketeers.

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companions, who seem to have possessed no small share of Gallic swagger, made some difficulty about the position which was allotted them in the line of battle ; indeed, their fractiousness reached such a pitch that they were eventually allowed to place themselves where they wished. At any rate D'Artagnan declares this to have been the case. At the same time he pays a very warm tribute of admiration to the excellence of the royal troops, whose appearance and discipline he highly extols.

In Clarendon's history of the civil wars a mention is made of the death of a French marquis—the Marquis de Vieuville—in a cavalry skirmish a short time (that is to say, a day or so) before the first battle of Newbury. From this we may conclude that the marquis in question was one of the band of Frenchmen, including D'Artagnan and his Norman friend Fondreville, who gave their assistance to the Royalist cause. It has also been conjectured that the battle mentioned in the memoirs was one of the heavy skirmishes following after Chalgrove Field, if not Chalgrove itself. Many circumstances, however, would seem to indicate Newbury as being the right one. Of Prince Rupert (or Robert, as he terms him) and his cavalry D'Artagnan appears to have formed a high opinion.

Prince Rupert's company and that of his brother were, says he, the two finest companies he had ever seen. On his return to France after this mission he was accompanied by the son of Lord Pembroke. His departure from England was not unattended by difficulties and even danger, for the Comte d'Harcourt, in whose train he had come, was engaged in negotiations with the Parliamentary party in London, and the presence of D'Artagnan and his companions at Newbury partook much of the nature of an escapade. In consequence he had, as it were, to be smuggled out of the country.

Some time later, when the Royalist party had been shattered and Cromwell held the Protectorate, Mazarin despatched D'Artagnan, then acting as a kind of courier in his service, with credentials to submit certain propositions to the Protector. It occurred to the Musketeer that a good dinner given to some of Cromwell's intimates might greatly expedite his ends, and therefore he ordered, as he says, the best banquet that money could procure, inviting Colonels Harrison, Malmey (Massey), and Lambert. The dinner, he admits, was not at all a bad one; for, feeling certain that he was going the best way about facilitating the Cardinal's projects, no expense whatever had been spared, the giver of the feast being confident that on reaching France he would be reimbursed for the money so

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Caumartin; at least Tallemant des Réaux declares him to have been the rescuer. In other respects his account of the adventure much resembles the one in the "Memoirs of D'Artagnan." Another interesting episode (which is historically true) is the story of the events which led up to the disgrace and execution of the gallant Saint-Preuil, the brave and manly governor of Arras, who appears to have owed his ruin and death as much to a game of tennis which he chanced to play with a young coxcomb—the Duc de Bresé—whose arrogance he justly resented, as to his fixed determination to check the speculation which prevailed in the commissariat at Arras. Speculation, indeed, seems to have been general in the latter years of Louis XIII. and the early ones of Louis XIV. Even gunpowder was illegally sold by the officials in charge of the Ordnance departments. Later on, however, Louis XIV. and his ministers introduced a different order of things, and any irregularities were investigated and the delinquents severely punished. The account given of Saint-Preuil's arrest shows him to have been a dignified and gallant gentleman. When called on to surrender his sword he did so with the words, "I surrender a sword which has never been drawn but in the King's service," a fitting reproof, as D'Artagnan says, for some of his enemies present at the time—men who had been observed on the side hostile to his Majesty at Castelnaudary. Curious also is the story of "Bouvard," the celebrated physician of Louis XIII., which tells of his being termed by Cardinal Richelieu, *à propos* of a case he had been deceived in, "a great donkey in medical matters." From what we read of seventeenth-century doctors there is good reason to think that he was not alone in deserving this appellation.

Of Cardinal Richelieu himself we get a good many glimpses, although not nearly so many as of his successor, the parsimonious Mazarin, whose only object was ever the accumulation of money. We hear of his establishing a game of *hoca* in his house (*hoca*, it appears, was a game of chance which much resembled the modern French game of *la loterie*), and of the promises which he lavished in all directions as long as they enabled him to avoid the disbursement of cash. Unlike his great predecessor (who, among the many things he did for the prosperity of France, actually established a regular postal system in 1630, with twenty different postal divisions or zones) Mazarin's only thought was the enrichment of his relatives and himself. Indeed, the more we hear of this wily Italian's tricks and extortions the greater must be our wonder at the [redacted] offering tolerance of the French nation towards one who was after all but a mere Italian adventurer.

The different schemes of Mazarin with regard to the marriage of his nieces are given in detail and tally with other contemporary accounts.

Such lives as the one led by D'Artagnan—lives of adventure and amorous intrigue—were nothing out of the common in the seventeenth century, when human life was held to be but of small account, and he was safest who knew how best to handle his sword.

Street brawls were of daily—nay, hourly—occurrence, and bullies were to be hired for a very moderate sum—bullies who would lie in wait for an enemy and settle an old score without asking the rights or wrongs of any quarrel they might be hired to terminate.

Duels, it is true, were rigorously prohibited by Louis XIII., but somehow or other the persons engaging in them appear to have been rarely or never visited with any severe punishment. As for intrigue, France was simply its hotbed. A great factor in this state of affairs was probably the paucity of interests of that day. Sport existed only for the very few. Books were limited in number and out of the reach of most people. Religion, it is true, exercised great sway, but it is to be believed that its influence was regarded more in the light of a superstitious charm (does not D'Artagnan himself say that if one prays to God in the morning everything will go right all day?) than in any serious and reverent way. Commerce was despised and looked down upon by all adventurous spirits, and consequently the thoughts of every young man of sanguine temperament turned towards but two things—love-making and fighting.

D'Artagnan is the perfect, the unapproachable type of the gallant of his day. To kill a man in a duel is to him nothing; indeed, such a detail calls forth hardly a remark. As for the fair sex, in his mind they exist merely for the purpose of being made love to. Moreover, any disinclination of theirs for amorous meetings and dalliance is regarded by him as a course of conduct verging closely upon insanity. Intrigue, love, and war, these were the pivots upon which life in those bygone days revolved; nothing else really mattered very much, or if it did it was soon forgotten.

The Musketeer appears in his later years to have become to a certain extent more serious; at all events, it is clear that his discretion was well known and could be relied upon, for Louis XIV. chose him for the extremely delicate task of arresting Fouquet, his famous *Surintendant des Finances*. Of this unpleasant undertaking the Captain of Musketeers well acquitted himself, displaying great tact and delicacy under very trying circumstances. It was not at all a task to his liking, for having previously been the recipient of

and, sprung from his prison, his position was naturally a very interesting one. On this occasion, as Saint-Simon says, D'Artagnan was detained with the King for some little time before receiving the *croix de chevalier* from his hands. As Captain of the 1st or King's Company of Musketeers he was, of course, frequently in the *entourage* of Louis XIII., and he remarks upon the splendour of the Court of that monarch as compared with the poverty-stricken state of affairs which prevailed in royal circles at the time of his childhood, during the unsettled and stormy days of the Fronde. To the splendour and pomp of the Court the Musketeers themselves must have largely contributed—superbly accoutred, with silver crosses embroidered upon their coats, and magnificently mounted upon carefully selected chargers. Regular uniform was only adopted by the French troops in 1667; up to that time each individual could sport whatever dress he liked, although probably fashion anticipated regulations. The corps or companies of Musketeers (there were two) were each composed of 250 men, and every man was carefully chosen for his smartness of appearance and soldier-like bearing. For a *corps d'élite* of his kind there could have been no fitter captain than the gallant Comte d'Artagnan, the hero of a hundred duels, the conqueror of a thousand hearts.

The last campaign which D'Artagnan took part in was that of 1673, meeting his death that year at the siege of Maestricht sword in hand. The Musketeers had made attack after attack upon the enemy's position, and in the final one D'Artagnan, who it is interesting to note was accompanied by from twelve to fourteen English volunteers, was struck in the throat by a bullet, which thus terminated a dashing and romantic career. The incident of the English volunteers is confirmed by several contemporary accounts of the siege, among others by Cardinal Bentivoglio's "History of the Wars in Flanders."

At the time of the fatal assault the Duke of Monmouth was in command in the French trenches, while Louis XVI. and Madame de Montespan, together with a large suite of courtiers and princes, provided over the operations from what we may surmise was a position of safety and comfort.

After their captain had fallen the Musketeers appear to have made superhuman exertions to effect the recovery of the body of their beloved leader. Their efforts were eventually crowned with success, with, it must be added, very great cost of life. No less than ninety men were slain, besides many others who were severely wounded. As to the survivors, their swords, besides being bent and shattered, were covered with blood to the hilts.

Well in accordance with the eternal fitness of things was it that D'Artagnan should not have survived to grow into a feeble and garrulous old man. Love and adventure—very essentials of his existence—are boon companions only while youth lasts, and the intrepid soldier and reckless gallant could never have contentedly acquiesced in a resigned acceptance of such joys as well-ordered old age can give. To those who in youth have drunk deep from the sparkling cascades of pleasure, age can offer nothing in the form of consolation for lost joys but a regretful retrospection, too often, alas! tinged with melancholy. D'Artagnan met the death he doubtless desired, dying in battle ere life's summer had been chilled by the cold blasts of wintry old age. His name and exploits still live, and are familiar to us of a later and a more prosaic age—an age which witnesses the decadence of that France in whose service he fell.

“Dieu, ma belle et mon Roy,” the motto of old France, yet rings more pleasantly on our ears than the mendacious “Liberté, égalité, et fraternité” which the Republic of to-day bears as part of the legacy bequeathed to it by the monsters of the Revolution—fiends who, intoxicated with the possession of powers they were unfitted to use, came near drowning their country in a very sea of blood.

RALPH NEVILL.

## THE ACTING OF PLAYS BY SCHOOLBOYS.

IN a very interesting chapter of an interesting work<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. L. Sanford has told the story of the school life of Oliver Cromwell. His schoolmaster was the famous Dr. Thomas Beard, who died in 1632. Dr. Beard wrote the severely written "Theatre of God's Judgments," in which he attacked stage plays. He was himself, however, the author<sup>2</sup> of "Pedantius, Comœdia olim Cantabrig. acta in Coll. Trin. Nunquam antehac typis evulgata" (Lond. 1631). This is a learned play, and one in no fear of being abused as *contra bonos mores*. Heath, in his account of Cromwell, gives a much nearer relation of Cromwell himself to school plays: "Now to confirm a royal humour the more in his ambitious and vainglorious brain, it happened (as it was then generally the custom in all great free schools) that a play, called 'The Five Senses,' was to be acted by the scholars of this school [Huntingdon]; and Oliver Cromwell, as a confident youth, was named to act the part of Tactus, the sense of feeling; in the personation of which, as he came out of the 'tiring-room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of laurel, he stumbled at a crown, purposely laid there, which, stooping down, he took up and crowned himself therewithal, adding beyond his cue some majestical mighty words. . . ."

Setting aside this colouring of the narrative with the charge of ambition, there is no reason to doubt the fact that Cromwell took a part in this play, as was the custom in "all great free schools." The title-page of the 1657 edition of the play reads: "Lingua, or The Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses for Superiority; a pleasant Comedy, first acted at Trinity College in Cambridge, after at the Free School at Huntingdon" (Lond. 1657). It certainly is

<sup>1</sup> *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion.*

<sup>2</sup> Fleay notices that *Pedantius* is ascribed to M. Wingfield Nash in his *Strange News* as early as 1593. Is this another play of the same name?

curious, as Sanford remarks, that the schoolboy Cromwell should have had in his part (without "taking anything" upon him) such lines as—

Methinks I hear my noble parasites  
Styling me Cæsar, or great Alexander ;  
Licking my feet, and wondering where I got  
This precious ointment. How my pace is mended !  
How princely do I speak ! how sharp I threaten !

Nor is it necessary to say more here than how important a position boys had in the annals of acting. Any one who opens the "Chronicle History of the London Stage"—that monument of industry and patience—by Mr. F. G. Fleay, at pp. 32-33, will see that between 1559 and 1583 nearly as many Court performances were rendered by boys' companies as by those of men. The boys' companies were Paul's Choir, Children of the Chapel Royal, Windsor Choir, Westminster School, and Merchant Taylors' School. The plays acted by Paul's Choir include the subjects of Iphigenia, Alcmaeon, Scipio Africanus, Pompey. Among those of Merchant Taylors' School are Timoclea and Perseus and Andromeda. It is said that Richard Mulcaster, the writer on Education, composed half a dozen Latin plays for St. Paul's boys.

Still, so far from these children of the Chapel Royal being satisfactory from the point of view of schoolmasters, a remarkable paper is contributed by Mr. James Greenstreet,<sup>1</sup> showing that children were "unduly and unjustly" seized even upon their way to the grammar school, and carried off to "exercise the base trade of a mercenary enterlude player." Though this must have been a very extreme case, yet the engagement of children as players in the companies summoned to act at Court must have given prominence to the idea of acting as, at any rate, not an inappropriate occupation for schoolboys.

The fact is that acting had been an established institution in the schools abroad from early in the sixteenth century. Professor C. H. Herford,<sup>2</sup> showing the popularity of school plays, says—

The *Rath* not unfrequently contributed to the often considerable cost of school plays, and at Strassburg finally gave them an appointed income from the municipal budget. The school drama had after all been warmly and emphatically prescribed by the founder of Protestantism ; it played a recognised part in forming good citizens, and if the good citizen who was already formed found its language no longer easy he still patronised it as a bulwark of morals and manners.

<sup>1</sup> First published in *Athenæum*, 1889. It is a report of Star Chamber proceedings of about 1600.

<sup>2</sup> See the very thorough chapter on the Latin drama in his *Literary Relations of England and Germany in the Sixteenth Century*.



At least two of the numerous Latin plays spoken of by Professor Herford should be mentioned here—the “Acolastus” and the “Christian Terence.” The “Acolastus” was translated into English by John Palsgrave, and the “Christian Terence” is one of the books recommended by both John Brinsley and Charles Hoole for school use.

As to the “Acolastus” of Palsgrave, it is dated 1540, and it is a translation<sup>1</sup> of the comedy written by G. Fullonius at the Hague in Holland, 1529. In the epistle dedicatory to the King Palsgrave says—

I thought to myself, Shall Fullonius, an Hollander, born thus many hundred years after the decay of the Latin tongue by the Goths, Vandals, and Longobards, three most barbarous nations, utterly corrupted, through the diligent observation of the pure Latin authors be able to make so fine and so exact a piece of work? And I shall not be able at these years of mine age to do so much as to declare what he meaneth in my native tongue?

In substance the plot of “Acolastus” is that of the Prodigal Son.

Probably this is the first printed translation of a Latin author for school use into English. It may be interesting to quote from the title-page.

Joannis Palsgravi, Londoniensis, Ecphrasis Anglica in comediam Acolasti. The comedy of “Acolastus,” translated into our English tongue, after such manner as children are taught in the grammar school, first word for word, as the Latin lieth, and afterward according to the sense and meaning of the Latin sentences: by showing what they do value and countervail in our tongue, with admonitions set forth in the margin, so often as any such phrase—that is to say, kind of speaking used of the Latins, which we use not in our tongue but by other words—express the said Latin manners of speaking, and also adagies, metaphors, sentences, or other figures poetical or rhetorical do require for the more perfect instructing of the learners, and to lead them more easily to see how the exposition goeth . . . .

The “Terentius Christianus” of Cornelius Schonæus went through a number of editions in England. In the British Museum there are copies—1595,<sup>2</sup> published by R. Robinson, of 1620, 1635, 1674. The edition of 1635 was printed at Cambridge, and is explicitly “ad usum scholarum seorsum excusa.” In the address to the reader the editor, whose name is not given, says “that for boys only that which is pure is becoming (as Lily, the eminent English grammarian, says). The style of Terence is pure, but the matter is very often the opposite. What otherwise could you expect from a race wretched in its ignorance of God, the source of true purity?”

<sup>1</sup> Palsgrave's way of putting it is that he chose for his “Latin” author to be Ecphrastes upon” this comedy of *Acolastus*.

<sup>2</sup> The earliest edition of the *Terentius Christianus* in the British Museum is that published at Colonia Agrippina, 1592.

It was on this account Schonæus endeavoured to clothe in the phrase and elegance of Terence the old Bible stories. At the end of each play (the Cambridge edition only includes Tobæus and Judith, with an appendix of "Pseudostratiotæ fabula jocosa atque ludicra") is a peroration ending with an invitation to clap :

Valete, et si placuit quod actum est, plaudite.

It is worth noticing that Brinsley ("Ludus Literarius," p. 221) urges that for learning to speak Latin Corderius should be gone over, and then Terence or "Terentius Christianus." Melanchthon, in Germany, encouraged *de plein cœur* the introduction of the plays of Terence into schools. "I exhort<sup>1</sup> schoolmasters to recommend this author in the most pressing way to young students. For he seems to me to form the judgment on affairs of the world better than most of the books of philosophers. And no other author will teach the boys to speak Latin with equal purity, or train them to a style which will stand them in better stead." Here clearly we have the reason why schoolmasters favoured Terence. The same reason, the gaining of colloquial readiness and accuracy, leads other schoolmasters to acting plays of Terence and other writers.

The chief feature of [Sturm's] school<sup>2</sup> is the theatre, on which the elder boys weekly tread the stage, and the younger boys fill the benches. Had Melanchthon foreseen to what length a system of pressing Terence upon the attention of boys might be carried, his recommendation of the poet to schoolmasters would perhaps have been less urgent or more guarded. Though Sturm is careful with Horace and Catullus, his boys play all the pieces of Terence and of Plautus indiscriminately. By dividing the work the whole repertory can be got through in six months. Day after day the actors are busy conning their parts, and week after week they throw themselves, with as much histrionic effect as by imagination or drill they can attain, into the stage characters and theatrical situations which pleased and edified pagan Rome. If Plato's "Republic" had been among the school books of Strassburg, the boys would have understood his remarks on the drama.

Professor Froude gives an account of a performance by boys of St. Paul's School at Greenwich as early as 1527. He describes the play, and gives an inventory of the dresses worn ("Hist." vol. i. pp. 75-6). Of English authors of school plays the earliest mentioned by Professor Herford is John Ritwise, head master of St. Paul's, who wrote "Dido," which his scholars performed before Wolsey between 1522 and 1532.

At Eton "in the long winter nights the boys acted Latin or English plays, written by Udall, 'the father of English comedy.'"

<sup>1</sup> Parker on the "History of Classical Education," in *Essays on a Liberal Education*.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* pp. 37-38.

Heath's statement that plays in schools were the "custom" seemed startling until I saw the reference in Warton's "History of English Poetry"<sup>1</sup> to Ben Jonson's "Staple of Newes" (in Act iii.) He introduces satirically a passage in the mouth of Censure—"I would have ne'er a cunning schoolmaster in England: I mean a Cunning-man a schoolmaster—*i.e.* a conjuror, or a poet, or that had any acquaintance with a poet. They make all their scholars play-boys! Is't not a fine sight to see all our children made enterluders? Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence, and they learn their play books. Well, they talk we shall have no more parliaments. God bless us! But an we have, I hope Zeal-of-the-Land Busy and my gossip Robby Troubletruth will start up, and see we have painful good ministers to keep school and catechise our youth, and not teach 'em to speak plays and act fables of false newes."

Two other points noted by Warton must be mentioned. In 1538 Ralph Radcliffe opened a school at Hitchin and obtained a grant of the dissolved Friary of the Carmelites for the purpose. He turned the refectory into a theatre, and wrote several plays in Latin and English, and had them acted by his pupils. Bale gives the names of these. They include stories from Chaucer ("Melibeus"), Boccaccio's "Patient Griselda," but are prevailing religious. But these plays are not extant.

Warton further mentions a comedy written by William Hawkins, master of Hadleigh School in Suffolk, and acted by his scholars on Shrove Tuesday 1626. The play is called "Apollo Shroving." In the introduction are Prologus, a young scholar, and Lola, a woman spectator. In the play are twenty-three different characters, including such as Drudo, the book-bearer; Philoponus, a diligent student; Amphibius, a perplexed scholar; Novice, a young fresh scholar; Rowland Retro, a hasty non-proficient; Geron, an old man, his mournful father; Ludio, a truantly school-boy; Captain Compliment, a teacher of gestures and fashions; Jack Implement, his page; Mistress Indulgence Gingle, a cockering mother; John Gingle, her son, a disciple of Captain Compliment; Slim Slag, or Slugg, a lazy drone. An ordinance goes forth from Apollo that all are to appear before him and give an account of the "expense of their time." Captain Compliment, a pretentious schoolmaster, is represented as having had very "good doings." "I swell, I swell," he says, "with the stuffing of the grammar brood." His page says, "The usher of our school has had for fees of young gentlemen at their entrance

<sup>1</sup> Vol. iii. p. 309.

above an hundred crowns within this twelve months, besides his yearly stipend."

A specimen of Captain Compliment's teaching is given.

COMPLIMENT. Gentle Sir Gingle, the flower of my school . . . where ended we yesterday?

GINGLE. You were instructing me how to salute a lady or so, if she had a monkey or so, and wept or so.

IMPLEMENT. That is but so, so.

COMPLIMENT. In case you find a lady weeping and mournful for that her monkey is sick of the mumps, then say—

GINGLE. Fair Lady, weep not for your monkey.

COMPLIMENT. This is base and vulgar. Rather embellish your salutation thus: "Resplendent Claridiana."

GINGLE. . . . Sir, your style is very high and lofty.

IMPLEMENT. Yes, sir, my master and I have gone over many as high a stile when we went to rob orchards for our dinners.

COMPLIMENT. Twice worthy dubbed madame.

GINGLE. . . . Do ladies use to wear doublets now?

and so on, till Compliment develops—

Twice double worthy dubbed madame,  
Whose virtues not the longest tongue can fadom,

which on attempting to repeat Gingle gives as—

Twice double worthy dubbed madame,  
Whose long tongue no man can fadom;

to which Compliment gives a warning—

O dismal! O dangerous! Take heed of stumbling so with your tongue  
when you speak of female tongues.

Continuing, Compliment finishes the prescription for the consolation of the lady as to her sick monkey—

Souse not thy glittering globy eyne  
In dreary, teary, salt-sea brine.

But even Gingle cannot endure this.

Besides the teaching of compliments, of gestures, of fashions, the Captain teaches a trick for learning which he paid "four nobles" to the usher of the dancing school. He professes also to know a vaulting trick which cost him thirty crowns. He has written a book how a man should wear his clothes, on which side his purse should lie in his pocket, which stocking he should draw on first on ominous days.

"O excellent!" at one point cries Gingle. "All the world could never have furnished me with such a tutor."

Compliment corrects him.

Say rather all the habitable circumference of this muddy, massy, earthy globe

could not have afforded and suppeditated unto me so mellifluous an indoctrinator as is the curious Captain Compliment.

When the "Captain" is called before Musæus, the representative of Apollo, he has fled. It is reported, however, that the boys in the outer court had taken the matter into their own hands, "tied squibs to his skirts, which being fired, this light fusball mounted up into the air as high as a lark." The wind had carried him to the Island of Coxcombria, a place "thick empcopled with such riffraff." The sentence on Compliment's page is that he go to school again for one whole year, there to "smooth out the dog's ears of his fellows' books." Musæus then adds, "And you to ply thy book as nimbly as ever thou didst thy master's apery, or the haughty vaulting horse." Novice is sentenced for three years only to have an hour's play a week. Siren and Ludio are punished. Mistress Indulgence Gingle is told that none of her kindred shall ever get above the "petty form" of Apollo's school. Slugg is banished to Lubberland. He has to find it and go on foot, but without "Tom Coryat's everlasting shoes."

Apollo's visitation thus finished, one of the Muses says—

Before, alas ! I mourned and wept ;  
But now I joy : our school is swept,  
Regnet Apollo.

In the instructive statutes of Sandwich School, in Kent, drawn up by Sir Roger Manwood, March 24, 1580, is the following ordinance: "The scholars of the master his forms, for furnishing of their declarations, disputations, and other exercises shall be called upon to have and read in private study Livy and all good histories, poets, books of common-places, sentences, apophthegms, and such like; and according to their well-doing to have the highest places, with other preferments and privileges of favour, and in no case any respect therein shall be had of birth, wealth, parents, or anything but of profiting in learning; and at every Christmas time, if the master do think meet to have one comedy or tragedy of chaste matters in Latin to be played, the parts to be divided to as many scholars as may be, and to be learned at vacant times."<sup>1</sup>

It is needless to insist on the well-known fact that the Universities had plays constantly performed in them. Mr. Fleay prints a long list of plays, giving the names of the colleges for which they were composed, and dividing the list into English and Latin plays, of which division the latter is the longer.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> N. Carlisle's *Concise Description of the Endowed Grammar Schools in England and Wales*, part i. p. 606.

<sup>2</sup> *Chronicle History of the London Stage*, p. 419 et seqq.

Among the advocates of school plays was Francis Bacon in his "De Augmentis Scientiarum,"<sup>1</sup> bk. vi. (1623). He points out that the Jesuits do not despise play-acting. Their opinion, he thinks, is founded on sound judgment. Nevertheless play-acting as a profession is ignominious. As a discipline it is excellent. "We mean," he says, "action upon the stage, as that which strengthens memory, moderates the tone and emphasis of voice and pronunciation; composes the countenance and gesture to a decorum; procures good assurance, and likewise inureth youth to the faces of men;" on which passage Mr. Spedding says, "In Bacon's time, when masques acted by young gentlemen of the Universities or Inns of Court were the favourite entertainments of princes, these things were probably better attended to than they are now, and he could have pointed, no doubt, to many living examples in illustration of his remark."

The number of plays which are directly stated to be school plays is extremely few. How, then, can we account for the fact that so many schools had their plays and have left no trace? This will hardly be considered strange if we remember (1) that many of the University plays which are extant could be played in schools, as, for instance, the "Lingua" in which Cromwell took his part; (2) that the classical plays or scenes from those of Terence and Plautus served, in the opinion of many, better than new plays; (3) the importation of German Protestant plays, e.g. the "Terentianus Christianus."

If further reason were required, it might be found in the consideration that though a play might be acceptable enough at a school it might not be sufficiently promising to be worth publishing.

It may not be uninteresting to mention here the way in which the play of William Hawkins, the "Apollo Shroving," saw the light. A certain E. W. writes a letter to Robert Mylbourne, the publisher, in which it appears that the former, an inhabitant of Hadleigh, had borrowed the text of "Apollo Shroving" from Hawkins, "the school-master of Hadleigh, who with some difficulty lent it, having no other copy of this English lesson, which he prepared for a by-exercise for his scholars at the last carnival. He told me that he huddled it up in haste, and that it being only an essay of his own faculty and of the activity of his tenderlings, he was loath it should come under any other eye than of those parents and domestic friends who favourably beheld it when it was represented by the children."

<sup>1</sup> Translated into English under the name of *The Advancement and Proficiency of Learning*, by Gilbert Watts. Oxford, 1640.

E. W. suggests that if there is not a speedy return Milbourne "must look to have this comedy turned into a tragedy."

It is quite clear that many a play might be better than "Apollo Shroving," and yet there might be no E. W. or Milbourne at hand. Still, despite the fewness of the school plays to be found, it is evident that school plays had been in vogue in the later part of the sixteenth century and the earlier part of the seventeenth.

There can, of course, be no doubt that the protest of Puritans which was entered against the stage—a protest which, in its extreme form, finds utterance in William Prynne's "*Histrionum*"<sup>1</sup>—must have tended enormously to discourage all school plays. Prynne gives the names of those who have "expressly condemned and prohibited Christians to pen, to print, to sell, to read, or schoolmasters and others to teach any amorous, wanton play-books, histories, or heathen authors." Among the formidable names which he cites on his side are: Ludovicus Vives, "*De Tradendis Disciplinis*;" Osorius, "*De Regum Institutione*;" Mapheus Vegius, "*De Educatione Liberiorum*;" D. Humphrics, "*Of True Nobility*;" John Rainolds, "*Overthrow of Stage-Players*;" Thomas Becon, Bishop Babington, Bishop Hooper, Mr. Perkins, and others.

There is no doubt that the protesters against the reading of "amorous" books in schools had high ground for emphatic and indignant complaint. This was demonstrated with painful fulness by George Fox in his "*Battledore for the Teachers*."

In 1642 was issued the ordinance of the Lords and Commons that stage plays should cease, on account of the Civil War, and in 1648 a further ordinance followed that players who were caught were to be committed to prison as rogues, and spectators were to be fined. Not till 1656 did the revival of play-acting take place.

Under such circumstances as the Puritanic attack and the Government suppression of play-acting it is probable that school plays never afterwards obtained their former vogue. But the interesting point in the history of the subject is that in the time of the Commonwealth school plays were advocated, and their advocates were men in full sympathy with the Puritanic attack on all that was gross and unseemly in all plays. These advocates were J. A. Comenius and that suggestive and fruitful writer Charles Hoole. Morhof, in his "*Polyhistor*" (1688), says, "As in the republic comedy is the school of the people, so for children being taught, schooling can be advanced by stage

<sup>1</sup> "Wherein it is largely evidenced by divers arguments . . . that popular stage plays are sinful, heathenish, lewd, ungodly spectacles. . . . The unlawfulness of acting, of beholding academical interludes briefly discussed."

plays. Much more firmly," he goes on to say, "do the examples of illustrious men stick in the mind through representations by acting. Even moral and civil precepts can be thus made to appeal to youth." By this means Comenius wished to introduce the history of the philosophers, and, as an example of the treatment he advocated, produced Diogenes Cynicus for the stage. Moreover he turned his "Janua" into a comic play. "So we see," adds Morhof, "that schoolmasters have not merely approved school plays, they have also enjoined them."

In 1657 John Amos Comenius wrote the work which converts the "Janua" into a boys' play. It is called "Encyclopædia Viva," or "Januæ Linguarum praxis comica." It offers for stage exhibition and representation all kinds of men and things, with their right names. As the name of everything is given in Latin, and the actors were to speak in the Latin language, Comenius hoped to promote his encyclopædic knowledge of things as against the knowledge of the mere names of things, and to help forward the study of Latin as a spoken language. Comenius states his view very clearly in his Latin address to the governors (*curatoribus*) of the Patakina School.

"It is no use," he says, "for the objections of theologians to be urged against us in this matter. Some of them would not only proscribe the comedy from the schools, but also from the State, but it is because they think that the plots were light, worthless, impure, and that the actors were as bad. They think the sort of people<sup>1</sup> described or represented on the stage are such as all respectable youth should neither represent nor see represented. Christian piety itself orders such plays to be driven from the schools even as plagues from the skin.

In another preface, added later, Comenius states the essential points of a school play for it really to be a *ludus*. There must be movement. What is done must be done freely, spontaneously. There must be some sociability. There must be friendly rivalry. There must be distinct rules adhered to. What is to be learned must be by example. Without, there must be relaxation of the mind.

All these seven conditions, Comenius maintains, are complied with in a school play. In furtherance of freedom and spontaneity he suggests that boys should be encouraged to throw into the play any *adagia* and *flosculi* which will fit the occasion.

Terence or no Terence was a *questio vexata* in Hoole's day. Hoole was quite clear in his view. "Terence of all the school

<sup>1</sup> He names *leones, meretrices, parasiti, servi callidi, adolescentes lascivi et prodigi*.



King Knowde geve Wyllyam Pewse  
Thys horne to holde by thy lond.

A dog's head at the orifice turned upon a joint, by which means the horn could either be opened for blowing or shut for the holding of liquor. It was two feet and a half long, and one in circumference at the widest part.

Another famous specimen is the horn of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, as to which Masters, in his history of the college, speaking of guilds generally, and that of Corpus Christi in particular, says that on the day of election of the officers "they usually feasted together, when they drank their ale, of which they kept good store in their cellars, out of a great horn finely ornamented with silver-gilt, and which is still remaining in the college treasury; this was presented to the brethren of Corpus Christi by John Goldcorne when alderman, and was liberally filled by them, especially upon the festival of Corpus Christi, when a magnificent procession was usually made." So, too, Fuller says: "Then in Corpus Christi College was a dinner provided them, where good stomachs meeting with good cheer and welcome, no wonder if mirth followed of course. Then out comes the cup of John Goldcorne (once alderman of the guild), made of an horn, with the cover and appurtenances of silver and gilt, which he gave this Company, and all must drink therein."

According to Ingulphus, Witlaff, King of Mercia, gave to the famous Abbey of Croyland "the horn used at his own table, for the elder monks of the house to drink out of it on festivals and saints' days, and that when they gave thanks they might remember the soul of Witlaff, the donor." The horn retained its wide popularity as a drinking vessel for many centuries up to the sixteenth. There is an elaborate specimen, we think, in the British Museum, of that date. (As drinking horns are represented on the Bayeux tapestry, the fashion had been adopted by the haughty Normans, and the skill of Anglo-Saxon artificers had long enriched the originally simple utensil of the Danes with ornamentation, so as to make it approved by the conquering race). Thus some five centuries between the Bayeux tapestry and the British Museum horn show the long popularity among the wealthy of the original drinking vessel of the commonalty. This sixteenth-century horn is formed of the small tusk of an elephant, carved with rude figures of that animal, unicorns, crocodiles, and lions. It is mounted with silver; a small tube, ending in a silver cup, issues from the jaws of a pike, whose head and shoulders enclose the mouth of the vessel, on which is engraved the couplet :—

## BRITISH PRECURSORS OF GLASSES.

THE simple bullock's horn was no doubt the primitive English drinking vessel. Danes and Saxons used it. It was unbreakable; and it was inexpensive—in its “earlier manner.” Also it was handy for flinging at a boon companion when the quarrelsome stage was reached. For with Saxons and Danes alike—oftener the latter—it was quite usual, when differences of opinion altered friendship—

Natis in usum lætitiæ scyphis  
Pugnare.

And the drinking horn was effective as a missile. This is, of course, only glancing at its exceptional use. As to its general utility, it is sufficient that, after a thousand years, it is still in favour in many rural corners, both for harvest and modest shooting repasts (of the unfashionable kind) *sub tegmine fagi*. You can drink—*experto crede*—ale, cider, mead, or claret with equal flavour and “cleanness” on the palate out of a horn. You cannot smash it by dropping or sitting upon it. And if you be of antiquarian tastes there is something interesting in drinking from the same vessel used by your Saxon ancestor (the Norman Conquest has now “taken a back seat”) so many centuries ago.

By-and-by art and luxury were superadded to the homely horn. As time went on, later generations (who were rich) could not enjoy their beverage unless carving and gilding were added. Then the bullock's horn was superseded, for those who could buy them, by other vessels made of costlier but similar material, as the elephant's tusk. And in some cases the costly horn was both a drinking and a musical one. Thus the famous Pusey horn, which was given to the ancestor of the family by King Canute, and by which they held the manor of Pusey, Berks, served both purposes. The horn is described by a seventeenth-century writer as “that of an ox of middling size,” having in the central part a ring of silver-gilt, and neatly mounted on two hounds' feet, which support the whole. Inside was the inscription in black letter:

authors that we read doth deservedly challenge the first place." The matter of Terence is "full of morality." Hoole shows how the teacher may improve the occasion by dwelling on different characters to be met with in Terence's comedies.

While dealing with the reading of Terence, Hoole says: "When you meet with an act or scene that is full of affection and action, you may cause some of your scholars—after they have learned it—to act it first in private amongst themselves, and afterwards in the open school before their fellows. Herein you must have a main care of their pronounciation and acting, every gesture to the very life. This acting of a piece of comedy or a colloquy sometimes will be an excellent means to prepare them to pronounce orations with a grace, and I have found it an especial remedy to expel that subrustic bashfulness and unresistable timorousness which some children are naturally possessed withal, and which is apt in riper years to drown many good parts in men of singular endowments."

FOSTER WATSON.



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Drink you this and think no scorn,  
Although the cup be much like horn.

Indeed, here and there, at a very early date, we meet with ivory. And the famous Borstall (Bucks) horn is supposed to have been that of the bison. Such exotic materials "much like horn" were naturally all the more prized from the vague legends of mysterious lands and travellers, like Marco Polo, which were attached to them. Thus Chaucer alludes to "combination" horns when he says:—

Janus sit by the fire with double berde  
And drinketh of his high horn the wine.

Early, however, during the popularity of the horn another and quite different drinking vessel came into use among the populace. And while every reader knows what a horn is, it is doubtful if any but a small minority are acquainted with a "mazer." This was a small shallow bowl like a saucer, with a cover which had a knob in the centre. It was usually of maple, but not exclusively. At first, like the horn, it was plain and unadorned. Then came embossings and embellishments. Thus Spenser, in the "Shepheards Calender," August, describes how—

A mazer ywrought of the maple warre,  
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight  
Of beres and tygres that maken fiers warre,  
And over them spred a goodly wild vine,  
Entrailed with a wanton yvy twine.

The mazer continued in use and was highly popular with the poorer majority as late as the seventeenth century. It ran the horn hard from its first start, although you certainly could not drink gracefully from the saucer-like mazer, which when large required two hands, when small could be used by one, as those who prefer comfort and convention to conventionality often drink their tea; whereas with the horn you could tip off your mead, ale, or clary—if you were lucky enough to get the latter—both gracefully and satisfyingly.

It was not till the close of the fifteenth century that glass came into fashion for drinking vessels, and then but among the rich. So during the early ages both horn and mazer ("masser" is Dutch, we believe, for maple, hence the supposed derivation) had rivals among the wealthy. There was the hanap, a graceful goblet on a stem; also the tankard, which is yet flourishing of gold, silver, sometimes of ivory, were the earlier specimens. Rarely embellished with ornament and motto, some were parcel-gilt. Many had armorial

bearings, and were cherished as valuable family possessions. Thus wood and various metals have been the material since the ancient horn of drinking vessels. But there is another material, once much in vogue here and still in some parts of Europe among the humbler classes—leather. In "Philocothonista" (1635) attributed to Heywood are enumerated many drinking vessels in use among the majority of Englishmen equally diversified in form and appellation. And that was at a time of deep and constant drinking. He says: "Of drinking cups divers and sundry sorts we have; some of elme, some of box, some of maple, some of holly, &c. ; mazers, broadmouth dishes, noggins, whiskins, piggins, cringes, ale bowles, wassail bowles, court dishes . . . bottles we have of leather, but they were most used among the shepherds and harvest people of the countrey; small jacks we have in many of the alehouses of the citie and suburb tipt with silver, besides the great black-jacks and bombards at the Court, which when the Frenchmen first saw, they reported, at their returne into their countrey, that the Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes." The "black-jack" is indeed associated with romance and poetry and all pictures for centuries of social and convivial life in rustic England.

There were what may perhaps be termed exotic drinking vessels, much rarer than the native ones, and with vague traditions of far-distant lands with such wonders as described by Sir John Mandeville and Marco Polo. Thus there was the "coker-nut," with mountings of valuable metal, and doubtless plenty of "steep stories" as to the trees whereon it grew and the "salvages" who lived among them. It is curious, by the way, to notice the same spelling among all classes three or four centuries ago and the vendors of the nuts at street stalls of the present period. There were similarly adorned "goords," and still more rare than either, when South Africa was a region credited with far more wonders and "golden joys" than even nowadays, "estriche eggs." Specimens of them were sometimes termed the grype's or griffin's egg.

*À propos* of wooden drinking cups—and, by the way, surely holly, mainly used for whips and sticks, must have been the rarest material—probably the latest, as the most famous, was Garrick's cup, which was presented to him by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon in September 1769, at the Shakespeare Jubilee. This was carved from the mulberry-tree planted by the bard's own hand, which, by order of the Reverend Francis Gastrell, then, alas! its owner, was cut down and cleft into firewood, to which *achievement* he added another to secure immortality of a sort for his

name by demolishing Shakespeare's dwelling. Such a man's mind must indeed be a curious psychological study.

This cup measured about eleven inches in height, with a lid on which was carved a mulberry as handle. Thus the mulberry, in one well-known instance, can be added to the category of words which "Philocothonista" mentions as being material for drinking vessels.

Of oak, the monarch of the forest, however, a very ancient instance can be given. Dr. Milner describes it in the eleventh volume of "Archæologia." It once belonged to the Abbey of Glastonbury, and is supposed to have been of the Saxon period and a wassail bowl.

While, however, the horn, the mazer, and the black-jack are the popular drinking vessels which prelude glasses, there is another, of which we should say a little more, and which is both old and new—the tankard. Of precious metals, of pewter, of wood this was made, and certainly its popularity is as widespead among those who drink malt liquors as it was among the hardest drinking early inhabitants of these isles. Among the most ancient specimens are the "peg tankards;" these are said to have been introduced by St. Dunstan as a check on the intemperance of his day. Pegs marked the tankard at intervals, beyond which the drinker was not to go, else he had more than his comrades. But, curiously enough, this device proved the means of aggravating the evil it was intended to remedy, for as a refinement on St. Dunstan's simple plan the most abstemious drinkers were required, when the tankard went round, to drink precisely to a peg indicated, whether their heads could stand the amount of such "distempering draughts" or not. Thence comes the phrase, "He is a peg too low." And, like the tankard, there is another drinking vessel—used, it is true, only by the humbler classes, but many centuries old—the honest earthenware mug, brown and cool, for ale or cider, seen at many a little roadside inn, and on the table outside, where sit the carters and wayfarers under the ample tree which usually shelters them, while the horses drink leisurely from the adjacent trough. The earthenware mug was even used at modest city feeds in the seventeenth century, and, as well as the wooden trencher, is associated for a long period of the past with the humble majority.

And yet again may we refer to the black-jack, which is so connected with the charm of the historical novel and the poet of England. "Philocothonista" says of leather bottles, that they were most in use "among the shepherds and harvest people of the countrey"—which is, in itself, a suggestion of a pastoral—and that small jacks then were



"in many alehouses of the citie and suburbs tipt with silver." Of the great black-jacks resembling "bootes" we have spoken. But in an earlier age than 1635 the black-jack was also associated with the monasteries, where their hospitality was extended to all wayfarers as well as the poor of the "countrey" people, as limned in Cobbett's vigorous racy English when inveighing against the Dissolution. The black-jack of ale was usually accompanied with the "yard of roast beef," deftly carved from the huge "baron," which was given to travellers of healthy appetites. The ancient song of "The Leather Bottel" speaks the popularity of the material in a less fastidious age, yet travellers in Spain, Portugal, and Italy, however particular at home, have enjoyed the wine which has been poured from goatskin or the like, so great is the effect of foreign surroundings.

As to the use of the jacks in alehouses in "citie and suburbs"—though those suburbs have long been part of central London—there was always a large proportion of country folk in town who still retained a fondness for their ancient local ways. And their ancestors had been attached to these leathern receptacles, which had the equal advantage of being unbreakable, and also of not being nearly so handy as missiles, when heads were flustered with wine and swords were drawn, as either metal, wood, or glass.

But glasses remained comparatively rare until the mid-seventeenth century. Indeed, glass as a material to drink from was not in vogue in England at all until the close of the fifteenth century. Even then specimens were few and far between. "Philocothonista" says: "Private householders in the citie, when they make a feast to entertaine their friends, can furnish their cupboards with flagons, tankards, beare cups, and wine bowles, some white, some parcell-guilt, some guilt all over, some with covers, others without, of sundry shapes and qualities." But it does not mention glass. Of course many earlier and beautiful instances of this material existed, but among the people in general there was very little drinking for an extended period from glass.

Returning for a moment to the subject of tankards, we should have mentioned that which belonged to Martin Luther. This was made of ivory, very richly carved and mounted in silver-gilt, with six medallions on the surface representing the most sacred subjects.

Of curiosities in the way of bizarre drinking vessels there seem to have been many to puzzle the eye or the lips of the taster. There is an account, some thirty years old, of one of them found by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharp "among forgotten family" in a vault of

his paternal mansion, Hoddam Castle, Dumfriesshire." This was of bronze, the principal figure a lion fourteen inches long and the same in height. On the back is perched a nondescript animal, half greyhound, half fish, apparently intended for a handle to the whole, while from the breast projects a stag's head with large antlers. This has a perforation in the back of the neck, as if for the insertion of a stopcock, probably for running off the liquid in the vessel. A square lid on the lion's head, opening with a hinge, supplies the requisite aperture for whatever liquor it was designed to hold. Then there were, especially in the sixteenth century, all sorts of fantastic shapes in drinking cups—sometimes birds, sometimes animals, sometimes with the head coming off to act as cover, sometimes the opening in another part of the frame. There is a very remarkable one mentioned as in the Londesborough family, if we recollect rightly. It is a stag reared on its hind legs, of silver-gilt with a garnet collar, the head taking off when the figure was used for drinking.

The stateliest of all drinking vessels, that on which the most elaborate skill in ornamentation was employed, and which belonged to the most distinguished class of possessors, was the hanap. A very elegant vessel raised on a stem was this, and often an heirloom. It sometimes had a cover and was frequently embossed with armorial bearings. Silver and ivory were the most usual materials, gold the rarest. Parcel-gilt was much in vogue. By this term is meant part of the material gilt, part left plain and unglilded. The ornaments were dancing groups, roses, hearts, trefoils, and the like. The hanap, which belonged to the minority of rank and wealth, was a vessel more used on state occasions and at grand feasts than ordinarily, and sometimes as a loving-cup on occasion. There was another vessel known as the "juste," and used in monasteries to measure the allowances of wine—usually of silver, sometimes of ivory.

Since alluding to the fantastic forms of some of the ancient drinking vessels, our attention has been directed to another which is mentioned in Shaw's "Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages." It is known as a puzzle cup—it was formerly in the Strawberry Hill Collection. However, there does not seem much puzzle about it, save in so far that a small cup at the top is so suspended that any liquor in it is never spilled. This small cup surmounts the head of Queen Elizabeth, holding it in fashion of a milkmaid. Her vast hooped skirts form the actual drinking cup when turned upside down and resting on the base of the small end which appears as milk-pail on the Queen's head. Among drinkers

of capacity who were well seasoned it was *en règle* not to set down this drinking cup till it had been drained of its contents, and was then reversed in order to show that no heel taps remained. But among those of more limited capacity it was probably used as a sort of loving-cup, in which were served the highly spiced and sweetened wines of the Elizabethan day, when even such posset must have been cloying indeed to a modern palate. There was a somewhat similar custom (referred to in Nash's "Pierce Penniless's Supplication") which is contemporaneous with the days of ancient drinking vessels, known as drinking "super unglum" (which is often incorrectly termed "supernaculum"). This is the explanation given in the "Supplication:" "A device of drinking new come out of Fraunce, which is, after a man hath turnde up the bottom of the cup, to drop it on hys nayle, and make a pearle with that is left, which, if it slide, and he cannot make it stand on by reason thers too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."

By the way, again alluding to the peg tankard, the "Supplication" asserts that "King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain yron cups to be chayned to everie fountaine and well's side, and at every vintner's doore, with yron pins in them to stint every man how much he should drinke, and he that went beyond one of these pins forfeyted a pennie for every draught. And, if stories were well searcht, I believe hoopoes in quart pots were invented to that end that every man should take his hoope and no more." To this probably Jack Cade refers when he says ("Second Part of Henry VI." Act iv. sc. 2): "There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops." As has been seen, however, the intention of the pegs and hoops was ingeniously metamorphosed into a stimulus not to regard limits, but rather to imitate the "Three Jolly Postboys" of the old song.

F. G. WALTERS.

*EUPHRASIA-BELLARIO:  
A KINSWOMAN OF IMOGEN.*

ACCORDING to Dryden, "the first play that brought Fletcher and him [Beaumont] in esteem was their 'Philaster,'" which seems, indeed, to have been, in its own time at least, a very successful drama. In the second quarto, which was published in 1622, the play is produced "as it hath been diverse times Acted at the Globe and Black-friers, by his Maiestie's Servants;" and it is announced that "Philaster" is "written by Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Gent." The date of "Philaster" is conjectured, with high probability, to be 1609 or 1610.

Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted in the Middle Temple Hall in 1602; and it seems clear that the astrologer Dr. Forman witnessed a performance of "Cymbeline" in the spring of 1611; so that it may be reasonably assumed that these two works—"Cymbeline" may probably have been acted before 1611—were well known to Beaumont and to Fletcher. It seems certain that they were acquainted with Imogen and with Viola. "Philaster" alone would prove that.

According to strict chronology, Beaumont and Fletcher belong to the Jacobean period, but their plays are essentially and emphatically Elizabethan. That time was a glorious period in our national history. The Reformation seemed to have prepared an epoch in which Shakspeare and his great dramatic contemporaries could fitly and freely work. The drama did in England the work which the *novella* did in Italy; and audiences then were surely well worth working for. They knew little of history and less of archæology; but they did know and recognise and feel a strong, vital, poetical drama. They were keenly responsive to the cunning of the moving scene; they did delight in poetry in action; they were worked upon by the passion, power, pathos of a virile dramatist and of a mighty actor; and they were not like those later audiences, of whom Goethe speaks, who, not too much accustomed to the best in art, *haben schrecklich viel gelesen*. The time was mainly objective, and therefore they were

delighted through the ear, the eye, the healthy natural sense. They learned history—dramatic history—history subordinated to drama, from the living stage; but such audiences must also have been subjective, or how could "Hamlet" have been written for them?

Beaumont and Fletcher are not quite Shakspeares; but a musician may be good, though he be not Apollo; and the minor singer may be worth our study, and meet for our delight. They come nearest to Shakspeare in the heroine of "Philaster," the rare and delicate Euphrasia-Bellario. True, they had suggestive models in the women of Shakspeare, specially in Viola and Imogen; and it is singular how the dramatists of that noble day loved to depict ideals of womanhood. They drew also the wanton and the base woman; the same poet paints Imogen and Doll Tearsheet; and Beaumont and Fletcher delineate both Megra and Euphrasia. The circumstance that Shakspeare let so many of his fair women masquerade as boys—as Euphrasia also did—is explained by the fact that female characters were then played by youths and young men; and these would, probably, personate more easily and more successfully in doublet and hose. It may be said that the best and fairest of God's feminine creation are the glorious women of fiction. These may—nay, must—have had living models; but how few men have the good fortune to meet such women alive, while, by good fortune, the poet is always with us! Failing the real, the ideal of woman is divinely delightful.

Shakspeare never attempted to depict a perfect man. He knew that their busy lives of action and of war, that their great temptations, ambitions, struggles, tended to lower them below the ideal of loftiest abstract humanity; but he has drawn perfect women, creatures who, in comparatively quiet lives, did attain to every attribute of exquisite, devoted, loving womanliness. The spear side, involved in constant warrings, work, effort, is more distracted from quiet goodness than is the calmer spindle side. In the time of Beaumont and Fletcher women had more leisure and were more idle than were the men. A woman's main occupation was love. Shakspeare has drawn men, as Othello, who had a fine strain of love, of honour, and of nobleness; but many of his women are more ideal, more divinely fair and good; and Beaumont and Fletcher have emulated Shakspeare's worship of womanhood in their lovely, loving, chaste, and tender Euphrasia. They, indeed, almost rank with the Shakspeare women. The poet has often served the purpose of the dramatist. The story of the novelist, the record of annalist or chronicler, were but as the rubble out of

which the great dramatist hewed an immortal figure. Hence Shakspeare, so great in creation, did not care to employ his invention for events, actions, occurrences. He took the fact where he found it, and ennobled it into a truth—a truth of living, moving art. Bricks and stones are but the materials of the architect; and dramatic art begins when the material hint, or story, has been discovered and borrowed, in order to become vitalised and idealised on the magic stage. The glory of "Philaster" is the woman—Euphrasia-Bellarion.

The source of or suggestion for the plot of "Philaster" has not been discovered. The story is strong, but is somewhat roughly and crudely treated. Events do not occur because they must inevitably happen, nor do they always follow in natural sequence; but they occur as required by the sometimes obvious needs of the playwright. The play seems to have been written in a hurry; and this haste may have arisen from the same cause which impelled poor Massinger to much overhasty work. Leontes and Polixenes were, in the time of Giulio Romano and of the Delphic oracle, kings respectively of Sicilia and of Bohemia; but the King in "Philaster"—probably a monarch of a later date—is simply "The King," and remains anonymous. Our sympathy with Philaster himself is greatly lessened by his unpardonable sword assaults upon the two ladies; and his character, though he is meant for a hero, is somewhat plumply drawn. Dion is guilty of a revolting baseness when he is ready to swear falsely that he saw dishonest conduct between Arethusa and her boy. Pharamond is an obvious stage-dolt, braggart, and profligate; and the characters generally are not very finely or subtly drawn—always excepting those of the two ladies Arethusa and Euphrasia. The diction is nervous, flexible, melodious; and the speeches of Bellarion are written with rare delicacy, tenderness, and beauty. They glow with real poetical and dramatic inspiration and delicious loveliness.

The first scene of "Philaster, or Love Lies a-Bleeding"—the second title is pretty—opens in the presence chamber in the Palace; and we learn that "the Spanish Prince has come to marry our kingdom's heir and be our sovereign;" but we also hear that it will be troublesome labour for the Spanish Prince "to enjoy both these kingdoms with safety, the right heir to one of them living, and living so virtuously; especially, the people admiring the bravery of his mind and lamenting his injuries." The title of Philaster to the crown is not very clearly made out; but, as regards the purposes of the play, 'twill serve.

Philaster's father, "as we all know, was by our late King of Calabria unrighteously deposed from his fruitful Sicily," but the present King "of late made a hazard of both the kingdoms of Sicily and his own, with offering but to imprison Philaster; at which the city was in arms, not to be charmed down by any State order or proclamation till they saw Philaster ride through the streets pleased and without a guard." It is thought that the King, in order to carry out his nefarious project, "labours to bring in the power of a foreign nation to awe his own with." When Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline have thus talked for our information, enter Galatea, a lady, and Megra, the latter being a Court lady of the worst reputation for dishonourable wanton life and conversation; while Galatea is a "wise and modest gentlewoman that attends the Princess."

*Enter* KING, PHARAMOND, ARETHUSA, and Attendants.

The monarch announces to all and sundry, including Pharamond, "our intent to plant you deeply our immediate heir both to our blood and kingdoms;" and offers to the Spanish Prince his daughter Arethusa in marriage.

Pharamond proceeds :—

and adds —

To be my own free trumpet ;

You in me have your wishes.

He tells Arethusa :—

for, sweet princess,  
 You shall enjoy a man of men to be  
 Your servant : you shall make him yours for whom  
 Great queens must die.

His vainglorious, boastful, self-complacent speech provokes from a lord,

This speech calls him Spaniard, being nothing but  
 A large inventory of his own commendations,

and to them all enter Philaster, who addresses a fiery defiance and denunciation to the Spanish Prince.

Philaster is somewhat blatant, but is brave; Pharamond is always loudly boastful, but is a coward. Dion says that if you look well into Pharamond, "you shall see a fever through all his bravery;" whereas Philaster has a speech of fire which is backed by true valour. The King is indignant at Philaster's free speech and dangerous claims, and says to him :—

I'll make you tamer, or I'll dispossess you  
 Both of your life and spirit,

and the King goes out in troubled anger.

Galatea says of Philaster:—

He is the worthiest the true name of man,  
This day within my knowledge;

but the vicious Megra remarks characteristically:—

But the other is the man set in my eye.

The Princess sends for Philaster, and he, of course, attends her.  
She complains that he, in such a public place, has injured her:

Calling a great part of my dowry in question.

But she wants all, only to give it to her love again.

ARE. Then know, I must have them and thee.

PHI. And me?

ARE. Thy love; without which all the land  
Discovered yet will serve me for no use  
But to be buried in.

After a passionate love scene the couple have to part, and the Princess asks:—

How shall we devise

To hold intelligence?

The answer to this question leads to the first mention of Euphrasia-Bellario, who is the true heroine of the play. She is Philaster's page, though he does not know that he is served in this capacity by a lady—and by such a lady!

Philaster's speech, in which he describes his page, is one of the fine things in the play, and is worthy of quotation. He tells Arethusa:—

I have a boy,  
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent  
Not yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,  
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,  
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,  
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.  
A garland lay him by, made by himself  
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,  
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness  
Delighted me: but ever when he turned  
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,  
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.  
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence  
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story:  
He told me that his parents gentle died,  
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields  
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,  
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,  
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light.



Then took he up his garland, and did show  
 What every flower, as country-people hold,  
 Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,  
 Expressed his grief; and, to my thoughts, did read  
 The prettiest lecture of his country-art  
 That could be wished: so that methought I could  
 Have studied it. I gladly entertained  
 Him, who was glad to follow; and have got  
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy  
 That master ever kept. Him will I send  
 To wait on you, and bear our hidden love.

Could Philaster have chosen a daintier if reluctant love emissary? One would almost fancy that he had dimly discerned the divine lady through the tender and graceful boy. To us, to whom in secret the secret is revealed, the relations between master and page are the very poetry of old-world romance. We have an advantage over Orlando, who did not know, as we do, that Ganymede was Rosalind. The reader or spectator of some fine plays is in a better position, as regards knowledge, than are some of the characters themselves; and this advantage is a peculiar privilege of the drama, or poetry in action. Arethusa is not Imogen—indeed Euphrasia is the kinswoman of the peerless daughter of Cymbeline—but Arethusa has to choose between her Posthumus and her Cloten. She is afraid of a meeting between the noble and the ignoble lover, and conjures Philaster:—

Then, good Philaster, give him scope and way  
 In what he says; for he is apt to speak  
 What you are loath to hear; for my sake, do.

And when Pharamond enters, Philaster—for her dear sake—is inclined to forbear the braggart; but Pharamond, misled by Philaster's seeming gentleness, is insolent, and provokes a threatening retort from the true heir.

Know, Pharamond,  
 I loathe to brawl with such a blast as thou,  
 Who art naught but a valiant voice; but if  
 Thou shalt provoke me further, men shall say,  
 "Thou wert," and not lament it.

In order to escape quarrelling before a lady, Philaster leaves, and the dissolute and shameless Pharamond proposes to Arethusa,

If then you please,  
 Being agreed in heart, let us not wait  
 For dreaming form, but take a little stolen  
 Delights, and so prevent our joys to come.

Her indignant answer is—to withdraw in honour.

Viola loves Orsino, and is sent by him to woo Olivia to his love ; and so, in act ii. Philaster orders Bellario to leave him, and to attach himself to the service of Arethusa. Both Viola and Bellario are disguised in male costume ; and the Sicilian page objects at first to being sent away from his loved master, and pleads :—

BEL.                                      Sir, if I have made  
A fault in ignorance, instruct my youth :  
I shall be willing, if not apt, to learn ;  
Age and experience will adorn my mind  
With larger knowledge ; and if I have done  
A wilful fault, think me not past all hope  
For once. What master holds so strict a hand  
Over his boy, that he will part with him  
Without one warning? Let me be corrected,  
To break my stubbornness, if it be so,  
Rather than turn me off ; and I shall mend.

And Philaster says musingly :

The love of boys unto their lords is strange ;

but docile Bellario is transferred to the service of the good Princess.

When Arethusa hears that Bellario is to serve her, she says—and the phrase is Shakspearian—

'Tis a pretty sad talking boy, is it not ?

The debauched Pharamond, after a vain attempt upon the honour of Galatea, is thoroughly successful with the wanton Megra, and the pair are detected in their base intrigue by the King, who is always loud-mouthed, pompous, voluble, unstable. He, of course, abuses Pharamond roundly, and addresses some very pregnant truths to the vile wanton. She, detected beyond denial in her loose amour, turns shamelessly to bay, and dares to defame the pure Princess.

The Princess, your dear daughter, shall stand by me  
On walls, and sung in ballads, anything ;  
Urge me no more ; I know her and her haunts,  
Her lays, leaps, and outlays, and will discover all ;  
Nay, will dishonour her. I know the boy  
She keeps ; a handsome boy, about eighteen ;  
Know what she does with him, where, and when.  
Come, sir, you put me to a woman's madness,  
The glory of a fury ; and if I do not  
Do 't to the height——

We know all about Arethusa and the boy ; but the foul slander of the incensed strumpet has something plausible in it, will cause much mischief, and deceives those who should have known the

Princess better. Dion, who should have had sounder judgment, believes the scandal, and purposes to serve Philaster thus:—

Since it is true, and tends to his own good,  
I'll make this new report to be my knowledge ;  
I'll say I know it ; nay, I'll swear I saw it.

Surely only a dramatist, hard pushed, could make this wary and honourable old lord swear that he saw such a thing, that never happened. We can hardly realise that the sturdy old Dion should swear, knowingly, to such a dangerous and wanton untruth.

Dion, the unworthy, tells Philaster that his Princess is known to be light o' love ; and adds : " Why, she was taken at it."

Philaster, naturally, flames into noble rage, and turns furiously upon the fallen Dion.

DION. My lord—

PHI.

Thou liest.

[Offers to draw his sword : they hold him.

And thou shalt feel it ! I had thought thy mind  
Had been of honour. Thus to rob a lady  
Of her good name is an infectious sin  
Not to be pardoned : be it false as hell,  
'Twill never be redeemed, if it be sown  
Amongst the people, fruitful to increase  
All evil they shall hear. Let me alone,  
That I may cut off falsehood whilst it springs !  
Set hills on hills betwixt me and the man  
That utters this, and I will scale them all,  
And from the utmost top fall on his neck,  
Like thunder from a cloud.

The allegation is that the page—our page—is the paramour of the Princess ; and Dion is wicked enough to maintain,

In short, my lord, I took them ; I myself.

Such positive statements from so grave a source convince the unhappy Philaster ; and when the innocent Bellario comes to him with a letter from Arethusa, he dissembles his jealous belief, and tries the boy with many cunning questions, which are answered with the straightforward simplicity of pure innocence. This scene is a powerful one. Bellario declares : " You are abused ; some villain has abused you," and the dialogue between the two strongly differentiated characters, the one so passionate, the other so patient, is finely rendered. Philaster draws his sword to kill the page whom he believes so treacherous. " I will take thy life !" But something in the speech and manner of the tender boy, though it does not lull his suspicions, yet disarms his vengeance.

PHI.

Oh, what should I do ?

Why, who can but believe him ? he does swear

So earnestly, that if it were not true,

The gods would not endure him. [Sheathes his sword.

Rise, Bellario :

[Bellario rises.

Thy protestations are so deep, and thou

Dost look so truly when thou utter'st them,

That, though I know 'em false as were my hopes,

I cannot urge thee further. But thou wert

To blame to injure me, for I must love

Thy honest looks, and take no revenge upon

Thy tender youth : a love from me to thee

Is firm, whate'er thou dost : it troubles me

That I have called the blood out of thy cheeks,

That did so well become thee. But, good boy,

Let me not see thee more : something is done

That will distract me, that will make me mad,

If I behold thee. If thou tender'st me,

Let me not see thee.

BEL.

I will fly as far

As there is morning, ere I give distaste

To that most honoured mind. But through these tears,

Shed at my hopeless parting, I can see

A world of treason practised upon you,

And her, and me. Farewell for evermore !

If you shall hear that sorrow struck me dead,

And after find me loyal, let there be

A tear shed from you in my memory,

And I shall rest at peace.

And so Bellario is banished by his abused lord.

The King commands his daughter to get rid of her page ; and Philaster, in the fury of his fierce jealousy, reproaches Arethusa with her perfidy. The wronged and sorrowful but not indignant Bellario needs not to be dismissed.

BEL.

Oh, what God,

Angry with men, hath sent this strange disease

Into the noblest minds ? Madam, this grief

You add unto me is no more than drops

To seas, for which they are not seen to swell ;

My lord hath struck his anger through my heart,

And let out all the hope of future joys.

You need not bid me fly ; I came to part,

To take my latest leave. Farewell for ever !

I durst not run away in honesty

From such a lady, like a boy that stole

Or made some grievous fault. The power of gods

Assist you in your sufferings ! Hasty time

Reveal the truth to your abused lord

And mine, that he may know your worth ; whilst I

Go seek out some forgotten place to die !

[Exit Bellario.

The pathos of the tragedy seems to culminate at this sad juncture ; but there are sorrows and terrors yet to come. Two noble women, Arethusa and Euphrasia, are of ladies most deject and wretched at the end of the third act ; and Philaster himself is in angry misery.

The next morning is awakened by the cheery music of hound and horn, and we may blithely join in the chase—though many sad events were born of that hunting. The unstable King pardons Pharamond his “ venial trespass ” with Megra, and asks Arethusa—

Is your boy turned away ?

and she replies—

You did command, sir,

And I obeyed you.

We feel that certain of the incidents in this hunting are rather clumsily treated. Philaster was still the victim of his baseless jealousy, but some of his actions—like that of wounding his lady with his sword—could only be excused by temporary insanity ; and his general attitude of mind does not warrant this conclusion. He meets again the two women—Princess and page—who love him so well, so dearly ; but, however infuriated, Philaster can still reason, and is not insane. During the course of the chase the Princess is lost, and the King—a true stage monarch, a ruthless despot, and an insensate tyrant—demands that his daughter be found. He asks, “ Where is she ? ”

DION.

Sir, I do not know.

KING. Speak that again so boldly, and, by Heaven,

It is thy last !—You fellows, answer me ;

Where is she ? Mark me, all ; I am your King :

I wish to see my daughter ; show her me ;

I do command you all, as you are subjects,

To show her me ! What ! am I not your King ?

If ay, then am I not to be obeyed ?

DION. Yes, if you command things possible and honest.

KING. Things possible and honest ! Hear me, thou,

Thou traitor, that dar'st confine thy King to things

Possible and honest ! show her me,

Or, let me perish, if I cover not

All Sicily with blood !

The blustering Pharamond almost outdoes his Majesty :—

KING. You're all cunning to obey us for our hurt ;

But I will have her.

PHA.

If I have her not,

By this hand, there shall be no more Sicily.

DION. What, will he carry it to Spain in 's pocket ?

[*Aside.*

PHA. I will not leave one man alive, but the King,

A cook, and a tailor.

While the search goes vainly on, we meet with the wandering Princess in another part of the forest. Bellario finds her, and to the two enter Philaster. He is impetuous, impulsive, is steeped in sorrow, and full of jealous rage; but surely nothing short of actual frenzy could explain such a dire deed as wounding the Princess in the breast with his sword; and yet Philaster does that. The necessities, or fancied necessities, of our dramatists have here driven them beyond the limits of true and fine art. First, he offers his sword to Arethusa, begging her to kill him with it.

Then you and this your boy may live and reign  
In lust without control.

You will not kill me, then?

ARE.

Kill you!

BEL. Not for the world!

The page is sent away, and Philaster wounds his lady; but his act is seen by an honest country fellow, who attacks Philaster, and, with his "father's old fox," succeeds in wounding the besotted heir to the crown. Noble Arethusa says, "He has not hurt me; I felt it not." Her glorious object is to conceal who harmed her. Philaster finds Bellario sleeping—"Sword, print my wounds upon this sleeping boy!"—and he actually severely wounds him—or her.

BEL. Oh, death, I hope, is come!

Blest be that hand.

It meant me well. Again, for pity's sake.

The loss of blood stays Philaster's flight, and he proposes to the boy—"Art thou true to me?"—to say that he "received these hurts in staying me, and I will second thee."

BEL. With my own wounds I'll bloody my own sword.

I need not counterfeit to fall; Heaven knows

That I can stand no longer [*falls*].

Enter Pharamond, Dion, Cleremont, and Thrasiline. They accuse Bellario of having hurt the Princess, and the page confesses his guilt. She is as generous as Arethusa. Bellario is to be led to prison, when Philaster creeps out of the bush in which he had taken refuge, and cries:—

It was I that hurt the Princess.

He and the two ladies are all bleeding from their wounds, and Philaster, touched by Bellario's desire to screen him, asks to be laid gently upon the boy's neck, and embraces the Bellario that he had so recently hurt and hated. He cries:—

Forgive me, thou that art the wealth  
Of poor Philaster!

The King, Arethusa, and guards appear. She maintains that she did not know the man who had so wounded her. The King commits to prison Philaster and his page lady; but Arethusa claims to be allowed to "appoint their torturers and their deaths," and this is granted her. The King observes to Pharamond that this business past—

We may with more security go on  
To your intended match.

And so act iv. ends.

Things look badly for Philaster's chance of succession to the crown. The King and Pharamond are resolved upon his death; but he has still the nobles—and the people—to friends.

The King has sent for the headsman "an hour ago," when, in the prison, we meet with the doomed Philaster and his two dear ladies. Much has been explained before we see the trio, but he does not yet know that Bellario is a lady:—

PHI. Oh, Arethusa, oh, Bellario,  
Leave to be kind!  
I shall be shot from heaven, as now from earth,  
If you continue so. I am a man  
False to a pair of the most trusty ones  
That ever earth bore: can it bear us all?  
Forgive, and leave me. But the King hath sent  
To call me to my death: oh, show it me,  
And then forget me! and for thee, my boy,  
I shall deliver words will mollify  
The hearts of beasts to spare thy innocence.

BEL. Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing  
Worthy your noble thoughts! 'tis not a life,  
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.  
Should I outlive you, I should then outlive  
Virtue and honour; and when that day comes,  
If ever I shall close these eyes but once,  
May I live spotted for my perjury,  
And waste my limbs to nothing!

ARE. And I (the woful'st maid that ever was,  
Forced with my hands to bring my lord to death)  
Do by the honour of a virgin swear  
To tell no hours beyond it!

The readiness is all, and Philaster expects and is ready for death, by block and axe. Bellario, in a robe and garland, performs a little *intermezzo*, or masque (the masque was dear to Elizabethan writers), in which he purposes to

Sing you an epithalamium of these lovers.

Arethusa announces that Philaster is her dear husband. The enraged King declares that

Blood shall put out your torches ; and, instead  
Of gaudy flowers about your wanton necks,  
An axe shall hang like a prodigious meteor  
Ready to crop your loves' sweets.

Philaster tells him

That by the gods, it is a joy to die ;  
I find a recreation in it,

when a gentleman enters, and says :—

Get you to your strength,  
And rescue the Prince Pharamond from danger ;  
He's taken prisoner by the citizens,  
Fearing the Lord Philaster.

The city is in mutiny,  
Led by an old grey ruffian, who comes on  
In rescue of the Lord Philaster.

The situation is serious—and who shall save it? There is but one man that can do so, and that man is Philaster. The headsman is disappointed, and the trembling tyrant, admitting "I have wronged you," beseeches the condemned rightful heir to calm the people,

And be what you were born to : take your love,  
And with her my repentance, all my wishes,  
And all my prayers.

Philaster consents, and has experienced a very sudden and surprising revolution of the wheel of Fortune. He mingles with the revolt and saves Pharamond from certain death, inducing the rioters to deliver the Prince of Spain to him.

We have now reached the last scene of all which ends this strange eventful history, and we find the chief characters assembled in an apartment in the Palace.

Philaster brings in rescued Pharamond ; receives the assurance of the succession and the promise of the hand of Arethusa. He suggests that Pharamond may, if it be agreeable to him, leave the kingdom with Megra as his fair companion.

It must be remembered that the charge of illicit love between the Princess and the Page has never been explained or withdrawn ; and the shameless Megra, admitting frankly her own shame, reiterates coarsely her former accusation against Arethusa. It becomes, therefore, important to clear the reputation of the King's daughter, and this is very effectually done by Bellario himself.



The King decides :—

Bear away that boy to torture ;  
I will have her [Arethusa] cleared or buried.  
Sirs, strip that boy.

Dion and Bellario walk apart, and she convinces Dion that she is indeed his daughter Euphrasia.

“The Princess is all clear,” says joyful Euphrasia—no more Bellario—and Arethusa is cleared in truth. Amazed Philaster asks :—

But, Bellario,  
For I must call thee still so, tell me why  
Thou didst conceal thy sex.

And the blushing Euphrasia replies in one of the loveliest speeches in all our noble poetical drama :—

My father oft would speak  
Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow  
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst  
To see the man so praised. But yet all this  
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost  
As soon as found ; till, sitting by my window,  
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,  
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates :  
My blood flew out and back again, as fast  
As I had puffed it forth and sucked it in  
Like breath : then was I called away in haste  
To entertain you. Never was a man,  
Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre, raised  
So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss  
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep  
From you for ever : I did hear you talk,  
Far above singing. After you were gone,  
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched  
What stirred it so : alas, I found it love !  
Yet far from lust ; for, could I but have lived  
In presence of you, I had had my end.  
For this I did elude my noble father  
With a feigned pilgrimage, and dressed myself  
In habit of a boy ; and, for I knew  
My birth no match for you, I was past hope  
Of having you ; and, understanding well  
That when I made discovery of my sex  
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,  
By all the most religious things a maid  
Could call together, never to be known,  
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,  
For other than I seemed, that I might ever  
Abide with you. Then sat I by the fount,  
Where first you took me up.

KING.

Search out a match

Within our kingdom, where and when thou wilt,  
And I will pay thy dowry.

Impetuous Philaster—perhaps he is secretly troubled by the difficulty of choosing between two such women—twice attempts to commit suicide ; but he might well stab himself that had, in blind fury, wounded, with his misused sword, two such ladies, each so fair, so good, so generous, and so forgiving. Hear them both :—

BEL.

(*to the King*)

Never, sir, will I

Marry ; it is a thing within my vow :  
But, if I may have leave to serve the Princess,  
To see the virtues of her lord and her,  
I shall have hope to live.

ARE.

I, Philaster,

Cannot be jealous, though you had a lady  
Drest like a page to serve you ; nor will I  
Suspect her living here.—Come, live with me ;  
Live free as I do. She that loves my lord,  
Cursed be the wife that hates her !

How can dramatists create men worthy of such women? Pos-  
thumus, despite her forgiveness of the wager, was scarcely worthy of  
Imogen ; and certainly Philaster is not comparable with delightful  
Arethusa or with delicious Euphrasia. The play ends happily.

I have said that the glory of the play is a woman, that woman  
being our dear Euphrasia. Arethusa is good, noble, charming ; but  
she has not quite the winsome softness or the gentle devotion of  
the page-disguised lady, who seems created to suffer so much and to  
move so deeply our sorrowing pity. Euphrasia's outward form and  
features are fit symbols of inner spiritual beauty. She does not  
worship the Prince, but gives the priceless gift of her lofty love to  
the man. She is abstract woman, and stands apart from the main  
current of succession to sceptre and to crown. Her sceptre and her  
crown are noble and ideal love ; and in her devoted self-sacrifice she  
risks misconstruction, ill-usage, and even wounds. Her love is pure  
as is a white lily ; but, though pure, she is not cold ; and through her  
chastity glows the fair touch of woman's tender love—a love which  
is ideal rather than passionate. We fancy her, with her pale delicate  
cheek slightly flushed—the flush would be half a blush—with the  
faintest tint of innocent unconscious sex. She has purity without  
pretence, devotion without vanity, and love without license. She  
never stops to think of self. She is placed in most romantic cir-  
cumstances, and appears in delicate disguise, but always remains  
pure as the snow on high hills. She passes through sad sorrows and

trials, and wins, at last, only half the happiness that she desired and deserved. Not for her is even the fate of Hagar. She can only witness the virtues of Philaster and his royal wife. If she were genuinely contented with the lot appointed to her, she transcends all ideality and surpasses all heroism. Beautiful, good, self-sacrificing as she is, we must bless the play which makes us acquainted with Dion's child, Euphrasia.

And the words that she speaks, the passages in which she is depicted, are always worthy of her—are tender in melody, pure in expression, exquisite in cadence. We conjecture that they must have been written by Fletcher; and they are instinct with the fine music of the finest English. The play is strong, if rough, and we part with it with hearts touched, and with imaginations nobly stirred by the virtues, love, and charms of virginal, tender, and ever dear Euphrasia-Bellarion.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

*THE BIRDS' PETITION.*

## I.

DEEP in leafy woodland bowers,  
 Bright with undergrowth of flowers,  
 O'er the dappled mead and pool,  
 And in tangled lanes most cool,  
 Pipe the throstle, finch, and lark,  
 From the dewy dawn to dark,  
 And they pipe, and never tire,  
 Songs as sweet as love's desire.

## II.

Oft to me they seem to sing,  
 On the branch, or on the wing ;  
 " If you leave us space and sky,  
 Room to nest and sing and fly,  
 We will pipe for your delight,  
 Pipe and make the days more bright ;  
 But in narrow cage confined,  
 Song is slain by joy unkind.

## III.

" Honour, then, our wide domain,  
 Break not little hearts with pain ;  
 God, who made the merry day,  
 Gave to us our roundelay ;  
 And like honey-laden bee,  
 Or like wild winds, made us free ;  
 Leave, then, leave us to our song,  
 Woods and meads and flowers among."

CHARLES LUSTED.

**TABLE TALK.****THE BRITISH EMPIRE.**

**I**T is in no spirit of *Chauvinisme*, or Jingoism, with no wish to intrude into the domain of politics, and with no intention further to exasperate the European Powers who are our rivals in the contest for dominion, that I venture to deal with the subject of British Empire, but simply because I believe that a large number of my readers have little more idea than I have myself as to what that Empire signifies. It is my own fault that I have to avow such ignorance, since during the past year abundant efforts have been made to enlighten me. Great figures, like great heights, are sometimes burdensome to the weak head, and I have not always, I am afraid, grasped the significance of the figures put forward. In "The British Empire" of Sir Charles Dilke, just issued, I find the statistics of empire set before me in such fashion that I can for the first time comprehend their full meaning, and I seek to enable others to share in my newly acquired gain. We have all of us to deal at present in some fashion with the most momentous issues of national existence and prosperity, and an indispensable preliminary to grasping the international problems likely to arise, or that have arisen, is a comprehension of our own stake in the latest forms of international strife. If my reader is already in possession of the main facts, I apologise to him. He has, moreover, but to turn from these pages to others under the same cover in order to find matter on which there is no room for dispute. I will add that I deal with one or two points only, and that I give facts at second hand, and enter upon neither explanation nor analysis, my purport being to supply a few pages of Table Talk and not an encyclopædia.

**EXTENT OF BRITISH RULE.**

**M**Y sources will not be suspected or disputed. Of all authorities on English strength relative to that of other countries, and of all diplomatists, Sir Charles Dilke is known to be the best-informed. It is his statements that I advance, and it is with his conclusions, if any conclusions at all are dealt with, that I shall deal. His illustrations are supplied in a picturesque form likely to impress

the imagination, and not in the shape of mere comparative numbers that perplex or dismay. The area of the British Empire, then, including protectorates and spheres of influence, is all but equal to four Europes. Its population reaches 400,000,000, its public revenues, apart from any question of local rates, which would largely augment the total, is £260,000,000 sterling, and it owns half the sea-borne trade of the world. Except as regards military strength in land forces, in which, apart from armed police, its war footing is all but exactly the same as the peace footing of the Russian Empire, namely, 950,000 men, it stands at the top of everything. It produces almost every requirement for human consumption; is first in wheat, wool, timber, tea (so far as value goes), coal and iron, and, perhaps, gold. These statements, for none of which am I personally responsible, may well give one pause, the articles enumerated including almost all that man has cause to regard as indispensable. In precious stones, and most other minerals besides those named, we stand also first. In tobacco we rank second to Spain, unless recent events have disturbed the balance, and in coffee, sugar, and other articles we are very high. The bringing home to the public mind of these facts seems all-important if we are to recognise our responsibilities, and weigh fairly what is expected of us and due to ourselves in the future.

#### RESPONSIBILITIES OF EMPIRE.

NOW, as a mere counting up of national wealth, I am incapable of drawing my readers' attention to these things. I am of those who can easily be persuaded that the greatest happiness might be found in diminished possessions. I very greatly doubt whether Spain will be much the worse off now that her rulers have fewer rich colonies to plunder and misrule. In the interest of our trade, however, we have been compelled to extend our borders. We should have been content to leave alone China had we only extended to her the grudging indulgence of Polyphemus to Ulysses and reserved her to be the last devoured. Our neighbours and rivals have, however, seen to that. They have begun the partition. Whatever countries our rivals occupy are permanently closed to us. Our manufactures, our freight, encounter terms practically prohibitive, and our banishment, so far as signs point now, is like death *pour longtemps*. If, then, the mission of reformation which it is a part of our duty to extend is to progress, if barbarism is to be replaced by civilisation, if freedom and law are to supplant blood-thirst, rapine, and extortion, and if with our own trade the overmastering destiny of our race is to be maintained, we have to secure the possessions we hold with those which by mere accretion, or I might almost say

by alluvion, will combine with them. As to the methods by which this is to be done I have nothing personally to say. There are few thinking men now who entertain a doubt as to the disaster to our own workers at home and the races of mankind generally that would attend our abandonment of our responsibilities.

#### PICTURESQUE INDIA.

I HAVE said as much on the general subject as I feel justified in saying in pages which shrink from every form of polemic. One or two points, however, in connection with what Kinglake calls the "Englishman's loved India" are dealt with by Sir Charles in a fashion so encouraging that I am tempted to dwell upon them. Speaking of India as on the whole, in spite of certain drawbacks, a place to attract the traveller, Sir Charles calls it "the home of the finest sights and of the most perfect natural pictures that the world can show," adding that "a May-day review in St. Petersburg does not exceed in military lustre a cavalry camp of India, while the scenery, both of Southern and Central India, and, in the cold weather, of those portions of the north which are within sight of the Himalayan range, is not to be met with within the vast dominions of the Emperor of all the Russias." That colour our author advises us to maintain, holding, as I have myself often declared, that in the now colourless modern world the picturesque is not to be neglected. He seems, moreover, though this is not expressly said, to discern a gain in our retention of these romantic aspects of existence, instituting a comparison with the Italian republics on which I advise the reader to dwell. "Elsewhere all is becoming dull and uniform. In India we have still surviving, in a thriving and modern life, thoroughly consistent with our rule, and often with real loyalty to the Empress-Queen, communities which in their political institutions recall Italy of the Middle Ages, which in their religious institutions take us back to the early ages of the historical world, and which, in variety of costume and pomp of display, exceed anything which has been witnessed in other parts of the world by those who have lived in more romantic days." I wish I could go farther and quote what is said as to the difficulties of the task we have taken up and the encouragements to us in our conduct of it. That would, however, lead too far. One thing I will not refrain from doing: I will counsel my reader at least to study closely for himself the chapter--the ninth--upon Imperial Defence, and the list of books on the general subject which is commended to his perusal.

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APRIL 1899.

*COLQUHOUN'S VICTORY.*

BY A. WERNER.

I.

I WAS taking my summer holiday in the Highlands—never mind how many years ago. At that time I occupied a responsible post at one of the largest asylums in the south of England; and I need not say that when I could get away for a rest and change I made them as complete as possible.

This time I took no companion. My nervous system was thoroughly overtaxed, and I wanted to be alone, to yield myself to the healing influences of the hills and the sky. I made my way to Loch Awe side, and took two rooms in a cottage standing by itself at some little distance from the hamlet of Kilchrenan. From my window I could see, through a gap between two rounded hills, a bit of the loch and the hills on the Sonachan side, the woods running down to the shore, and the scattered clumps and lines of trees higher up, and beyond them the sheets of green moorland swelling up in an uneven line against the sky.

In front of the cottage ran the narrow road which led, by many windings, to Taycreggan Pier. Just beyond it some willow bushes marked the edge of a rough grass field, sloping up to the wilder moor beyond, with its sheets of bracken and grey rocks breaking through the soil, and patches of heather just flushing into blossom. On this moorland, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a grey stone cottage with a slate roof, just an ordinary four-roomed cottage, but of slightly higher pretensions than the thatched one in which I had taken up my quarters. Behind it the moor ran up into a crest of granite rock,



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I WAS taking my summer holiday in the Highlands—never mind how many years ago. At that time I occupied a responsible post at one of the largest asylums in the south of England; and I need not say that when I could get away for a rest and change I made them as complete as possible.

This time I took no companion. My nervous system was thoroughly overtaxed, and I wanted to be alone, to yield myself to the healing influences of the hills and the sky. I made my way to Loch Awe side, and took two rooms in a cottage standing by itself at some little distance from the hamlet of Kilchrenan. From my window I could see, through a gap between two rounded hills, a bit of the loch and the hills on the Sonachan side, the woods running down to the shore, and the scattered clumps and lines of trees higher up, and beyond them the sheets of green moorland swelling up in an uneven line against the sky.

In front of the cottage ran the narrow road which led, by many windings, to Taycreggan Pier. Just beyond it some willow bushes marked the edge of a rough grass field, sloping up to the wilder moor beyond, with its sheets of bracken and grey rocks breaking through the soil, and patches of heather just flushing into blossom. On this moorland, about a quarter of a mile away, stood a grey stone cottage with a slate roof, just an ordinary four-roomed cottage, but of slightly higher pretensions than the thatched one in which I had taken up my quarters. Behind it the moor ran up into a crest of granite rock,

by alluvion, will combine with them. As to the methods by which this is to be done I have nothing personally to say. There are few thinking men now who entertain a doubt as to the disaster to our own workers at home and the races of mankind generally that would attend our abandonment of our responsibilities.

#### PICTURESQUE INDIA.

I HAVE said as much on the general subject as I feel justified in saying in pages which shrink from every form of polemic. One or two points, however, in connection with what Kinglake calls the "Englishman's loved India" are dealt with by Sir Charles in a fashion so encouraging that I am tempted to dwell upon them. Speaking of India as on the whole, in spite of certain drawbacks, a place to attract the traveller, Sir Charles calls it "the home of the finest sights and of the most perfect natural pictures that the world can show," adding that "a May-day review in St. Petersburg does not exceed in military lustre a cavalry camp of India, while the scenery, both of Southern and Central India, and, in the cold weather, of those portions of the north which are within sight of the Himalayan range, is not to be met with within the vast dominions of the Emperor of all the Russias." That colour our author advises us to maintain, holding, as I have myself often declared, that in the now colourless modern world the picturesque is not to be neglected. He seems, moreover, though this is not expressly said, to discern a gain in our retention of these romantic aspects of existence, instituting a comparison with the Italian republics on which I advise the reader to dwell. "Elsewhere all is becoming dull and uniform. In India we have still surviving, in a thriving and modern life, thoroughly consistent with our rule, and often with real loyalty to the Empress-Queen, communities which in their political institutions recall Italy of the Middle Ages, which in their religious institutions take us back to the early ages of the historical world, and which, in variety of costume and pomp of display, exceed anything which has been witnessed in other parts of the world by those who have lived in more romantic days." I wish I could go farther and quote what is said as to the difficulties of the task we have taken up and the encouragements to us in our conduct of it. That would, however, lead too far. One thing I will not refrain from doing: I will counsel my reader at least to study closely for himself the chapter - the ninth—upon Imperial Defence, and the list of books on the general subject which is commended to his perusal.

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THE  
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whose jagged peak I could just see from my window above the cottage roof.

I heard that it was occupied by a family of the name of Colquhoun—summer visitors like myself. Having come (as I have said) in search of rest and solitude, the information made very little difference to me.

It was perfect weather. I would rise early—sometimes even at daybreak—swallow a glass of milk, and, putting some biscuits into my pocket, stroll away wherever my fancy led me, turning off as soon as possible from the beaten track to the untrodden hill-side. Sometimes I would take a book with me—an old, restful book: Bacon, or Sir Thomas Browne, or the “Morte d’Arthur”—and read snatches now and then; but most often I was content to lie on the heather, gazing at the hills in their wonderful, ever-changing aspects, drinking in the pure, blessed air, and trying to forget that such things as mental patients existed in this world.

After a week or so of this solitary lotus-eating I felt sufficiently restored to attempt something more active, and unpacked my fishing-rods; after which I had many an hour of contemplative enjoyment by the water-side. Sometimes I took a boat and rowed myself about, fishing, or resting, or reading, as the spirit moved me.

It thus happened one afternoon that I had pulled into the landing-place of the little island of Innishail, when my attention was attracted by the evolutions of a man in a Canadian canoe. He seemed to be drifting in a curious way, and I soon made out that he must have lost his paddle and been caught in one of the cross-currents between the islands. I turned my own skiff, rowed after him, and was soon near enough for him to throw me a rope and let me take him in tow.

“Thanks!” he said; “it was stupid of me to try a thing like this in waters I don’t know. I got into the current of the Awe, and dropped my paddle—I don’t quite know how—in pushing her off from a rock I was drifting up against. Sorry to give so much trouble.”

We landed on the island and pulled in the canoe to see if she had sustained any damage, and I had time to size up my new acquaintance. He was a tall, well-made fellow, apparently a little over thirty, dark, with finely-cut features and wavy hair. He looked strong and healthy, bronzed by sun and wind; yet I noticed a strange bloodless pallor underneath the tan, something that seemed to accentuate the intense darkness of the eyes and eyebrows. There was something about him that I liked,

without very definitely knowing why—something that had a deeper root than mere good looks or good manners. I have never felt this undefinable attraction towards man or woman without finding on further acquaintance that there was a reason for it.

The canoe was all right, but since she was useless without the paddle we agreed to row back in my boat and tow her along. And in the meantime we sat among the graves, and talked—as perfect strangers who feel drawn to one another sometimes will—of nothing personal, but of winds, and skies, and the everlasting hills, and life and death. When we parted at Taycreggan I vaguely understood that he was staying not far off, but neither of us had thought of asking the other's name.

## II.

That night was one of exquisite starlight—the moon did not rise till late. I smoked a last cigar in the garden before turning in, then climbed to my chamber, and stepped to the window, the matchbox and unlighted candle in my hand, to take a last look at the sky. My attention was caught, however, by the lighted window on the upper floor of the cottage on the moor, which presented rather a curious appearance. The light was suddenly obscured, then shone out again, then was darkened once more. This continued so long that, my curiosity being thoroughly roused, I took from my portmanteau a tolerably powerful telescope which I had with me and directed it at the house.

I started, and nearly dropped the instrument. My acquaintance of the morning passed and repassed the window several times, evidently in a high state of excitement, with a drawn claymore in his hand. I could see him flourishing it round his head, and making passes and lunges as if at some invisible opponent; and then a woman came forward and threw herself upon him as if to disarm him, and he struggled with her, and for a moment seemed about to run her through. As I was thinking whether I ought to start for the house, and what I could do when I got there, the figures disappeared and the light shone out undisturbed. I watched for awhile, but could see nothing. Then the woman's figure came forward and drew down the blind, and shortly afterwards the light went out.

Surely, I reasoned with myself, there had been nothing to worry over. Clearly, the woman had not been killed. Perhaps she and her husband had only been trying a stage effect with a view to private

theatricals—ignorant or oblivious of the fact that they were overlooked. Anyhow, no one could make it out to be my business, I told my conscience with rather an injured feeling. Yet I felt strangely restless, and decided on another stroll before going to bed. I crossed the road, and walked over the moor in the direction of the cottage, afterwards patrolling round and round the latter for nearly an hour; but I could neither hear nor see anything out of the way, and retired to bed slightly ashamed of my own alarm.

Next morning, on descending to breakfast at eight, I found among my letters one from an old college friend, now settled in Ayrshire. Our paths in life had widely diverged, but we still met from time to time—had done so, in fact, not many months before.

“Dear Stevenson,” the letter ran, “I have just heard something which reminds me that you are spending your holiday on Loch Awe side, and may, if so disposed, be of infinite service to an afflicted family. Seriously, old friend, I must tell you about something which bothers me. I don’t know if you ever met Colquhoun—Colquhoun of Craigmore. I have known him since we were boys together—was very intimate with him, I may say, as long as the poor fellow was himself. There was a certain queerness and want of balance in the family—never, so far as I know, any absolute insanity—but he, if he has never crossed the border-line, has at times come very near it. There have been, I think, financial worries since his marriage, four years ago, which have made matters worse—certainly they seem tending to some sort of crisis. He has always been subject to fits of a kind of Berserker rage, but of late these have become terribly frequent on the very slightest provocation—sometimes on none at all. He does not drink, in fact he is remarkably abstemious as a rule; but a very small dose of alcohol makes a devil of him.

“You will wonder why I tell you all this; but I have just learnt that they are to be near neighbours of yours, having taken a cottage on Loch Awe side, which by all accounts must be quite near the one where you are staying. The complete change should do him good, but I am not at all easy at the thought of his poor wife. She insisted on going with him, thinking it the best thing that could be done. If you could keep an eye on him, you might arrest no one knows what horror.

“Another reason why I write you is this. Of course he ought to be in an asylum—all his friends see it—but the law is the difficulty. No one can be placed under restraint, as you know, without the testimony of a medical man who has himself seen the patient’s condition. But poor Colquhoun has enough of the infernal cunning of

the insane to pull himself together and act as if he were all right so long as the doctor's eye is on him. There are difficulties in the way of getting him to a specialist at a distance, or of getting one down to see him; and besides, he always recovers his self-control in the presence of a stranger, even though he does not know him to be a medical man. Do for God's sake see what you can do. I know it is a great deal to ask, but I am sick at heart with the thought of what may happen. If I had been able I would have gone with them myself, but it is simply impossible for me.

"Good-bye, Stevenson! Pray God you may be able to do something.

"Yours ever,

"A. J. LEITH."

I whistled as I read this. "Leith's given me a hard row to hoe," I said, "but undoubtedly we must call at the cottage this afternoon. Now for a row on the loch and a considering of the matter."

About half-way down I happened to stop and look back, and saw a couple coming towards me along the road. I recognised the man at once as Colquhoun; the woman looked like the one I had seen last night. By daylight she was tall, fair, and graceful, prettily dressed in a light summer costume; and with a beautiful face, shadowed and saddened, though she was laughing merrily with him as they came. My resolution was quickly taken; I approached them and raised my hat:

"I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Colquhoun. My old friend, Archibald Leith, has just written to tell me you were in this neighbourhood, and asked me to make your acquaintance. My name is Stevenson." I watched him narrowly without seeming to do so, but his face betrayed no suspicion.

"Delighted, I'm sure," he answered cordially, holding out his hand. "Leith has often spoken of you, and the scrapes you used to get into at college together. He never told me you were hereabouts, though. Allow me to introduce you to my wife."

"I hear you have met already," said the lady, smiling. "Kenneth had already identified the tenant of the M'Calmonts' cottage as the gentleman who helped him out of a difficulty on the loch yesterday morning."

"Oh, that was nothing, Mrs. Colquhoun"—I began.

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"Well, I should have been in an awkward fix without you," he rejoined quickly. "We were thinking of going fishing. By-the-bye,

won't you come and join us? Ah, I see you haven't got your tackle with you."

"I had thought of going for a row. If you care to do so we could combine the two plans, and you might let me row you up the loch towards Innishail. I found a particularly good fishing-ground there the other day."

They agreed to this, and we spent a delightful morning together, which gave me what I wanted—an opportunity of studying Colquhoun at my leisure. The interest he had at first excited in me did not diminish on further acquaintance; in fact, I could quite understand the fascination he seemed to exercise over his friends. Had I not been put upon my guard, I should have seen in him only a well-bred, cultivated gentleman, of intellectual ability beyond the average; a little quick-tempered and excitable perhaps, but having himself under perfect control. As it was, however, my professional experience enabled me to discern certain indications, faint and doubtful indeed, that things might not be altogether as they seemed, but even these, taken by themselves, did not constitute sufficient data for a diagnosis.

We lunched under the trees on Innishail, compared notes about old friends, told stories, and sang songs—at least, Mrs. Colquhoun did; she had a lovely contralto voice, and gave us "Mo run geal dileas" as I never heard it rendered before or since.

### III.

We parted that evening, after having arranged for a drive through Glen Nant next day should the weather prove fine. I thought, however, when I went to bed that the face of the sky looked ominous, and awoke to find Ben Cruachan shrouded in mist and the rain descending in sheets.

I passed the morning comfortably enough with a pipe and a book, meditating on Colquhoun's case in the intervals of my reading. As may be supposed, my meditations could not at this stage lead to any definite conclusion, and I decided that it was no use writing to Leith till I knew more.

About half an hour after lunch Mrs. M'Calmont came in to say that a lady wished to see me, but would not come in. In the doorway I found Mrs. Colquhoun in a dripping waterproof.

"He is asleep," she said; "I dare not stay long, but I must speak to you, Dr. Stevenson."

I led the way into my sitting-room. "I have just heard from my brother-in-law," she went on hurriedly. "I suppose you know that Mrs. Archibald Leith is my sister? Here is the letter—read it afterwards at your leisure, and destroy it—for I dare not let it fall into Kenneth's hands. He tells me to trust you as a friend, and to tell you everything."

The haunted look on her face distressed me beyond measure.

"I think I know in part," I said. "Leith tells me that Mr. Colquhoun is not quite himself, and that there are difficulties connected with placing him under medical treatment. I have had a long experience——"

"Yes, yes!" she cried. "Archie says you can help us if anyone can. But he must not suspect that you are a doctor."

"No," I said. "I do not think he is aware of my profession. He knows me only as a friend of Leith's, here for his summer holiday. Now—for I suppose your time is limited—please tell me as quickly as possible all you can."

She did so clearly and concisely. Poor woman! it was not the first time she had detailed the symptoms. "He ought to be under restraint, I suppose. All my friends tell me so. But even were there no difficulties, I cannot bear the thought of it."

"It may not be necessary. Sometimes a cure can be effected without, if taken in time. But a complete change of surroundings is usually required; a severance of all old associations; it might even be best that you and he should be parted for an indefinite time. Do you think you could make up your mind to this?"

"If it were best for him," she answered steadily.

"Have you any children?" it occurred to me to ask.

"Two; they are with my sister."

"We must see as much of each other as we can," I said as she turned to go. "In a little while I shall have a better idea what can be done. And in any case, if, as you say, he can control himself before strangers, my presence may help to stave off an outbreak. Get him into the open air as much as possible. That, and constant occupation, are better than any medicine."

"Thank you, Dr. Stevenson. Do you think you could drop in—as if accidentally—some time this afternoon? He enjoys talking to you, and if it were only to take his thoughts off himself——"

"Yes, I understand. I'll come. You will always look on me as a friend, Mrs. Colquhoun, won't you?"

"Good-bye!" she said, as she wrung my hand. Then she turned



back in the doorway, and with a look I can never forget whispered, "God bless you!"

I went over an hour or two later, found him moody and irritable, but contrived to interest him, and he brightened up and became the charming companion of the day before. After tea I got him absorbed in a game of chess, which gave me a further opportunity of studying him. He was a good player; and it would have taken all my powers to hold my own against him had there been nothing to distract my attention; as it was he won an easy victory, which put him in high good humour. He gave me my revenge, and this time I concentrated all my thoughts on the game, to see how he would take a defeat. I won, and saw an ugly look cross his face, but only for a moment; then he pushed back the board and asked his wife to sing to us.

I watched his face as he lay back in his long chair listening to her, and thought to myself that here was one of the cruel things of life. These two loved one another perfectly, and this shadow had come between them—by no fault of either, so far as one could see.

"Something has been wrong somewhere," I said to myself, "and they are paying for it. But if there's justice in Heaven—as I believe there is—they'll bring out the balance on the right side yet."

It was late when I rose to go, and he came to the door with me. The rain had ceased, and we stood in silence for a minute or two, looking into the breaking clouds and the depths of star-lit blue behind them. Then without a word he slipped his arm through mine and walked with me as far as the cross-roads. I stopped to say good-bye, and he took both my hands in his.

"I don't know how it is," he said in a hurried, embarrassed tone, "I never saw you till the other day, and I feel towards you as I never felt towards any other man in my life—not even old Leith, though we've been friends all these years. I think you could help me if there were trouble."

"Is there any trouble?" I asked gently. I was touched by this outburst, though I knew it for the symptom of a want of mental balance. At the same time, I could see that what was really noble in him, and that was the man's real self—was reaching out and struggling against the disease that had attacked him. And I should have been bound, in any case, to give it all the help I could.

"I don't know," he answered slowly. "Sometimes I think there's something coming, I don't know what."

"My dear fellow, it's no good giving way to morbid fancies like

that—they're nothing else. When trouble comes we've got to face it the best way we can, but it's no good meeting it half-way and then whining over it." He drew himself together, as if stung, which was what I intended. "By-the-bye, do you ever have any difficulty in sleeping?"

"Sometimes. Not last night. But I always rather dread it."

"And you have been in the house all day. Well, don't you think we might go along the road a bit? I feel I want a little more exercise before turning in."

I had some sulphonal capsules in my pocket, and had thought of administering one "casual-like" (as my dispensary patients used to say), but the walk would be better for him, and I did not wish to run the risk of rousing his suspicions sooner than I could help. So we walked along the moorland road past Loch Tromlie and up to the head of Glen Nant, and I think both of us felt the better for it.

"I think I shall sleep now," he said as we stopped before my door.

"I hope so. By-the-bye, Colquhoun, do you believe in prayer?"

He looked at me in a startled, agonised way. "Do *you*, Stevenson? tell me! do you?"

"I do," I said quietly.

"I used to. Nora does. But there are so many things——"

"My dear man, we'll discuss them some day if you like; I can't now. I've gone through them all, I believe, and see no reason against doing what I can't help doing, as long as I know that man is weak and that there is a Power above him. And in the meantime, if you'll take my advice, before you lie down to-night you'll pray—for yourself and your wife, and for strength to fight these fancies that seem to trouble you, and be the man you were meant to be. There—good-night!"

Had I been an arrant materialist I should have been sorely tempted to give the same advice. I should never have thought it right to urge on another what I did not myself believe to be true; but I had seen so many cases where a genuine religious belief (I mean, of course, a real living faith, not the merely intellectual opinion of any sect or school) acted as a moral tonic in restraining mental disease, that I should have recognised it as a valuable agent even had I been unable to share it myself. As it is, many people consider me far from orthodox. But that has nothing to do with my story.

## IV.

Things went on quietly enough for a week or ten days. Colquhoun seemed much the better for pure air, regular hours, and freedom from excitement. We managed to keep him fully interested and occupied, and the days slipped by without any occurrence out of the common. I found opportunities now and then for a confidential talk with Mrs. Colquhoun, who followed Leith's advice and treated me as a trusted friend. I gathered that Colquhoun's affairs were somewhat involved, but not more than a little care and patience could set right. Her chief anxiety for the future arose from his lack of any settled occupation. We discussed the possibility of a fresh start in the colonies—ranching, sheep-farming, fruit-growing, or what not—but without coming to any very definite conclusion. She undertook to turn the matter over in her own mind; also to make the suggestion to him, and leave it to work.

It must have been on the tenth or eleventh day that the next outbreak occurred. We had walked to Taynuilt in the morning, returning by coach about three o'clock; and then I parted from them and went to my own rooms to write some letters. All had gone well, so well that the strain of vigilance was somewhat relaxed, and I had dismissed Colquhoun from my mind for the time being. I finished my letters, called for my tea, drank it leisurely with the assistance of a volume of Shakespeare, and strolled off to the post-office. On the way I remember that my thoughts recurred once more to Colquhoun. I had just been reading "Hamlet."

About half-way back I saw a bare-footed girl flying down the road to meet me—her eyes starting with terror. I recognised the village lass who had been engaged by Mrs. Colquhoun to wait on them at the cottage—they had brought no servants with them from Kilmarnock. She stopped, panting, when she saw me—her hand to her side:

"Come! Come quickly! Ta master iss just after murdering ta mistress!"

I waited to hear no more, but started at a run—the girl following as quickly as she could. It seemed an eternity before I reached the house. Before I entered it I could hear a strange, high-pitched voice yelling out oaths and curses, and when I threw open the door of the sitting-room I saw a heap of overturned and broken furniture, the floor strewn with shivered glass and crockery, a woman, pale as death, standing back against the wall with her hands clasped on her

breast, and in the midst of it all a man who was not Kenneth Colquhoun. He was laying about him with the claymore I had once before seen in his hands ; his face was pale and drawn, his eyes blazing, his features distorted. I walked up to him and said quietly :

“ Stop this nonsense, Colquhoun ! ”

He looked at me strangely, as if trying to remember, dropped the sword with a clatter, and walked out of the room. I heard him go upstairs to the bedroom and bang the door behind him. Then I turned to Mrs. Colquhoun :

“ Go down to my lodgings, please, and bring a small box full of medicine-bottles which you will find on the top of the drawers in my bedroom.” I had sent to Glasgow the week before for some drugs, which I thought might come in useful. “ Go at once, please ; I will see to him.”

She went, and I followed Colquhoun upstairs. He was kneeling by the bedside, his head buried in the clothes. He sprang up and faced me.

“ What is the meaning of all this ? ” I said. “ It’s perfectly disgraceful ! If you don’t stop it I’ll thrash you within an inch of your life ! ”

He backed slowly against the wall, staring at me out of great hollow eyes. “ I wish you would,” he said in a hoarse whisper.

“ Don’t be a fool, Colquhoun, but listen to me. You can stop this, and you must.”

No answer.

“ You didn’t go on like this while I was with you this morning ; why should you do it now ? You’ve given Mrs. Colquhoun a serious fright. Its only tomfoolery, of course, but she doesn’t know that apparently.”

He passed his hand wearily over his forehead. “ I believe I’m possessed with a devil, Stevenson.”

“ If you are you’ve got to kick him out. No one need *stay* possessed. You’re a grown man, and not an infant or an idiot.”

If I had stopped to think it would have turned me sick to see him there, cowed and crushed, without a word to say for himself. But I was wondering how soon his wife would be back with the medicine.

“ Now, undress at once and get to bed,” I said sharply ; and he obeyed me without a word. By the time his head was on the pillow I heard Mrs. Colquhoun’s step on the stairs. I went to the door and took the box from her, telling her it was better she should not

come in ; then I measured out a dose of bromide and made him drink it. It did not take effect immediately, but I remained beside him till he fell asleep, then went to look for her.

"I will stay with him to-night. It might be better for you to be out of the house altogether ; I will ask the M'Calmonts to put you up in my rooms. To-morrow we must see what is to be done. I will telegraph to-night for a doctor from Edinburgh."

"The office will be shut," she said ; and then, in a dull, hoarse voice, "Must it be—the asylum?"

"Perhaps not." In fact, I had frequently of late duly weighed the danger that enforced seclusion and association with other insane patients would only define and give permanence to what might otherwise be merely passing manifestations. "We will hope not. But I must have a second opinion. And if he is to be saved I must take him away from here at once."

By this time the servant had returned, and with her were old M'Calmont, my landlord, and Coll McPhee, the village smith, a black-haired young giant. I explained to these two all that seemed necessary, asked them not to spread the news any further, arranged with the former to take Mrs. Colquhoun down to the cottage and see that she was made comfortable for the night, and with the latter to sleep at the Colquhouns' in case I should want help. Coll also carried my telegram to the post-office, and made interest with the post-mistress to despatch it, though after hours.

## V.

Coll and I took turns to watch through the night, but nothing happened. Colquhoun awoke in the morning quiet and rational, but seemingly much perplexed as to what had occurred. I would not allow him to talk, but hurried him down for a swim in the loch, breakfasted with him at the hotel, and then took him out for a row. Before starting I had sent Coll to the M'Calmonts' with a note to Mrs. Colquhoun, asking her to get the cottage as far as possible restored to its usual aspect before we returned, which I expected to do some time in the afternoon.

Coll brought back with him my letters, which I read while breakfasting. There was no answer from the Edinburgh doctor.

Colquhoun was very quiet and subdued. I kept him hard at work and tried to draw him into cheerful conversation, but without success. When we were nearing Fraoch Eilean he stopped rowing and said suddenly :

"Stevenson, do you think I am going out of my mind?"

"That depends on yourself," I answered shortly.

He winced as if hurt, and sat with bowed head looking into the bottom of the boat. Presently he spoke again in a hollow, toneless voice, without lifting his eyes:

"Stevenson, I wish I could say I didn't know what happened last night. I *do* know, I—I haven't a word to say. It's no use telling you I'm ashamed."

"I'm thoroughly ashamed of you," I answered coldly. "But what's the good of talking about it? Pull yourself together, and don't let it happen again."

"If I could prevent its happening. It's something quite outside me."

"That's nonsense! You've *got* to prevent it. You've got to exert all your force of will, if the effort kills you. Any decent man would sooner die than make the exhibition of himself you did last night."

"I would willingly," he answered in a low voice. "You don't know how I've tried again and again—It's a disease, I tell you—I don't see how it was my fault.—There was my mother, and two of my uncles——"

"If you knew that, what right had you to marry?"

"None. But——" He broke off, and shut his teeth with a snap. I knew partly then, and heard more fully afterwards, that others had been more to blame than he. He had sinned partly through ignorance; those who should have known had kept the full truth from him, and done their utmost to persuade him that his act would be for the best. And he had been young, and——Still, I was glad to see that he had manhood enough to blame none but himself. He was not past hope yet—no, not by a long way.

"Listen to me now, Colquhoun," I said. "I'm going to talk very straight to you. You *are* ill—or rather you will be if you don't pull yourself up very sharp; whether by your own fault or not it's no use discussing now. What *is* to the point is that you can stop it if you want—if you'll do as I tell you. You want work—work that's got to be done whether you feel up to it or not; and since you can't keep from behaving like a cad to those who ought to be dearest to you, you want to do the work at a distance from them till you've learnt to control yourself."

His face worked frightfully. "Stevenson! you don't believe in my repentance! God in heaven knows it's real enough!"

"My dear boy, that is not the question. You said the other day

that you trusted me as a friend. Now, I assume that you are a reasonable being, and want to be cured. If I am cruel, it is only as the surgeon is cruel when he puts in the knife, and unfortunately it's impossible to use chloroform. But you can be saved if you're willing to try."

"I understand," he said quietly. "Tell me what I ought to do."

"You had better read this letter," I said, and watched him while he did so. It was one of those I had received that morning from a friend who had been for some time engaged in fitting out a scientific expedition to the north of Siberia. Another volunteer was wanted, and had Colquhoun been altogether himself he would have been the very man. As it was, I was convinced that it would be the saving of him, and that the result would justify the experiment. Whether Rennie would view the matter in the same light was another question. The expedition was to start almost immediately, would winter within the Arctic Circle, and press forward as soon as the weather allowed in spring.

I had drawn a bow at a venture and hit the mark. He was lifted out of himself at once. We discussed the pros and cons of the matter all the way back, and finally agreed to start on the morrow for Edinburgh, where Rennie then was, and talk things over with him. If anything came of it, there would be just time for Colquhoun to get his outfit and join at Dundee.

## VI.

When I got back I found the doctor's telegram awaiting me, saying that he could not come that day—which was Tuesday—or the next, but would try to be with us on Thursday. With this we had to content ourselves. As it turned out it would have mattered little had he never come at all.

Colquhoun was very quiet that evening. Mrs. Colquhoun assured me that she had never known him to have attacks on two consecutive days; but I was not very easy, and thought it as well to sleep in the room next to his, leaving the door open. Mrs. Colquhoun was still at the M'Calmonts', and I told Coll that I should not require him that night. Colquhoun seemed wearied out in body and mind, and soon fell asleep without a sedative. I threw myself on a sofa in my clothes and soon followed his example—sleeping, from fatigue, more heavily than usual. At least it must have been so, for when I awoke and, seeing the moon already low in the sky,

sprang up and looked into the next room, I found the bed empty. The window was open—perhaps he had gone that way—but almost before I had time to think of this I caught a glimpse of something white floating in the waters of the loch. Perhaps all was over. Better so, after all! I hastened downstairs, let myself out, and made for the lochside, where I remembered that they kept their boat. It was only about three hundred yards away. I found it, unmoored it, and rowed with all my strength for the white thing that lay swaying softly to and fro with the ripple.

I had no time to think clearly, but my heart ached to bursting. Was this to be the end of it all, of that life so full of brilliant promise—that one should be thankful if he were dead?

I reached his side; he was floating on his back, with arms stretched out like a cross. But when I looked at his face his eyes were wide open. I leaned over and caught at his hand—it was a living hand; I never felt so in my life before or since. I could have laughed and cried hysterically with the strangeness and the relief of it; for, of course, in spite of all it *was* a relief. But I had other things to think of, and dared not give way; and I dragged him into the boat somehow—I don't quite know how—and caught him in my arms and held him as if I feared he would be taken from me, and said:

“You d—d fool! what does this mean?”

He whispered back: “I tried—but I couldn't drown—It's not—the first time.”

“In the name of all that's ridiculous, why?”

“Because I felt it coming on. I felt the longing to kill some one. Didn't you say yesterday it was better to die than——”

“Hold your tongue!” My capacity for lecturing was becoming exhausted. When you are trying to restore a man's circulation by wrapping him in your coat, lecturing is not so easy. Swearing requires less expenditure of breath; and with those sorrowful eyes looking steadfastly into mine, even that began to stick in my throat, and I forgot for the moment all about the demoralising effect of sympathy.

“Stevenson,” he whispered, “why didn't you leave me?”

“Dear man—I mean, you idiot—I shouldn't blame you if there were no way left but that. But, if you've strength to die, couldn't you try just a little harder and see if you can't live? Remember what I said to you the other night: there's help, you know—— What have you done with your clothes, by-the-bye?”

He said he had only a sleeping suit on, and had left it on the



bank when he went for a swim. So we rowed back to find it, and then returned to the house, and I packed him back to bed, and lay down beside him, so that he couldn't get up without waking me. Not that he wanted to, or that I needed waking, for I never closed an eye till I found it was past five, and then I roused him and made him dress, and hurried him off to catch the six o'clock boat at Tayreggan.

"Look here," I said to him when we were seated in the Edinburgh train, "if you choose to take this chance you'll be all right yet; if you don't you'll be all wrong. And mind this, you'll have to pull yourself together every moment of the time, and don't, whatever you do, don't look behind you." He slipped his hand into mine and pressed it hard.

We saw Rennie. I told him everything. He said he must see Colquhoun, and think about it. He saw him, and thought hard; saw him again, and slept on the matter, and told me he had decided to take him. But it was better that only he—Rennie—and the doctor should know. I agreed.

I stayed to help him get his outfit, and went down with him to Dundee. I would not let him see Nora to say good-bye. I telegraphed to her from time to time to tell her what we were doing, and that she must not try to come; and she trusted me enough to obey. Down in the *Alaska's* cabin, just before we parted, he threw his arms round me and said—well, what he said was between ourselves. And I said, "God be with you!" and choked over it.

Kenneth Colquhoun came back at the end of three years cured. Nora had lived all the time on the Ayrshire estate, occupying till he came. He found it clear of debt on his return, and worth nearly half as much again as he had left it. And now he finds enough to do in managing it himself, with her help.

They are childless. The two little ones were cut off during his absence in an epidemic of scarlet fever. Perhaps it is better so; but it was a cruel blow to the mother. They are all the more to each other now, and I am still their friend. They say I saved him. I have my doubts about that.

## *EARLY TUSCAN POETS.<sup>1</sup>*

**P**ARADOXICAL though it may at first appear, Italy, the very home of the latter classicism, was the most backward to respond to the spirit of modern culture, the last of the great European nations to develop a national language and a national literature. The cause of this apparent anomaly is, however, not far to seek, since the very influence which would be supposed at first sight to tend towards progression had, on the contrary, a retarding effect. While the other nations of Europe had their hope in the future, Italy still clung to the tradition of a past, glorious but dead; while they were stirred by the breath of modern thought and new ideals she still clasped the corpse of classicism to her bosom. Her eyes were fixed on the fading glories of a setting sun, while theirs turned with eagerness to the approach of a new dawn. It must also be remembered that the political condition of Italy in the Middle Ages was unfavourable to the progress of arts and literature. The division of the country into a number of small States, and above all the birth and growth of a democratic system, were against the rise of minstrelsy; but a still deeper cause lay in the fact that from the eleventh to the thirteenth century Italy was the stage on which the great drama which was distracting Christendom, the struggle between the rival claims of Pope and Emperor, was enacted. Thus while the lazy and artificial life at the Court of her neighbour Provence produced a race of poets and musicians, Italy gave birth to warriors and statesmen, who had little time or care for the lighter side of life. But the literature of other countries bore a harvest, though a late one, in Italy too, and from France and Provence, and less directly from Spain, the modern spirit of culture passed to her also.

In Italy, however, it had to contend with a difficulty peculiar to that country, since the Italians were not only without a common national life, but without a common national language. Each of those small States or miniature republics into which Italy was divided possessed not only its own government but its own dialect,

<sup>1</sup> The translations in this article are by the writer.

which, though showing sufficient likeness to be distinguishable from the other offshoots of the old Latin language, were yet sufficiently distinct in character to be hardly intelligible to each other.

The earliest utterances of Italian poetry were in a hybrid dialect, formed of the Italian dialect spoken in the district known as the *Trovisian Marches*, and of the Provençal language brought into Italy by the troubadours. It flourished probably from about the end of the twelfth to the middle of the thirteenth century, and though largely imitative was not entirely an exotic. It is to this period and district that Dante refers in the passage—

The land which waves of Po and Adige bound  
Once gave a home to courtesy and worth,  
Ere Frederick came to war.—*Pur.* xvi. 115.

One name from amid those Italo-Provençal singers must be noticed in passing, since Dante has rescued it from the dust of obscurity and caused it to shine again in the setting of his own immortal verse.

Probably Sordello, the Mantuan bard and lover of Cunizza, would be as little remembered now as any of his fellow poets were it not for that memorable scene on the slopes of Purgatory where he claims Virgil as a countryman. In our own day, it is hardly necessary to say, the same poet has furnished a subject to Robert Browning for one of the most psychological of his poems.

The brief flame of romantic chivalry was destined to sink again before the conflicts of Pope and Emperor, but the influence of these early singers passed on in a southerly direction and found a home at the Sicilian Court of the Emperor Frederick II. This remarkable man gathered round him the first scholars and poets of Italy; he promoted the cultivation of the vernacular in every possible way, and he himself as well as his two sons, Manfred and Enzo, and his chancellor, the ill-fated Piero delle Vigne (see "*Inferno*," xiii. 58), were among the principal versifiers.

The position held by these Sicilian poets in the evolution of Italian literature is one of paramount importance. To the Court of Frederick we trace the first attempt to nationalise it, and really to form a literary language, that *lingua aulica* "common to all dialects yet special to none," of which Dante wrote later.<sup>1</sup>

The *tenzoni* and *canzoni* of Frederick himself, of Guido delle Colonne, of Ciullo d'Alcamo, and of Manfred were not in the vernacular spoken by the common people, but in a purer form of

<sup>1</sup> See *De Vul. Eloq.* i. 16.

the Sicilian dialect, and it is rather for this than for any intrinsic merit of the poems themselves that the names of the Sicilian poets are worthy of note. The poems were exotic, though blending something of indigenous realism with Provençal tradition, and they possess the artificial and effete nature of an exotic.

With the death of Manfred on the plain of Benevento in 1266 the school of Sicilian poetry also received its death blow. The Court of Palermo, with its band of courtiers and minstrels, ceased to exist; Enzo, Manfred's half-brother, and himself a poet, was left to languish within the gloomy walls of the public palace of Bologna, and two years later the death on the scaffold of the young and gallant Conradin put an end to the rule of the House of Hohenstaufen in Italy. But the effects of the Sicilian movement in Italy were destined to survive the dynasty of Frederick. The poems of that period reached Tuscany, and took root there by a process of translation into the popular dialect known as *Toscaneggiamento*. It is in this and not in their original form that the writings of the Sicilian poets were studied by Dante and his contemporaries, and it is in this foreign garb that they survive to the present day. This process of *Toscaneggiamento* was the first step towards the adoption of the Tuscan dialect as the foundation of a literary language for Italy, but the Sicilian poems which underwent this process were not then presented in a pure Tuscan garb; those of Jacopo da Lentino, for instance, are in a sort of hybrid of that and Sicilian, so that it is difficult to say which of the two dialects really has the prior claim to them.

But already in the thirteenth century a marked tendency towards the use of Tuscan for original work is shown, and not only by the Tuscans themselves, the Bolognese poets of this period discarding their native dialect in favour of it. The writings of these early poets were neither in the rough idiom of the populace nor yet in the fully formed language now called Italian, which was then still in a transient stage, but which was slowly but surely emerging from the dialects. It differed in many respects from the language of Dante, still more from that of Petrarch and Boccaccio; but nevertheless the Tuscan dialect furnished the raw material out of which these master-workers forged their golden coin. The reason why, in the process of evolution, the Tuscan prevailed over the other dialects, lies partly in the fortuitous circumstance, if it may be rightly so called, which caused the greatest writers of the late thirteenth and of the fourteenth centuries to have had their birthplace on the banks of the Arno, partly also in the inherent qualities of this dialect itself.

The little band of early Tuscan poets was contemporary with Dante, but he is so far in advance of them both in genius and in use of the language that, intellectually, they may be considered to have belonged to an earlier age.

One of the first of them is *Fra Guittone d' Arezzo* (1230-1294). He was not, as the prefix to his name might imply, an ecclesiastic, but derived his title of "Fra" from a religious and military order called the Cavalieri di Santa Maria. Of his life little is known, but he enjoyed a great literary reputation in his own day, a reputation which Dante considered unmerited. His verse is rough in diction, and Dante blames him for using the plebeian dialect instead of seeking the language of the Courts, "qui nunquam se ad curiale vulgare direxit" (see "De V. E." i. 13), and speaks of him as being a greatly over-rated poet (see "Pur." xxvi. 124, "De V. E." ii. 6, &c.)

Guittone's place in literature is not only that of a poet; he was one of the earliest writers of Italian prose, and the thirty-two of his letters which are preserved to us possess considerable dignity of style.

The following sonnet is one of Guittone's happiest:—

TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

Lady of Heav'n ! Mother with glory bright,  
By Gracious Jesu from Death's portal led,  
Who by His Death from Death deliverèd,  
The sin of our first parents in despite ;  
Behold ! how Love with arrows sharp and light  
Doth lead us—to what fate and torture dread ;  
Mother most pitiful, keep us thine instead,  
Hold, lest we follow in their rapid flight.

And oh ! me with that Love divine inspire  
Which leads the soul back to its primal rank ;  
Such evil can no other cure require,  
Let ev'ry bond but thine become a blank ;  
Such draught alone can make such flames expire,  
As nail takes nail to drive it from a plank.

A greater name than the above is that of *Guido Guinicelli*, to whom belongs the special distinction of having been claimed by Dante as "father to me and to those my betters in the art of writing sweet and graceful love verses" ("Pur." xxvi. 99). Dante also frequently quotes him in the "De Vulgari Eloquio," where he gives him the title of "maximus Guido," though elsewhere he is thought to refer to his fame as having waned before that of Guido Cavalcanti.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Così ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido  
La gloria della lingua.—*Pur.* xi. 95.

Guido Guinicelli belonged to a noble Bolognese family, and was banished from his native city for his Ghibellinism in 1274. He died in exile two years later. Of his life little is known except what we learn from Dante as to the stain of depravity on it ("Pur." xxvi. 91). He is said to have married a lady named Beatrice. In his poetry we find Love regarded from a more philosophical standpoint than hitherto. He attempted the union of Platonism with the romance of chivalry, and was the first to write in that *dolce stil nuovo* of which Dante obeyed the inspiration,<sup>1</sup> and to the absence of which he attributes Guittone's failure.

Guinicelli's most important poem is a "Canzone on the Gentle Heart," but the following sonnet has much of the dewy freshness of the early Pre-Raphaelites, and will serve as a fair example of his style:—

Dian I saw, the lovely radiant star,  
Appear as daylight chased the night away,  
In human form, so I in truth can say  
Above all others she transcendeth far;  
Her face is snow whose white doth crimson mar,  
Her shining eyes are full of love and gay;  
She doth such beauty and such worth display,  
No creatures on this earth her equal are.

And by her worth so overwhelmed am I,  
By that fierce fight within me so o'erborne,  
That I before her could not dare to go;  
But lo! she hearkens to the struggling sigh,  
By which my bosom into twain is torn,  
And Love responds for pity of my woe.

The two poets just considered, though exercising a marked influence on the Italian literature of their day, have not the special claim to be remembered which belongs to the three about to be noticed, and who in addition to being poets of considerable merit were personal friends of Dante and held in great esteem by him. The first of these is *Brunetto Latini* (1222-1294?) He, like Dante, was a Florentine, and, like Dante, held public office in his native town, and was afterwards exiled for his political opinions. He spent his term of exile in Paris, a city which would offer special attraction to a scholar and philosopher at that time, but when in 1266 the battle of Grandella restored the Guelph ascendancy in Tuscany Florence opened her gates to the exiles, and amongst those who

<sup>1</sup> Io mi sono un che quando  
Amore spira, noto, ed a quel modo  
Che detta dentro vo significando.

*Pur.* xxiv. 52-5.

returned was Latini, who spent the remainder of his life in his native city. Latini's principal works are "Le Trésor," a kind of compendium of mediæval philosophy written in French prose during his exile, and a philosophical poem in Italian vernacular, called "Il Tesoretto," or "Little Treasure," which is thought to have suggested to Dante the opening for his great work, as they both begin with an account of the poet having lost his way in a wood. Apart from this, however, there is little similarity between Latini's dry versified prose and Dante's impassioned verse. Latini enjoyed considerable repute in his own day, but his principal claim to our interest now is through his illustrious pupil, tradition having long assigned him the post of Dante's tutor, though this is disputed by the more advanced and sceptical school of Dante critics.<sup>1</sup>

Whether, however, Latini held the post of instructor to the young Dante officially or no, we have the poet's own words for it that Latini was intimately associated with his early studies, and exercised a potent influence over his mind. There are few passages in the "Inferno" fraught with deeper pathos or with greater subjective interest than the one which recounts their meeting, where amid the burning snows of the seventh circle Dante recognises in the burnt and scarred features before him "the dear benign, paternal face" of that former friend and guide "who taught him hour by hour on earth how man becomes immortal" ("Inf." xv. 85).

The following extract from a playful sonnet sent to Latini by Dante with a copy of the "Vita Nuova" throws an interesting light on the relationship between them:—

Master Brunetto, my little maid this day  
Hath come to spend with you her Eastertide ;  
Not that with dainties would the maid be plied,  
No, not to eat, but to be read she'd stay ;  
Her meaning none with haste shall rightly say,  
Nor yet where noisy jests are heard aside ;  
A little coaxing sometimes must be tried  
Before another understand her way.

*Guido Cavalcanti* (1250-1300) is perhaps the greatest of that little band of Florentine poets with whom Dante lived in familiar intercourse in his youth, and amongst whom there was so constant an interchange of rhymed thoughts, some jocose and some grave. Dante assigns to him the position of first among his friends ("V. N." 3), and shows in several places the esteem in which he held him both as a man and as a poet, though later it would seem that a slight estrangement took place between them. Dante was perhaps dis-

<sup>1</sup> See Scartazzini, *Handbook to Dante*, &c.

appointed that Guido failed to sympathise with that passionate admiration of Virgil which formed so large a factor in his own intellectual life (see "Inf." x. 63); or it is possible that Guido may have become tainted with the heresy for which Dante consigns the elder Cavalcanti to a fiery tomb, and that this caused a barrier between them?

Guido belonged to a rich and powerful family in Florence, and he, like Dante, was brought up on the Guelph side; but in 1267, when an attempt at reconciliation was made between the rival factions which were causing so much strife and bloodshed in the city, Guido, then only a youth of seventeen, was betrothed to a daughter of Farinata degli Uberti, the proud Ghibelline chief, who even in the city of Eternal Woe preserved his haughty demeanour and seemed "to hold hell itself in scorn" (see "Inf." x. 36). The peace which was looked for as the result of this and similar alliances was, needless to say, not attained; and, soon after, the city made a further attempt to secure it by the expulsion of all the Ghibellines.

This step might perhaps have had more lasting results had not Florence in an ill-advised moment opened her gates to the Cancellieri, who had just been banished from Pistoia, and immediately the half-smouldering embers burst into flames once more. In the subsequent split of the Guelphs into the two parties of Bianchi and Neri, which divided the Cancellieri, Guido sided with the Bianchi, or more moderate party, which later on allied itself with the Ghibellines, and after this we find him figuring in many of the intrigues and skirmishes with which Florence was so rife. At one time, so we are told by the chronicler Dino Compagni, Corso Donati, the fierce leader of the Neri, formed a plot for his assassination on his way to Toulouse, whither he was performing a pilgrimage. The plot was discovered by Guido, who, on his return to Florence, entered into a conspiracy with several other young men to revenge himself on Corso. The result was a fierce brawl in the streets of Florence, in which Guido seems to have had the worst of the encounter, being attacked not only by his enemies' swords, but by stones thrown at him from the windows of the houses as he passed along. If, however, the wound in his hand, mentioned by Compagni, is the only one he received he came off more easily than might have been expected.

This was only one of the many skirmishes which disturbed the peace and safety of Florence, and at last, in 1300, the year when Dante held the office of prior in the city, though probably not during



his two months of tenure, it was thought advisable to exile the leaders of both Neri and Bianchi. Among these was Guido, who was sent with the other Bianchi to Sarzana, whence, however, they were allowed to return the next year on account of the unhealthiness of the place.

The recall, however, came too late in the case of Guido, who succumbed the next year to a fever contracted during his exile.

It is pleasing to try and form some picture of the personal characteristics of this man whom Dante honoured with his close friendship. He seems to have been a typical Florentine of the thirteenth century, courteous and bold, thoughtful and impulsive, fierce and implacable in warfare, ardent and tender in love. He is described by one of his contemporaries, the historian Dino Compagni, as "a young and noble knight, full of courage and courtesy, but disdainful and solitary, and devoted to study."

The lady who, in accordance with the custom of the time, was the object of Guido's adoration, to whom he addressed his love poems and worshipped from afar, was the Lady Joan, who is thought to have been one of the little group of maidens seen surrounding Beatrice as she moved through the streets of Florence—the Primavera of Dante's "Vita Nuova." He also addressed verses to a Lady Mandetta, to whom he was first attracted, so he tells us, by the likeness between her eyes and those of the Lady Joan, and whom he met on his pilgrimage to Toulouse, and, in the quaint words of the historian Tiraboschi, "if this was the only fruit of his pilgrimage he would have done better to remain at home."

Guido's principal poem is the *canzone* "On the Nature of Love," written, it is supposed, in reply to a sonnet by a brother poet, Guido Orlandi, and beginning, "Donna mi priega," and on this no less than eight commentaries were written; but Guido's claim to be remembered now rests much more on the sonnets and love poems which were probably thought of little value in his own day than on this metaphysical work full of cold conceits and artificial stiffness. The following may be taken as a fair specimen of Guido's style:—

#### TO LADY JOAN.

Thou hast thyself the foliage and the flower  
 And all the beauty that is fair to see ;  
 Thy light hath than the sun a greater power,  
 He hath no virtue who hath known not thee ;  
 None hath received of beauty such a dower  
 Of all the creatures in the world that be ;  
 On him who fears love let thy radiance shower,  
 And never more a thought of fear hath he.

The gentle dames who follow thee are blest,  
 And dear to me because I love thee so,  
 And I to them still urge the one request  
 That greater honour they on thee bestow ;  
 Since though they too are fair, still thou dost show  
 Ever amid all others first and best.

*Guittoncino dei Sinibuldi*, generally called Cino da Pistoia, from his birthplace, was born in 1270, and died in 1336-7, thus surviving his friend and correspondent Dante by several years. He enjoyed a double fame, being even more renowned in jurisprudence than in literature, a fact testified to by his tomb in the cathedral of Pistoia, where he is commemorated as the jurist, not the poet, being represented as lecturing from his professional chair to a large class. At one time he held the office of Assessor of Civil Causes in Pistoia, but he shared the fate common to all prominent Italians of that period, at one time or another of their lives, and was exiled for his political opinions, and compelled in consequence to relinquish his post. After wandering for some time both in Lombardy and France he was recalled to Pistoia, and able to devote the remainder of his life to his legal and literary pursuits. He taught in the Universities of Florence, Perugia, and Siena, and wrote a long commentary on the first nine books of Justinian's "Code," besides various poems. The lady of his affections was Selvaggia Vergiolesi, and to her many of his verses are addressed. As with Dante's Beatrice, she married some one else and died young, and the poet married another woman, Margherita degli Ughi, by whom he had five children. He was the first Italian poet to cultivate that artistic finish, that beauty of form which we find in the bas-reliefs of Mino da Fiesole, and which attained so much perfection in the hands of Petrarch.<sup>1</sup> "Cino," says a writer of the fifteenth century,<sup>2</sup> "vago e gentil poeta e soprattutto amoroso e dolce."<sup>3</sup> Dante, in his "De Vulgari Eloquio," says of him "that those who have most sweetly and subtly written poems in modern Italian are Cino da Pistoia and a friend of his," and as quotations from Cino are in several cases followed by those from Dante himself, whom he simply describes as *amicus ejus*, it is not difficult to identify the other writer, to whom with the pride which, when unmixed with the petty elements of vanity or affectation, is often a characteristic of true genius, he thus alludes.

The poems remaining to us by which the names of Cino and

<sup>1</sup> See Symonds's *Renaissance*.

<sup>2</sup> Card. Bembo.

<sup>3</sup> "Cino, lovely and gentle poet, and, above all, amorous and sweet."

Dante are associated are peculiarly full of interest. Cino was one of the friends to whom, with Guido Cavalcanti and one or two others, the first sonnet of the "Vita Nuova" was sent for interpretation; but of even greater interest than Cino's answering sonnet is the beautiful *canzone* (too long to give here) which he addresses to Dante on the death of Beatrice, and which is full of the tenderest solicitude and sympathy with his friend. In it Cino stands revealed as a true friend, and one whom we cannot but imagine to have had an influence of a noble and stimulating kind on the sorrow-stricken poet. His sympathy is throughout of an elevating character, and free from any trace of that maudlin and enervating spirit with which sometimes the best-intentioned friends mistakingly approach a great grief. He chides his friend for entertaining any thoughts of self-destruction, in allusion perhaps to Dante's own lines,<sup>1</sup> perhaps to some unpreserved communication from Dante to Cino himself, and he bids him fix his mind on the brighter side of his grief, and to remember that he is not wholly desolate, since Beatrice has been moved to a better sphere, whence she can still watch over him. He does not ignore his friend's suffering, but he urges him to conquer it and rise above it to nobler things; and in the lines where he alludes to those love poems of Dante, which already have done honour to his lady, he enters with the truest tact and sympathy into his friend's feelings, both as poet and lover. The same qualities of true friendship, combined with a refined and delicate feeling, are displayed in a sonnet sent many years later in reply to one from Dante in exile, probably written from amid "the uncongenial crew" at Arezzo, in which he confides to his sympathetic friend how the absence of Love and the frivolity of those with whom his lot is cast prevent him from pursuing his art. In reply Cino reminds Dante of the pledge given at the end of the "Vita Nuova" that he would write of Beatrice "that which had not been written of any woman," and urges him to redeem it in impassioned words. Who can say how far this little drop of sympathy and encouragement may have been instrumental in stimulating the weary Dante to resume that gigantic task already projected, but which often seemed too great an undertaking for his storm-tossed spirit?

Other sonnets exchanged between the two friends reveal them in a lighter mood. Dante, for instance, chides Cino in a friendly manner for his fickleness, and Cino admits in a sonnet, which is not

<sup>1</sup> Tanto dolore intorna al cor m'assembra

La dolorosa mente

Ch'io dico: Anima mia, chè non sen vai?—*Vita Nuova.*

without its touches of pathos, that through all the separation from his Selvaggia the beauty of which she is the representative continues to allure him in the form of different women.

Others of these early Italian singers, these heralds of the approaching dawn, are *Dante da Maiano*, a friend of his more illustrious namesake, whose poems are not without occasional beauty, though disfigured by a coarse, rude manner; *Cecco Angiolieri*, another of Dante's early associates, whose verses contain some rough humour, but are mostly impious or licentious in tone; and *Dino Frescobaldi*, who deserves mention less for his own poems than for the pious care which preserved the opening cantos of the "Inferno" when Dante's home in Florence was sacked, and had them conveyed in safety to their author. Nor must we omit the name of *Giotto*, who, as was not unusual in these days, distinguished himself in many branches of art, and was poet as well as sculptor, architect, and painter. His one poem, on the "Doctrine of Voluntary Poverty," is a protest against the exaggerated practice of that mediæval virtue, and testifies to the sound good sense of its gifted author.

These names do not, indeed, exhaust the list of early Tuscan poets, Dante's predecessors or contemporaries, but the authors of the other sonnets and songs preserved to us are for the most part mere versifiers and poetasters whose writings had no marked influence on the literature of their time, and the poets quoted in this paper are perhaps the best representatives of a school which played so important a part in the evolution of Italian literature. To four of them—*Latini*, *Guinicelli*, *Cavalcanti*, and *Cino*—belongs, moreover, the special claim on our notice that they were respectively the Tutor, the Father (in a literary sense), the Friend of youth, and the Friend of manhood to him whose work was destined so far to transcend their own that posterity has conferred on him the title *Father of Modern Literature*.

NORLEY CHESTER.

*APRIL.*

**F**AIR Spring peeps in with mischievous surmise,  
To catch me at my window idly dreaming,  
And all at once the flashing panes are streaming  
With sudden tear-drops from the blinded skies.  
Then, in a trice, she doffs her dark disguise,  
Forgets her mimic anger to all seeming,  
And smiles to see the world with laughter gleaming  
Responsive to the sunshine in her eyes.  
O frolic love ! thy wilful charm beguiles  
My sober heart with fluttering hopes and fears ;  
Thy swift caprices and thy gracious wiles,  
Thy very frowns have something which endears.  
And if at times tears follow hard on smiles,  
The glory of thy smiles outshines thy tears.

**M. GRAHAM.**

## FROISSART'S CHRONICLES.

THE most distinguished exponent of the scientific method in history has said that we live in "the epoch of full-grown history." Few will be disposed to question the propriety of Lord Acton's nomenclature. The historian of to-day must not only bring to the performance of his labours, among other qualifications, a keen analytical faculty and a judicial and well furnished mind, but must take cognisance of the great physical and economic forces, universal and ceaseless in their operation, which govern the progress of the human race. When he relates a fact, he is bound to institute a strictly impartial inquiry as to how it came about; in short, he must recognise that underlying all the mutations of human history is the fundamental idea of causation. It is the conception of history as being a concatenation of events making up a grand and consistent whole which is the crowning glory of modern historic research. Now that sound philosophic views as regards the nature and treatment of history everywhere prevail, an interesting study would be to trace the ideas which historians from the earliest times have held as to how history should be written. Such a review would of necessity include an exposition of the Chronicle books which were so peculiarly a product of the Middle Ages. Despite their inability adequately to fulfil the canons of scientific narration, these historic romances present, in general outline, a faithful picture of a barbarous age. The old-world quaintness which surrounds the events depicted, the *naïf* style, the utter disregard of proportion, and the imaginative license wantonly indulged in, make such works a fascinating study as affording an index to the average mind of the Mediæval Age. Nowhere is there to be found a more entrancing picture of that far-off time, with its restless energy, its elasticity of spirit, and its ardent attachment to high hopes, than in the Chronicles of John Froissart. The late Sir James Stephen says truly that the Chronicles "probably throw more light on certain aspects of the period to which they refer than is thrown by any other single writer upon any other period. What Boswell did for the

literary history of which Johnson formed the centre, what Saint Simon did for the Court of Louis XIV., Froissart did for the military life of the fourteenth century." In the epistolary correspondence of the poet Gray, Froissart is alluded to as the Herodotus of a barbarous age. The author of the "Elegy" says that "had he (Froissart) but had the luck of writing in as good a language he might have been immortal. His locomotive disposition (for then there was no other way of learning things), his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian."

Froissart, in his every lineament, was a true son of the Mediæval Age. Unlike Montaigne, he was incapable of rising above the "smoke and stir" of his time, and catching glimpses of futurity. He lived with his age, and not in advance of it. Destiny fixed his sojourn quite a hundred years before the great revival of learning, which brought forth the long-lost classics of Greece and Rome, shed the quickening power of enlightenment all around, and dispelled the barren philosophy of the schoolmen. Froissart was deeply impregnated with all that was most distinctive of his time, its chivalrous and romantic spirit, its superficial interpretation of the inner meaning of human existence, its elastic code of morals, its daring imaginative flights, and its inordinate love of glitter. And herein lies Froissart's chief claim to remembrance by posterity. He was so thoroughly saturated with the spirit of his age, its defects as well as its merits, and had at his command so facile a pen wherewith to record its most salient features, that his Chronicles form a series of pictures of panoramic vividness, portraying one of the most fascinating periods of the world's history. Little wonder that Sir Walter Scott, in an exultant mood, should have claimed the Chronicles as his *liber carissimus*.

What were the real motives which actuated the composition of the Chronicles? From what standpoint did the author approach his subject? and was his mental vision luminous and sweeping in its range, or narrow and contracted? How far did he attain the aims which he set himself to accomplish? and what value is to be placed upon his work as an historical record? The remainder of this article will be devoted to an elucidation of these points.

In the prefatory note to the Chronicles Froissart writes :

The true reason of my undertaking this book was for my amusement, to which I have ever been inclined, and for which I have frequented the company of many noblemen and gentlemen as well in France as in England and Scotland, and in other countries, from whose acquaintance I have always requested accounts of lattles and adventures, especially since the mighty battle of Polctiers, where the noble King John of France was taken prisoner.

Elsewhere he tells us that the more he laboured at the *Chronicles* the more they delighted him. Froissart, with praiseworthy frankness, admits that he entertained no exalted views as to the responsibilities of the historian, but on the contrary regarded his effort to produce "new and notable matter" (to use his own phrase) solely in the light of a pastime. But however lightly it might rest upon his shoulders, the task which Froissart had set himself was one of great magnitude. It aimed at no less than a record of the "battles and adventures" (and they were almost numberless) which had occurred in every part of the then known world during three-quarters of a century. The history which he has left shows that he had the good fortune, however imperfectly, to accomplish his great project. The work extends from 1326 to 1400, a period of seventy-four years, and passes under review in great detail the well-nigh interminable wars between England and France, and, with less minuteness, what was happening in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, and even in Turkey and Africa. It also contains much information relative to the Popes at Rome and Avignon. The *Chronicles* are divided into four books. The first starts with the coronation of Edward III., in 1327, and finishes with the year 1379 inclusive. Studious regard for chronological order was not one of Froissart's strong points. This is most conspicuously apparent in the opening chapters of the second book, where he remorselessly disturbs the perspicuity and even accuracy of the narrative by proceeding to recount, only at greater length, the events already set forth in the preceding volume, having gained fuller knowledge in the interval between the writing of the two books. The second volume terminates with an account of the treaty between the men of Ghent and the Duke of Burgundy, which took place in 1385. Froissart begins his third book in a way similar to his second by recapitulating the events told in the preceding book. These are amplified to such an extent as to take up the first twenty-nine chapters. The remainder is devoted to the history of subsequent years down to 1389, ending with the three years' truce concluded between England and France, and the foreshadowing of the auspicious entry of Queen Isabella de Bavière into Paris. A description of the pomp and splendour connected with this event forms the subject of the initial chapters of the concluding book, and the *Chronicles* close with a recital of the circumstances connected with the dethronement and death of Richard II. of England, and the election of Robert, Emperor of Germany, in 1400. Froissart informs us that in 1390 he "had laboured at this history thirty-seven years," and when account is taken of the fact that he continued chronicling



events down till 1400, it will be seen that he spent forty-seven years on his history.

The plan which this chronicler of a benighted age followed in the composition of his work was in several respects unimpeachable, and showed that he was not wholly ignorant of those methods of working upon which alone every true and adequate historical conception must be built. He was anxious, he tells us, to write true history, by which he meant a faithful presentation of the heroic life of the fourteenth century told in the form of a story. And to attain this end he was unremitting in his labours. He traversed the whole of Europe on a mission of interrogation, or, as he says, "to learn news." All the hardship, danger, weariness, and petty annoyance incident to a long journey could not destroy his invincible spirit. He visited nearly every court in Europe in search of material for his history. There by his polished manners, his graceful presence, and above all his extensive knowledge of human nature, he succeeded in gaining the favour of crowned heads, and in obtaining from them their experiences in the war. Froissart never let an opportunity slip. Becoming aware that important negotiations were proceeding between two countries, he made the acquaintance of the agents employed to carry them through, and by artful manœuvring engaged them in a conversation, the burden of which had reference to the business they had in hand. By this means he not infrequently obtained every scrap of information they had it in their power to give. Froissart exhibited an earnest desire to become possessed of authentic information regarding the events of which he wrote, and if there is much in the Chronicles which must vanish, like Prospero's charmed spirits, into "thin air," when brought to the touchstone of modern scientific investigation, there still remains a vivid and animated picture which in its general aspect is literally true.

It would be a demand incompatible with "sweet reasonableness" to expect that a fourteenth-century chronicler would pursue his work under the influence of the spirit which carries the present-day historian, who has fully surrendered to the scientific method, so triumphantly through his labours. Surrounded by an atmosphere surcharged with mental indolence and apathy, in which the mind was diverted from issues of supreme moment in the realm of enlightenment, and made to dwell upon certain specious absurdities which passed current for true knowledge, little wonder if the recorder of events so placed should fall far short of modern standards of attainment. To overcome such formidable barriers would have required a genius of almost Titanic proportions. Froissart was not a

genius in the highest acceptation of that term, neither was he endowed with an omniscient eye for discerning the latent forces which control the multiplex workings of human society. Nothing was more calculated to produce intellectual dissipation than the period of great social disquietude in which Froissart lived.

A most cursory perusal of the *Chronicles* will reveal his capital defects as an historian. It is full of glaring and ridiculous blunders, it reveals chronological disorder, it recounts events which, while transparently incredulous, firmly establishes the writer's belief in demonology, thaumaturgy, and kindred superstitions. When, however, it is recognised that Froissart made no pretension to writing history according to its modern interpretation, but only to be, like Queen Katherine's gentleman usher, an "honest chronicler" or story-teller of "honourable enterprises, noble adventures, and deeds of arms . . . to the end that brave men taking example from them may be encouraged in their well doing," it will be found that in some respects he was eminently qualified for such a task. He was a keen observer of what was happening around him, he had a nimble intelligence, a retentive memory, and, what was perhaps most important of all, he was master of a literary style by which he could invest the most prosaic of events with all the charm and picturesqueness of a fairy tale. This is the strong and abiding feature of his work. Considering how few must have been his opportunities for studying literary forms, nothing short of genius can explain his faculty for discerning the potentialities of word-painting. He has clothed the scenes of a long-forgotten past with a wealth of imagery worthy of the best traditions of the limner's art. Knightly valour, daring feats of arms, and all that pertains to the pomp and circumstance of war, are crystallised in imperishable diction. His effects are not obtained by anything tricky or fantastical. What makes his narrative power so effective is its artless simplicity, its avoidance of anything savouring of pedantry, and its spontaneity. One feels the same exquisite delight in reading the *Chronicles* as in perusing the letters of Madame de Sévigné or our own Cowper. All three eschew the ornate and the meretricious, and have recourse to easy and natural modes of expression. Froissart's undoubted genius for pictorial writing discloses itself everywhere. By far the larger part of the *Chronicles* is taken up with descriptions of battles. His accounts of Otterburn and Poitiers are superb examples of literary workmanship. The whole is summoned up as if by the wand of a magician, and the battles are re-fought in the mind's eye of the reader. All the fearfulness of "grim-visaged war" is brought vividly home. Equally

brilliant are his pictures of feudal aristocracy. Perhaps nowhere is there to be gained a finer conception of their mode of life than in his description of the court of the Count de Foix.

It has been matter for comment that Froissart was dead to the terrible devastations which war brings in its train. Mrs. Barbauld in one of her letters writes that she never was more struck with the horrors of war than when reading the Chronicles, simply because "Froissart seems not at all struck with them." Sir James Stephen also makes reference to the point. In the fourteenth century war was looked upon not as an instrument for settling grave differences between two nations, and only to be resorted to when all other means had failed, but simply as a pastime, which afforded splendid opportunity for daring feats of arms. What more natural than that Froissart should regard war from the standpoint of his age? His Chronicles are a sort of "drum-and-trumpet" history (to use a convenient modern phrase), so thoroughly does the theme of war predominate in his pages. He never appears to have been conscious of the direful effects of war upon society. He discourses with the utmost imperturbability upon crimes the enormity of which it is horrible to contemplate. Comines, his brother chronicler, showed more conscience. While giving minute accounts of various battles, he indulges now and again in timeous reflections upon the harmful results of war. But Froissart is never disturbed with moralisings about anything, except where he indulges in a pious regret at the destruction of churches. An instance of this is found in his account of the siege of Durham by the Scots. After stating without a word of pity that "all were put to death without mercy and without distinction of persons or ranks—men, women, children, monks, canons, and priests," and that neither house nor church was left standing, he adds, "it was a pity thus to destroy in Christendom the churches wherein God was served and honoured."

Although Froissart was a priest, there is little of a sacerdotal character exhibited in his writings. Here it might reasonably be expected he would have given vent to priestly sentiment, but, strange to say, references to religion are few. These, naturally enough, are saturated with superstition. Like Luther, he had a firm belief in the appearance among men of spirits from the nether world, who took a share in the government of human affairs. The wars between the men of Ghent and the Earl of Flanders were, he says, caused by the devil. His Satanic majesty did not, however, always leave his abode in Tartarus to work mischief, for it was he also who "put it into the heads of the people of Bruges to make a canal from the River

Leys." Elsewhere Froissart dilates with the utmost seriousness upon miraculous interpositions, prophetic utterances, and also upon ghosts and fairies. Perhaps the most amazing example of intellectual absorption to be found in the *Chronicles* is contained in a passage dealing with the siege of a fortress in Morocco by the allied forces of England and France. On one occasion the soldiers were plagued by a swarm of flies, but "through the grace of God and the Virgin Mary a remedy was found . . . in the shape of a thunderstorm." At another time the Saracens were terror-stricken by the appearance of "the Virgin herself, and a company of ladies dressed in white."

If there is much legendary lore in the *Chronicles*, it also abounds in matter of great historic value. Of many of the events recorded Froissart himself was an eye-witness, while his information regarding others was derived from what, there is every reason to believe, were reliable sources. The reader is afforded most fascinating glimpses of the people of this country in that semi-barbarous age. And of no country could Froissart speak with more authority. He lived in England for many years, and was for a time connected with the Court of Edward III., to whose wife, Queen Philippa of Hainault, he presented a portion of his history. He also spent six months in Scotland, travelling "on horse-back with a portmanteau behind, and followed by a greyhound." He had therefore every opportunity of observing the traits of these peoples, and the copious details of their manners and customs which the *Chronicles* contain show that he was neither a listless nor idle observer. With many of his strictures, needless to say, it is impossible to agree, but they are interesting in so far as they are from a foreign standpoint. He has some curious observations about the English people. "It is strictly true," he says, "that they are fonder of war than of peace," a remark in which the opponents of aggressive foreign policy will find some consolation. He praises the English and Scotch for their bravery and stubborn fighting energy. "They are excellent men-at-arms, and whenever they meet in battle they do not spare each other, nor is there any check to their courage as long as their weapons endure." His remarks on English character are by no means flattering. The English have "hot and impatient tempers," show "great haughtiness," and "are affable to no other nation than their own"; but, as if to lessen the virulency of the foregoing observations, he admits that they are "courteous to strangers." He had nothing but slashing condemnation for rebellious subjects who tried to trample sovereignty under foot; least of all for the English, because "in such a case there is no remedy, for they are the worst people in the world, the most

obstinate and presumptuous, and of all England the Londoners are the leaders, for, to say the truth, they are very powerful men, and in wealth."

The Scots fare worse. Froissart tells of a horse having been missed on one occasion, and adds significantly that "a Scotchman (they are all thieves) had stolen him." This may be as gall and wormwood to the patriotic Scot; but if he will sink his patriotism for the nonce, and sternly look facts in the face, he will find that Froissart's comment pretty aptly describes the general character of the race at that period of their history. In another part he speaks of the Scots as "a wicked race, and pay not any regard to times or respites, but as it suits their own convenience." Although he was relentless in pointing out the foibles of the Scots, he was careful to note their good qualities. The rude life of the Highlanders made a deep impression upon him. He is unstinted in his admiration of their hospitality, and also notes with pride the bravery of many of the nobles. Describing their hardihood and powers of endurance, he says :

The Scots are bold, hardy, and much inured to war. When they make their invasions into England they march from twenty to four-and-twenty leagues without halting, as well by day as night, for they are all on horseback, except the camp followers, who are on foot. The knights and squires are well mounted on large bay horses, the common people on little Galloways. . . . Their habits of sobriety are such in time of war that they will live for a long time on flesh half-sodden, without bread, and drink the river water without wine. Under the flaps of his saddle each man carries a broad plate of metal; behind the saddle a little bag of oatmeal. When they have eaten too much of the sodden flesh, and their stomachs appear weak and empty, they place this plate over the fire, mix with water their oatmeal, and when the plate is heated they put a little of the paste upon it, and make a thin cake like a cracknel or biscuit, which they eat to warm their stomachs. It is therefore no wonder that they perform a longer day's march than other soldiers.

So much for the virtues of oatmeal. The references to Ireland make up for their meagreness by their virulence. "Mere savages" is his succinct description of the race. He is hard upon the "inland natives," who "are unacquainted with commerce, nor do not wish to know anything of it, but simply to live like wild beasts."

One might expatiate much further upon the intrinsic qualities of this unique work, but space forbids. It is now nearly five hundred years since Froissart ended his earthly pilgrimage, but his memory is ever green by reason of the supreme merits of his great literary achievement. He is the one bright particular star that shines with unclouded radiance upon the Stygian gloom of the fourteenth century, and to his work the student must have

recourse who would understand aright mediæval life as it was fashioned after the twofold operation of feudalism and catholicism. Froissart was not an historian in the true sense of that word, but he was a superb literary artist who has limned historical word-pictures which can never fade, and for which the student of history ought to be devoutly thankful. With Montaigne's words we may take leave of Froissart : "I love historians very unaffected or excellent ; the unaffected, who have not wherewithal to add to their own, and who are only careful to collect, and pick up everything which falls under their notice, and to put down everything without choice and without sorting, giving us the opportunity of wholly judging of their truth. Such, for example, is the good Froissart, who has gone on with his work with such a frank simplicity that, having committed a fault, he is no way ashamed of avowing it, and correcting it at the place he is informed of it ; and who tells us the diversity of rumours which were current, and the different accounts that were told to him. It is history naked and unadorned ; everyone may profit from it, according to the depth of his understanding."

W. FORBES GRAY.

*"FOR LOVE."*

**I**N a West End drawing-room we talked of love. Was it the stronger in youth, middle life, or old age?

Some of us argued in support of one period, some of another. One of us sat a silent listener during the discussion; but when talk flagged, each more convinced of the truth of his or her own theory, our silent friend spoke.

"Here is a love-story," he said; "it hails from Northumberland, Nevada, and I can vouch for its accuracy.

"In one of the valleys that distinguish the Sierra Nevadas of the West, and about two hundred miles from Silver City, stood at the time of which I speak a small wooden building. It was compact, and strongly put together. It contained four rooms, all on a level, and some outbuildings. The land immediately around it was cultivated, and in the warm months of the year English flowers bloomed in its garden. They did not do well, for the soil of that district is impoverished and sterile. The timber of which the dwelling was constructed had been brought from a distance, across mountains and apparently interminable treeless plateaux. The settler who had built the cottage was young and stalwart and blessed with self-reliance. He was an Englishman, and was self-banished from the land of his birth. He was not alone when he left his native Surrey. There accompanied him a dark-eyed, dark-haired lassie, delicate as a hot-house flower. Apart from him she was weak and ailing; by his side she felt strong and possessed of bounding life. She had never told him so, but he knew it and kept her always with him. During the three months he had been constructing their future home he had left his wife with a family in the town of Northumberland, fifteen miles from the site, and she had been ailing all the time of his absence. There was nothing handsome about the man—he was remarkably plain; but his eyes redeemed him from ugliness. They were large, beautifully shaped, and of a deep blue. The voice belonged to the eyes; it was full and rich, vibrating with sympathy.

"Frederick Adams had done a foolish thing, said the world that

knew anything about him. He had 'thrown away his chances and married a delicate, penniless girl, who had not even beauty to recommend her. She was all very well in her way, but he was better and might have done well for himself,' whatever that vague term implies. To crown his ill-judgment he had 'exiled himself from home and friends, and gone to live nobody knew where. Well, he would live to repent it; he would tire of his wife and his folly together, and attest that the love of youth dies out with youthful years.' Frederick Adams and Bessie, his wife, thought otherwise, but kept their thoughts between them.

"The cottage built, Bessie was fetched from Northumberland by her husband. He brought no vehicle, not even a horse or an ass to carry her. The good people with whom she was staying chided him. 'She cannot walk that rough road; she is too weak,' they said.

"She shall not walk; I will carry her,' he replied.

"What, fifteen miles! It is impossible.'

"It is easy; haven't I carried loads of timber double the distance?'

"Their objections being useless in deterring him, they desisted from them, and Frederick carried his living load, and so they arrived at their new home. It was very bare. The walls were of plain, unpolished wood; the ceilings and floors of the same, and all emitted a rare fragrance as of pine or eucalyptus. There was no furniture in the place, not even a chair or a table.

"I would not wait to make it,' said Adams, 'before fetching you home; I knew you would like to watch me working at it;' and Bessie answered: 'Oh, Fred, how good you are!'

"A fire was kindled on the hearth, and some goat's milk warmed in an earthenware utensil, and this with a few rye cakes made the first meal in their new home. Then they lay down on their bed of sage-brush on the sweet wood floor.

"It takes little to make us happy, Bessie,' he said.

"Very much, dear,' she answered; 'only love can do it.'

"Quietly the days passed; they were never dull to these two. He attended to his goats and ground; she to the house and meals. They were seldom far away from each other, seldom beyond call. The days merged into months, the months made up the years; there was always enough to do, and happiness in the doing of it. Children were born and reared in the cottage, and passed out of it into the busy world beyond the State, and wrote occasionally to Northumberland, from whence their father, Frederick, brought home their letters; but after a time the letters ceased altogether, and the couple, grown elderly, were as much alone as in their youth.



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"The nearest neighbour dwelt three miles away, in a cottage very similar in construction to their own; he was a herdsman, driving his cattle, at intervals, over the mountains a hundred miles or more, and disposing of them for the best price he could command.

"Thrifty, frugal, and attached to work, Frederick Adams and his wife laid by, against old age, such small savings as they could. Sometimes the goats sold well, and the surplus produce of the land, after supplying their own needs, was disposed of to advantage. Then the savings were enriched and God was thanked.

"There were two days in every year when, if the weather was fine, Frederick and his wife forebore to work at their usual occupations. Midsummer-day was Bessie's birthday, and Frederick rose earlier than usual by an hour, and swept and dusted the parlour and kitchen, and decked them out with flowers of his own growing. Bessie knew that for weeks he had watched the plants that bore them, and she secretly rejoiced when refreshing showers fell. The second day they kept as holiday was Frederick's birthday, the tenth of November. The fires glowed brightly on the cleanest of hearths, and rare morsels were cooked for the occasion. 'Savoury meat,' the gentle cook said, 'such as his soul loveth.'

"The wedding-day was not specially 'kept.' 'It has not yet ended,' Adams said; and Bessie answered, 'It can only pass with life.'

"Strangers, used to the ways and surroundings of 'civilisation,' would have wondered at the dull stupidity of their years; but then they did not lay them out to win strangers' plaudits, but for each other and happiness.

"Slowly, softly Old Age placed his hands on their shoulders, and their backs became slightly bowed; he weaved his threads of silvery whiteness amid the black and gold, and shaded in the lines where the smiles had been. Slight Bessie was slighter on her eighty-fifth birthday than she was a year earlier, even to the aged eyes of Frederick. She sat hour after hour in the arm-chair he had made for her fifty years before, and extracted again the joys from past days. It was the first Midsummer-day that a fire had glowed on the parlour hearth, but then none, surely, had been so chilly!

"But if June weather were cold, what should be said of November? The mountains were deep in snow, the sky was black with it. The valleys were almost impassable, and the temperature was far below freezing. Buried in the snow were hundreds of sheep, and hardy shepherds were digging them out. Frozen birds fell numbed into the dreary white waste, and when night fell on the tenth day of the

month the snowstorm was still raging. In the cottage bright fires glowed, to keep out the intense cold, and on his ninety-first birthday Frederick Adams, for the first time in his long life, slept with a fire on his bedroom hearth. His sleep was sound, and Bessie's; the two were more worn than usual; the snow had not made easier their day's duties. It was past midnight, and the old man dreamed uneasily and made inarticulate speech. He was oppressed with a sense of suffocation, as though buried beneath the snow. There was a strange hissing noise in his ears, such as he had often heard when, as a boy, he had fired a catherine-wheel.

"The noise woke him, and, with the vigour of youthful years, he sprang from the bed. The movement aroused Bessie. In a moment he stooped over her: 'It is love against flames, wife,' he said; 'but be brave, for love must win.'

"Already the room was filled with smoke, and the timbers around were crackling. Long tongues of flame shot out towards the bed on which lay the old woman, her dark eyes turned on her husband. There was no terror on her face, but trust, deep trust in the old man beside her, and he knew it.

"Stripping a blanket from the bed he wrapped it round her, and placing beneath her his aged arms—arms that in their strength sixty-six years before had borne her a delicate girl over the rugged mountains—he lifted her, and his muscles became strong as the love that surged through him, and his feet swift as of yore. Taking in a long breath he bade Bessie do the same, and through the lurid leaping flames he dashed, and they parted before him as he bore onwards his helpless but inspiring burden.

"And now the flames were behind them and that danger was passed. Yet what lay before them? There was snow above, below, and around them. The white storm whirled in its fury, and the intense cold burst asunder with a terrific noise, like thunder, one and another of the weather-beaten trees.

"Frederick was clad only in his night dress, which the flames had singed; but the garment was to him as plate-armour; he felt neither heat nor cold while his wife was exposed to danger. 'Bessie,' said Adams, 'I'm going to get help; be brave while I'm away. Three miles are soon travelled.' Then, drawing the blanket about her, he tenderly placed her in a rough straw-littered outbuilding behind the ruins of their home. The poor, feeble, and naturally timid woman held his hand for a moment, and then he left her to start on that midnight journey of three miles. His legs and feet were bare, his body unprotected save by a flimsy night dress; his head was

*GEORGE CRABBE.*

**M**ANY have denied to Crabbe that noble attribute of genius—Imagination—partly because of his minute treatment of common objects, and also because of his rare discussion of abstract themes. Such critics have become so wearied by pages of minute description of common-place events, that they are scarcely prepared to do justice to the higher attributes of Crabbe's muse. Thus, in spite of the warm appreciation of Sir Walter Scott and other great men of the day, we find Coleridge, in his "Table Talk" (vol. ii. page 296), stating that "in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high imaginations; he gives me little or no pleasure: yet no doubt he has power of a certain kind."

Crabbe's careful and accurate copies of nature, complete literary novelties at the time he wrote, drew to themselves nearly all comments for praise and blame, and will always be in danger of concealing his finest writing from the casual reader. This is unfortunate, since it was in the delineation of high forms of human nature that his chief strength lay, though only a poet could have dealt with inanimate nature and common types as he has done. Surely that beautiful line of "Nature's sternest poet, yet her best," applied rather to Crabbe's treatment of human nature, where other poets, notably Wordsworth, have more successfully rendered the poetry of inanimate nature.

In Stopford Brooke's "Theology in the English Poets" we have the following interesting comparison between Crabbe and three great contemporary poets as "poets of Nature":—

"Crabbe's Poetry of Nature" is as direct in description as his poetry of man. He was a botanist and mineralogist, and his close study of flowers and stones made him look accurately into all things. He paints the very blades of grass on the common, and the trail of the shell fish on the sand. It is the introduction into our poetry of that minute observation and delight in minute things in Nature which is so remarkable in the subsequent poets, which led Coleridge to paint in words the dancing of the sand at the bottom of a tiny spring, and Wordsworth the daisy's shadow on the naked stone, and Shelley the almost invisible vapour which the sun sucks from a forest pool. The difference is that Crabbe writes without the imagination which confers life on the things seen, while the

later poets, believing that all Nature was alive, conceived a living spirit in the sand, the daisy, and the vapour.

No doubt it was this lack of poetic life which jarred upon the sensitive ear of Coleridge, who could not paint the humblest object without idealising it. Wordsworth, again, though no botanist, has a loving and close acquaintance with his favourite plants, as displayed in his "Lesser Celandine," and some of our more modern poets describe the scenes of Nature with marvellous yet poetic fidelity.

As a poet of inanimate nature, Crabbe is therefore clearly distanced by his rivals, but in the higher or more human views of life the poet surely becomes great, often sublime, though rarely passionate. All that concerned the struggling lives of his fellow-men fascinated Crabbe throughout his career. Thus, in the beautiful description of the scenery in "The Village," the chief beauty of the lines consists in that human element which is constantly recurring :

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,  
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor.

Or, again :

Rank weeds, that every care and art defy,  
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye,

—that rye on which the subsistence of the poor depended.

There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar

is not in itself a remarkable line, but a quaint little rustic scene rises before us with the ensuing sentiment :

And to the ragged infant threaten war.

Crabbe tells us that even the poppies "mock the hope of toil," that the blue bugloss paints "the sterile soil," while the charlock and tares cling round "the sickly blade." Crabbe, in effect, describes these beauties of Nature only as a background for the due setting of all the painful and toilsome existence of the poor of "the village." Thus in "The Lover's Journey," which is full of descriptions of Nature, this connection of human interests and cast of mind with the landscape gazed on is fully displayed in the opening paragraph. George Crabbe had not that devotion to Nature in herself which forms such a charm in the poetry of some men who cannot otherwise be compared with him.

Crabbe would probably have been the first to admit that the hardships and struggles of his early life developed his strong sympathies with his kind, and forced him to express them in writing, when the indolence of a contemplative character would have stifled them. \* That the poet possessed some indolence of mind seems

possible from his ceasing to write for publication for many years, also from his leaving his parish of Muston till recalled by obvious duties. If bred to ease and luxury, with congenial companions, and freed from distressing associations, Crabbe might still have been admirable as a botanist and as a literary critic, but the latent force within him would hardly have been roused to full vigour.

From his earliest childhood young Crabbe's poetic instincts were stimulated by the wild life around him, by old wives' tales, by his rough home education, and perhaps by his very lack of time and means for the enjoyment of books. No wonder that his works are vigorous and original. Want of means might have crushed his talent, but for his devotion to Sarah Elmy, which forced him to develop his true bent. The man who had faced penury, want, nay, actual starvation, was not likely to become a mere dilettante poet, or to pass over the sin and suffering with which he had come in contact. Neither was such a man, a man who never ceased in his worst straits to rely upon the Divine protection, likely to strike an uncertain note on religious faith. Though the subject of religion is rarely alluded to, its teaching runs through his finest works.

In the beautiful prayer which he wrote when in the depths of despairing poverty we hear the following expression: "Ten thousand thoughts disturb my soul; be Thou greatest and fairest among ten thousand; be Thou with me, O my Saviour" and when; "ten thousand tongues" testified to the beauty of his works, this higher trust accounted for the poet's unaltered calmness and humility.

Throughout Crabbe's works there is one note, constantly recurring, which is the only sentiment of his which strikes the reader as conventional, certainly opposed to the writer's own experiences. No poet can be more eloquent over the "illusions of youth," and the consequent awakening. Yet it is difficult to read his son's life of the poet without acknowledging that he was surely never young in that sense himself, that he could hardly have shared such illusions. One of his first recollections was of the death of a little sister, whose loss embittered his father's life, and thus clouded the family peace. As his biographer tells us, he was "cradled among the rough sons of the ocean—a daily witness of unbridled passions and of manners remote from the stiffness and artificial smoothness of society." At home he was subject to an imperious and stern father, and the old women of the village told him many an "ower true tale" of sorrow and poverty.

Thus he was from a child familiar with the most painful aspects of human life, and must have learnt to practise that self-control and

self-suppression which, ennobled by his Christian faith, displays itself throughout his works. Is this the reason that his constant references to the illusions of youth become a little wearying, and convey a sense of unreality?

Crabbe's writings would be at once higher and lower in tone if it were not for his perpetual self-control, for the impression he gives that his "Pegasus" is always under its master's guidance.

It is interesting to read of the great snowstorm which stimulated his truly poetic nature when he wrote "almost *currente calamo*"<sup>1</sup> his "Sir Eustace Grey." The awful ravings and delusions of the poor lunatic bear marks of having been written in great excitement, his creator having given the rein as it were to the inspiration of his undoubted genius. That poem alone assures us that Crabbe possessed a high form of imagination, if not to the extent of Byron and the Lake poets; and he also possessed that poetic fire which may exist in souls which have no visible powers of expression.

From a boy he had lived beside the sea, whose waves held for him a fascination which, when sixty miles inland, he once found irresistible. He then rode these sixty miles, for the delight of gazing upon that wild ocean which he loved—an action which would be appreciated, were it Byron's case, by many who could never understand the strong poetic faculty of the quiet literary country parson.

It is interesting to compare Crabbe with Wordsworth, with whom he had much in common.

Crabbe was Wordsworth's inferior as a poet, never rising to the latter's high level, and also precluded by his clerical duties from making poetry his life's profession, but those who appreciate him at all will not readily tire of him. If Crabbe's work is seldom sublime, there is a scholarly precision of rhyme and metre which rarely jars, and which is refreshing after Wordsworth's occasional defects in verse. His lines run smoothly, and are saved from monotony by the fidelity of his scenes, and his spontaneous touches of humour, which are strikingly devoid of malice.

In the "Parish Register," wherein old Dibble, the parish clerk, describes to his new rector a long line of predecessors, we obtain in the last lines that quaint and kindly spirit which looks out from many of Crabbe's pages.

"Such was his end, and mine approaches fast;  
I've seen my best of preachers—and my last."  
He bowed, and meekly smiled at what he said,  
Civil, but sly: "And is old Dibble dead?"

<sup>1</sup> Extract from his son's *Life of Crabbe*.



And what quaint humour we find in "The Library":—

Great authors, for the Church's glory fired,  
 Are, for the Church's peace, to rest retired,  
 And close beside, a mystic maudlin race,  
 Lie "Crumbs of comfort for the babes of grace."

One must have lived in the country to realise Crabbe's appreciation of the country poor, not sparing their defects, while doing justice to their sublime unselfishness. What a common trait is hit off in this extract from the "Parish Register," Part III. :—

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain,  
 Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain ;

or there is that delightful bit about the parish Dissenters (all on excellent terms with Crabbe):—

Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread ;  
 E'en cool dissenters at his table fed,  
 Who wished, and thought, and hoped, a man so kind  
 A way to Heaven, though not their own, might find.

It is not the least charm of Crabbe's wonderful picture gallery that we feel how the world has improved in that article of narrowness of creed.

Wordsworth, with all his sympathy for the poor, has not Crabbe's power of describing their individuality ; but he was not the intimate friend of the dalesmen, while Crabbe was well known to his parishioners. There is another and a deeper reason for the fact that the poor of the "Parish Register" stand out with greater force of character than those of Wordsworth's "Churchyard among the Mountains." Wordsworth and Crabbe were both in London when young, but under widely differing circumstances.

Wordsworth was there as a thoughtful young student, poor, but not indigent, a mere spectator of the striving and misery of the great city. Having, as he tells us in the Prelude,

A little space of intermediate time  
 At full command,

he finds himself in London,

With unchecked fancy ever on the stir,  
 And all my young affections out of doors.

The seventh book of the Prelude gives an interesting account of London from the point of view of the young spectator, who finally obtains, through the spirit of Nature working upon him in "London's vast domain," a full measure of

Composure and ennobling harmony.

But George Crabbe spent, as his son tells us, a wretched year in

London. With starvation staring him in the face, yet with every motive for enjoying life, fighting for employment amongst struggling crowds, he had no time for philosophical considerations. He had to realise the anguish of hope deferred, hunger, and want—his Christian fortitude alone saving him from the fate of Chatterton.

Edmund Burke stretched out a saving hand, and from that time Crabbe prospered; but his personal sorrows live for ever in his vivid pictures of the trials of his fellow men. While Burns in his bitter strife with society found comfort in the beauties of wild Nature which surrounded him, Crabbe cared little for Nature, except as a background for his passionate interest in his fellow men.

Sir Walter Scott needed but his Bible and his Crabbe when dying at Abbotsford, and yet Sir Walter was well acquainted with Wordsworth's poems. Possibly the smoothness and accuracy of Crabbe's verses were soothing to the ear of the dying man; but surely the main reason was that Crabbe's stern realism, which can also be so tenderly accurate, appealed above everything to the fine, open nature of Scott. Scott, like Crabbe, was the personal friend and adviser of many of his poorer neighbours, and it is pleasant to know that the two poets corresponded, while Crabbe had the privilege of a visit to Sir Walter in Edinburgh.

Compare Book VII. of the "Excursion" with the "Parish Register" for the difference between Wordsworth and Crabbe. The "Nameless Man," who guides the team, is one of the most picturesque figures in Book VII. of the "Excursion," that peasant whose

Grey locks profusely round his temples hung,  
In clustering curls like ivy, which the bite  
Of winter cannot thin.

One has met such a peasant, but so rarely that he is a type rather than an individual. The "Solitary" gives a general description of him, and the Pastor replies with a fine account of the man, though he deplors his wood-cutting feats. But the "Nameless Man" does not even, by this description, live in our memories, like Isaac Ashford, who must surely have been well known to the poet parson. Isaac is proud, self-respecting, and reserved:

Yet far was he from stoic pride removed,  
He felt humanely, and he dearly loved:  
I marked his accents when his infant died,  
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;  
The still tears trickling down that furrowed cheek  
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.

There was an interesting reference to the difference in style  
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between Wordsworth and Crabbe in a recent article in the *Spectator* on Sir Archibald Geikie's lecture on "Landscape and Literature."

"A very remarkable contrast is afforded by the way in which two poets, contemporaries, treated the life of the poor—we refer to Wordsworth and Crabbe. The former found love in 'the huts where poor men lie,' and amid scenes of poverty and hardship, whether in London streets or Cumberland dales, an inner beauty or dignity. Crabbe at the same time found what Mr. Ruskin, in treating of an author in our own time, called 'studies of cutaneous diseases in a Suffolk village.'"

There is truth in this criticism, but it is a half truth, since Crabbe's long and sympathetic description of Isaac Ashford, and other poor friends, proves that if he portrayed with an unsparing hand the faults of the poor, he had also a more intimate acquaintance than Wordsworth with their many noble characteristics. Smith's<sup>1</sup> "Pope in worsted stockings" had not perhaps a sensitive skin, but it was a singularly healthy one, for he was ever ready to mark the high qualities which a rough exterior may conceal. No short extract can do justice to his fine sympathetic character of Isaac Ashford, that noble instance of the type of peasant a Suffolk village may produce.

Wordsworth no doubt did wisely when he shunned that "Personal Talk" to which he devotes a poem. His genius needed rest and the quiet of the mountains, while Crabbe drew inspiration from his fellow men. The world gains through Wordsworth's learned leisure, but as no gain is without loss, the man Wordsworth missed that measure of compensation which Crabbe attains in his kindly tolerance of the commonplace. As Wordsworth's worst pieces may be relieved by a sudden flight into the sublime, George Crabbe's poorest productions are lightened by his genial unforced humour, or by his delicate comprehension of human nature. The two poets have much in common, since both are truthful and conscientious, and both inspire fresh interest in our country and our fellows.

Through all Crabbe's works we trace an appreciation of what is good or interesting in the characters of women, to whom he was a steadfast friend. Nothing can be more charming in its way than his lines concerning "blue" ladies, his graceful compliment to Joanna Baillie, and his satire on the women who are afraid to submit their works to public criticism, but exist on the flattery of a private circle. The piece entitled "The Frank Courtship" is also an illustration of

<sup>1</sup> The younger Crabbe does not mention to which of the authors of *Rejected Addresses* this saying is due.

his faculty for realising a ground of common sense under a surface frivolity.

Sybil Kindred is young, high-spirited, and pleasure-loving, but it is her natural common sense as much as her frivolity which shrinks from her father's needless austerity. Her Quaker lover offends by his over-precise manner and dress, and were she as frivolous as her parents imagine, would receive his dismissal. But, for the very reason that she has lived with her fashionable aunt in London, Sybil notes the unaffected sense and goodness which underlie the young Quaker's formality. Their "frank" courtship gives each a due appreciation of the other's fine qualities; and the bright little tale is refreshing among those of a sterner order. The conversion of a frivolous girl was already a hackneyed theme, but few writers in Crabbe's day would have thought of exhibiting a fine character below or co-existing with a frivolous surface.

Crabbe is not an author to be enjoyed too rapidly, his writings being full of touches which need thought and attention for their due appreciation. Thus the "Frank Courtship" is full of minute and humorous touches of character, from the stern Josiah, Sybil's father, to his Quaker friends.

Himself he viewed with undisguised respect  
And never pardoned freedom or neglect.

We are told of Josiah, and concerning his friends,

Few their amusements, but when friends appeared  
They with the world's distress their spirits cheered :  
The nation's guilt, which would not long endure  
The reign of men so modest and so pure ;  
Their town was large, and seldom passed a day,  
But some had failed and others gone astray ;  
Clerks had absconded, wives eloped, girls flown  
To Gretna Green, or sons rebellious grown ;  
Quarrels and fires arose ; and it was plain  
The times were bad, the saints had ceased to reign !  
A few yet lived to languish and to mourn  
For good old manners never to return.

The whole tone of the exhortation given to Sybil by the broken-spirited mother, of whose feelings Josiah is sublimely unconscious, is a subtle appreciation of the effects of tyranny, from the opening lines :

"Hear me," she said ; "incline thy heart, my child,  
And fix thy fancy on a man so mild,"

to the final line,

Yield but esteem, and only try for peace.

No extract can do justice to the ease and grace of the latter part of the "Frank Courtship," and the mutual appreciation of the young people; also to the prompt appeasing of "the wrathful father."

If the "Frank Courtship" is a little too fine in its humour for uneducated audiences, "The Wager" is always popular among all classes for a public reading, a fact which does not seem sufficiently known.

Of two friends, Counter and Clubb, who agree in all but their theories of marriage, Counter brings home

A young complying maid,  
A tender creature, full of fears as charms,  
A beauteous nursing from its mother's arms;  
A soft sweet blossom, such as men must love,  
But to preserve must keep it in a stove.

This complying partner is Counter's ideal, and he scorns Clubb's choice of a wife who

Was of good repute;  
Meekness she had not, and was seldom mute;  
Though quick to anger, still she loved to smile,  
And would be calm if men would wait awhile.

In the wager laid by the two husbands as to which wife will allow her husband a trip of three days to Newmarket, Clubb's wife triumphs over her rival in her ready approval:

If I in trifles be the wilful wife,  
Still for your credit I would lose my life.

Counter's wife faints with the readiness which distinguished that age, and convinces the alarmed husband that

Now he saw that those who were obeyed  
Could like the most subservient feel afraid,  
And though a wife might not dispute the will  
Of her liege lord, she could prevent it still.

One wishes that Crabbe had written more poems of the brightly humorous order, such as are "The Frank Courtship" and "The Wager," but his early influences were, alas! too sombre to be easily shaken off, and he was more at home in pathetic scenes.

It is interesting to compare what is perhaps Crabbe's most poetic work, "The Parting Hour," with Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," works at once alike and dissimilar, and strongly indicative of the methods of their respective authors. In "Enoch" the lights and shadows of the tragic tale stand out before the reader with start-

ling clearness; in "The Parting Hour" life's changes are so touchingly indicated in their slow, natural transition, that the mind is prepared to welcome that future state where all are as the angels of God. In "Enoch Arden" the hero returns young at heart as when he left his Annie, yearning to embrace her and his children.

True he has aged outwardly, so that the old gossip, Miriam Lane, "good and garrulous," repeats to him the story of his life, he being "so brown, so bowed," but the man's inner life has never changed. Through all his solitary exile his affections have never severed, and the old age of the soul falls on him only when he has crept to Philip's house, and has seen for himself the change which he could not previously realise. Though Enoch dies in submission to Heaven's will, he is so manifestly dying through his terrible discovery, he was so full of life when he reached "that harbour whence he sailed before," that the pity of it is overwhelming.

In Crabbe's "Parting Hour," on the contrary, the man has not been faithful, neither has the woman, Judith, been forced to marry for her children's sake, as is the case with Annie. Old, sorrowing, disillusioned, they meet as friends only, when Allen returns from his long exile beyond seas, burdened with memories of the wife and children from whom he has been obliged to flee. Unlike Tennyson's hero, Allen had been too poor to marry before seeking fortune on the seas, and Judith, like himself, has married after ten sad years of waiting, and is, on his return, a poor widow whose children have grown up and scattered. This plot is prosaic, indeed, compared to Tennyson's, and yet what can be more pathetic than Allen clinging to his old love, almost as a child to its nurse, with the cry—

Let me not lose thee—never let us part ;  
So Heaven this comfort to my sufferings give,  
It is not all distress to chink and live.

He clings securely to the strong maternal element in poor Judith's nature, to the one haven of comfort and sympathy. He ignores that romance of her character which has evidently made his memory sacred, even through her own wife- and motherhood. She has been a loyal wife, a loving mother, but her life romance has never faded, and the kindly old woman has no aspiration but to be the sole comfort of the lover of her youth. He cannot understand that his broken dreams, his longings for wife and children, are a pang to Judith, who will comfort him to the end.

Most truly poetical are the closing lines of "The Parting Hour," where Allen dreams of his tropic home, of his wife, and of his

children at their play, while Judith knits by his side, and lays her knitting by, as the troubled dream nears the crisis of its awakening.

And where is he? Ah! doubtless in those scenes  
Of his best days, among the vivid greens  
Fresh with unnumbered rills, where every gale  
Breathes the rich fragrance of the neighbouring vale.  
Smiles not his wife, and listens, as there comes  
The night bird's music from the thick'ning glooms?  
And as he sits with all these treasures nigh,  
Blaze not with fairy light the phosphor fly,  
When, like a sparkling gem, it wheels illumined by?  
This is the joy that now so plainly speaks  
In the warm transient flushes of his cheeks,  
For he is listening to the fancied noise  
Of his own children, eager in their joys;  
All this he feels; a dream's delusive bliss  
Gives the expression, and the glow like this.  
And now his Judith lays her knitting by,  
These strong emotions in her friend to spy,  
For she can fully of their nature deem—  
But see! he breaks the long protracted theme,  
And wakes and cries, "My God! 'twas but a dream."

The theme is a sad one, in this world a pitiful ruin of what might have been; but Crabbe, who has known the extremity of distress, is never morbid, and hints of present comfort and future joys in poor Allen's acclamation,

So Heaven this comfort to my sufferings give,

and in the lines,

To her, to her alone, his various fate,  
At various times, 'tis comfort to relate.

Tennyson's "Enoch Arden" is no doubt the greater poetical work, the more dramatic and better known of the two pieces, but there is great beauty in Crabbe's "Parting Hour," in his realistic yet reverent treatment of suffering humanity, with its belief of a compensating hereafter, and in some picturesque traits which we miss in his homelier poems. Crabbe touches concisely on religious matters, implying rather than intruding his strong religious faith, possibly because of his accurate insight into worldly matters, with a consequent awe of the mystery of things unseen. Like John Selden he recognised that some things are not to be measured, and did not rush in "where angels fear to tread."

We might have had more pieces of the type of Sir Eustace Grey, had Crabbe been of the highest order of genius, but whatever his niche in the Temple of Fame we could ill afford to spare him. He

is a fine example of the fact that genius is not necessarily "allied to insanity," but may coexist with the strongest common sense and the broadest Christian sympathies. It is also a warning of the special need of outside discipline for the development of a poetical temperament. Before our poet could succumb to habits of great natural indolence, necessity had fixed in him the habit of work.

Crabbe, if he is sometimes lacking in spontaneity and lightness probably is so because his habit of analysis extended itself even to the possible attitude of his readers, and he has the hesitation of a man who sees but too clearly every side of a situation or controversy. There is amusing evidence of this in the following extract from the poem "Resentment":—

In vain an author would a name suppress,  
From the least hint a reader learns to guess ;  
Of children lost our novels sometimes treat,  
We never care—assured again to meet.  
In vain the writer for concealment tries,  
We trace his purpose under all disguise ;  
Nay, though he tells us they are dead and gone,  
Of whom we wot—they will appear anon ;  
Our favourites fight, are wounded, hopeless lie,  
Survive, they cannot—nay, they cannot die.  
Now, as these tricks and stratagems are known  
'Tis best, at once, the simple truth to own.

In our day the public has been compelled to harden itself to less cheerful endings, and Crabbe's lines have not so decided an application.

The poet died in 1832, in an honoured and respected old age, and in the poems which are so true to human nature in all ages succeeding generations will find him yet living.

MAUDE PROWER.



*AN HONEST PUBLISHER.*

Redis-nous cette guerre,  
 Les livres faits naguère  
 Selon le rituel  
 De Renduel.

*Théodore de Banville.*

**S**O spoke the poet only a few years ago, and his words find favour even in our own prosaic and practical time, for there are still dreamers of dreams who ask, like children with their fairy tales, to be told the same old story over and over again: the famous battle which set the early years of the century aflame has still its partisans, the ideal time has still its worshippers, and there is much in our modern melancholy very consonant with the despondence and lassitude of the Romantic school.

The happy calm of old reflective versifiers, Campbell, Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, peaceful chronicles of rural life—the poetry of woods and fields—are out of date, whilst Swinburne and Rossetti recall De Musset's cries of suffering, the self-imposed isolation of De Vigny, the sad meditations of De Lamartine; and if Rudyard Kipling were induced to break through his circle of technicalities it would be safe to predict that he would emerge in the direction of Victor Hugo. Carlyle has called poetry "the music of the whole inner being," and it is now said, "Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux."

But if poetry is only a morning dream, there are always to be found a certain number of strong practical minds to keep up the equilibrium, and this was discovered in time of need when Eugène Renduel became one of the chief actors in the passionate drama of Romanticism.

Librarian, publisher, editor, he was a man of steady, far-seeing, self-reliant capability: not especially gifted, laying no claim to inspiration, but his influence was marked in directing those who were more highly talented and more renowned: he was, in fact, the main-spring of their success, supplying the indispensable spark of common sense, so often lacking to the fire of genius.

This, at the time, was but imperfectly understood : even the combatants themselves were not fully conscious of the necessity of his support, although submitting to his guidance, following his advice—accepting without demur the *rituel de Renduel*. They took it all as a matter of course, the simple duty of an intelligent mind, undisturbed and unfettered by personal bias. This freedom from prejudice was, in fact, his chief characteristic : it had been cultivated early in life : his parents, good country people, with limited means, could only afford him the most rudimentary education, and as soon as he was of an age to lend a helping hand to the support of the modest *ménage* he was placed in the office of a provincial notary, where he worked for some years with great steadiness and acquired a certain amount of insight into business matters.

The conscription brought this engagement to an end, but being by no means devoured with military ardour he managed to get himself replaced, and started on his own account, with a great deal of hope, but very little to speak of in the way of capital, to make his fortune in Paris.

It was said by Montesquieu that success in the majority of cases depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed, and the patient waiting of Renduel during all the years of his active life bears witness to the quaint wisdom of this remark : he knew from experience that much apparently unfruitful work must be got through, and that a man to be successful must "prepare his ways ;" but he had still much to learn. His first situation brought him into such sudden contact with the tenets of commercial practice as fairly to astound him ; his honest bourgeois mind recoiled from the most ordinary professional arrangements ; he positively refused to carry out such instructions as did not appear perfectly equitable, and this so called *scrupulosity* threatened to become a serious stumbling-block in his career. To sit in judgment on the proceedings of his employers was an audacity not to be tolerated, and the conviction was soon forced upon him that he must wait until he became absolutely independent before he could carry out his own views of perfect rectitude.

After throwing up more than one desirable appointment the irony of fate led him to associate himself with a man of very questionable morality, but who had obtained a brief reputation as a candid advocate of liberal principles. Colonel Touquet was an old soldier laid on the shelf, who had installed himself in a small bookseller's shop, where he proposed making a moderate livelihood by the publication of works in opposition to the Government, but agreeable to the views of a limited number of people whose party

spirit induced them to support a man of such courage and independence. He began by issuing rather thinly veiled seditious pamphlets at a remarkably low price, and thus won the favour of the young insurgents of the day, alluring them moreover by laying on his counter some ornamental snuff-boxes with allegorical designs on the lid, beautifully engraved by Godfroi Engelman; and others with microscopic copies of the Charter, in itself an act of opposition, as enunciating the rights of the citizen. For some time the *Touquet tabatières* were very fashionable, so much so that the Royalists went into the field with still more richly decorated boxes, possessing likewise the advantage of not being quite so compromising. The Colonel might doubtless have done better to leave politics alone, but he chose a dangerous road, took a wrong turning, and suddenly disappeared.

Renduel had sympathised with Touquet's public-spirited views, and never for a moment doubted his sincerity, but the only serviceable side of the association, as far as he was concerned, was the opportunity it afforded him to come in contact with many hard-working, intelligent men, whose friendship proved of infinite use to him in all his undertakings. He was a constant visitor in the offices of the publisher Laurens, whose daughter he afterwards married. She was a remarkably beautiful and highly cultivated woman, and ably seconded her husband in his first steps towards independent employment; aided by her familiarity with the technical work, and great business capacity, he no longer hesitated to form an establishment of his own, little dreaming that their modest quarters in the Rue des Grands Augustins were to become the favourite resort of the most celebrated writers of the day.

The Romantic school was in its first vigour. "Hernani," in spite of frantic opposition from the reigning classics, had reached its seventh representation, and by that sole fact, according to Sainte-Beuve, the cause had been advanced a hundred miles. Charles X. had turned a deaf ear to lamentations, petitions, deputations, and had smilingly replied that in such matters he arrogated to himself no right beyond that of a place in the parterre.

Much had been gained, but the door was only half opened when Renduel had the wit to foresee the brilliant future of the new movement, and to gather round him the young and diffident writers who were thankful to offer prose and poetry for the smallest remuneration. He gave better terms than less foresighted publishers, well knowing that it was a paying speculation, and that he ran no risk in undertaking, without distinction of name, all valuable work. A great

many impecunious men of talent were surprised to find their first productions published at a cost not exceeding their slender means.

The list would fill pages. Lamennais, with his "Paroles d'un Croyant;" Paul Lacroix, better known by his strange sobriquet, *Bibliophile Jacob*, with his "Soirées de Walter Scott;" Eugène Sue, Gozlan, Alphonse Karr, all owed to him the production of their masterpieces; and Victor Hugo, already famous, Sainte-Beuve, Théo. Gautier, Henri Heine, the two De Mussets, Gérard de Nerval, and many others were very soon aware that he was their best friend and counsellor, often leader, always supporter in the battle, and, above all, the one member of the band who was always prepared with the sinews of war.

It must often have required courage to launch novels and poems, curiously undervalued by timorous authors, into the uncertain current of popular favour, but he seldom made a mistake; it was not only the commercial value of the book by which he was guided, his province was to recognise genius in its earliest and crudest manifestations.

When Eugène Sue left the navy to become a novelist, who but his editor would have ventured to prophesy the boundless popularity he so suddenly attained? To two undistinguished writers, Eugène de Monglave and Louis Maynard, he gave the modicum of success they would hardly have won alone. Petrus Borel, the furious champion of Romanticism, owed whatever literary credit belonged to him to the polishing touch of his editor, who contrived to melt into a form of originality a strange mixture of horror, absurdity, and pathos.

Renduel proposed to give every beginner a chance, but to those who had already accomplished some degree of fame he was not always favourably disposed. When Alfred de Musset offered him a second volume of poems he hesitated, very much to the surprise of the author, who had met with immense adulation, and was pressing for a speedy decision, beset, as he reported, with advantageous proposals; of these Paul de Musset, not so much given to romance, had said nothing, although he was supposed to conduct the negotiation. Finally the matter was arranged, Renduel insisting that it should be well got up with vignettes by Célestin Nanteuil, which, however, turned out so little satisfying that they only appeared in a few first copies. The poet proclaimed that all ornamentation was superfluous, and, somewhat piqued to find his editor of a different opinion, he composed a few doggerel verses, in sarcastic allusion to an

influence he could not deny, upon the sorrows of the poor author who had no bread to eat.

Lassailly  
A failli  
Vendre un livre.  
Il n'est tenu qu'à Renduel  
Que cet homme immortel  
Peut gagner de quoi vivre.

The epigram, if hardly up to the mark as to the essence of wit, at least possesses the essence of truth, for if a work, however little remarkable, bore the sign manual of the popular publisher, its success was assured, and had the most extravagant of the Romantics, as was the impecunious author of "*L'Empoisonné Dansant*," been supported by Renduel the wolf might have been kept from the door.

Renduel was accredited with having made an enormous profit out of "*Notre Dame de Paris*," and it was argued that the rest of Hugo's works must have been equally remunerative. But such was not the case; the poet had achieved success before his connection with Renduel, and was very well aware that he could command anything he chose to ask; he was sometimes unconscionable in his requirements, but the plays paid badly, and by them the publisher suffered considerable loss.

Besides the risk that must always be run in business matters too much advantage was taken of Renduel's well known liberality; one of the most unscrupulous of his clients was Charles Nodier, who, in spite of a good income and his lucrative position at the Arsenal, was always head over ears in debt, and his publisher was rarely many days without receiving an urgent missive whose prayer it was easy to divine.

The only intercourse he had with Alexandre Dumas meant usually a demand—for it could hardly have been called a request—for a loan. Genial, generous, eminently *bon garçon*, he never showed the least scruple in asking for what he required, or any especial amount of gratitude at getting it. He used to say very openly that his own publishers were so well aware of his extravagance that he thought it best "not to complicate matters," but to go direct to the man whose purse was always at the service of genius in difficulties.

Renduel's first dealings with Gérard de Nerval were not conducted in quite so cavalier a manner, but were equally to the sole advantage of the borrower. The first arrangement was to this effect: "A magnificent romance" was to be produced in collaboration with Théophile Gautier; the authors were to receive 1,600 francs as

soon as the work was completed, 500 of which sum was to be paid down on the signing of the treaty; this was done in July, and in October Renduel received a few opening pages—the first and last he ever saw of the “magnificent romance.”

The extraordinary improvidence and recklessness of the young Romantics, and their total oblivion of the commonest rules of honest dealing, are typified in a letter from De Nerval expedited as soon as the last 500 francs had been frittered away. It was dated

“Marseille: *November* 1834.

“My good Monsieur Renduel,—You believe, perhaps, because I am here without a *sou*, that I live very indifferently; but you mistake. I am at an hotel where I dine sumptuously, to recruit myself after my travels, *on credit*. Now, since in every hotel less magnificent than the Hôtel des Princes the landlord might feel some anxiety regarding a guest who should arrive without luggage, I followed in the steps of Robert Macaire, and spent a trifle on two boys I had espied at the corner of a street for the purpose of conveying my effects. One took my bag, containing principally a large loaf I had brought from Naples; the other a valise which held two lemons, some apples and pears, and the rest of my provisions, carefully strapped and locked. I entered the vestibule with my two acolytes, and cut quite a good appearance, having by good fortune come across an old pair of yellow gloves. The hotel-keeper assigned me a fine apartment—I was afraid to risk his good opinion by suggesting one less grand—besides which everything is cheap at Marseille. There was a public library for the day time—very luckily, since I cannot walk, my shoes being in holes.”

The letter is very long, and continues in the same style—brilliant, laughable, reckless of consequences. In those days the writer was never suspected of more than occasional flightiness, and his good humour and gaiety endeared him to all. In matters of business Renduel was content to treat him like a child.

There was little difference in this respect between “the gentle Gérard” and Théophile Gautier, for the knight errant of the new school showed no greater scruple in demanding supplies than the rest of the brotherhood. “*Illustre! je veux de l'argent*” was generally the gist of letters long or short; nor did the applicants find it necessary to explain matters or excuse their constant embarrassments; but on one memorable occasion “*pauvre Théo*” brought forward an argument which he considered reasonable; he declared that it was hopeless to bring his mind to work if his pockets were empty: no money, no ideas.

Renduel could only smile and hasten to supply the food of genius.

In 1836 the catalogue of Renduel's recent publications includes Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse," begun, abandoned, begun again, modified; it was on the anvil for five-and-twenty years, and justly holds a considerable place in his works.

He loved the creations of his fancy, and after the monotony of journalism all the imagination, all the poetry of his nature found vent in his stories of love and adventure; he felt very strongly, as all highly sensitive people feel, that the most solid good of all good things is the state of mind in which one forgets one's own being. Théo's favourite dream, whenever he found time to wander into the land of illusions, was of an Eldorado which, in spite of his great talents and unflagging industry, neither he nor any of his colleagues was lucky enough to realise.

The true sympathy felt honestly by Renduel for all these reckless enthusiasts was well understood as the secret of his influence; his candid, often severe criticisms, and unsolicited but determined *suppressions*, were borne without a murmur; and there is no doubt that his experience and keen perception of veritable talent helped to clear away many of the obstacles which would have blocked the way to success.

The mental strain was severe, and after ten years of incessant hard work he was obliged to relinquish the greater part of it and to spend several months in the year away from the toil and turmoil of Paris.

He bought an estate, the Château de Beauvron, near Chamecy, where he threw himself with his usual energy into the healthful pleasures of a country life; his garden and his farm consoled him for the excitements of his younger days. It took some time, however, to arrange his business with other publishers, Gosselin, Hachette, and others; above all Charpentier, true friend as well as *confrère*, with whom he was engaged in issuing the new edition of the most popular works of the day, which still goes by the name of *format Charpentier*. Besides a certain amount of unavoidable work he was constantly receiving demands it was impossible to satisfy. Romances, poems, essays were still thrust upon him with a view to publication, besides still more importunate requests; innumerable letters reached him containing messages to be delivered to the *maîtres de la pensée*, with whom he was associated; offerings lost or delayed had to be sought for, and one pathetic writer exhorted him to watch over the precious health of Victor Hugo, lest France should be deprived of her greatest poet.

That leisure for men of business and business for men of leisure would effect a cure for most complaints has often been repeated, and the breath of his own Morvan mountains, with long hours of rest amongst the inexhaustible treasures of his library, restored for a time the overworked and anxious brain.

There was only one regret, one irremediable loss : the man who in 1830 had been so sought after, so necessary, felt himself completely isolated ; he knew that being no longer of use his old companions had forgotten him. His own recollections remained vivid to the last, and whenever one of the brilliant stars he had done so much to discover vanished away he was painfully affected.

For Sainte-Beuve, Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, who had almost doubted if he were alive or dead before they went themselves into the land of shadows, he felt all the grief he would have experienced had they been together daily, as was once the case.

A more tender-hearted man never existed, or one more staunch and more sincere.

Somewhat brusque in manner, he possessed the fine and sterling qualities so often hidden under a rough exterior, and those who knew him best bore witness to his simple worth, his kindliness, and his integrity without a flaw.

C. E. MEETKERKE.



MARY CROMWELL, LADY  
FAUCONBERG.

OF the four daughters of Oliver Cromwell the name of Elizabeth Claypole is probably the most familiar, associated as it so frequently is with that of her father. All Cromwell's daughters, however, were women distinctly above the average, and what we know of each makes us wish that more information had been preserved. It is perhaps of Mary Cromwell that we can trace the most connected account throughout a long life which, beginning in Charles I.'s time, lasted until almost the close of the reign of Queen Anne, although the sketch which follows will show that even here the personal note is too often wanting.

Mary, the third daughter of Oliver Cromwell, was born at Ely early in 1637, being baptized at Huntingdon on February 9 in that year. She was ten years old when the Cromwell family moved from Ely to London, and by this time both her elder sisters were married. She had, however, for constant companion her sister Frances, the youngest of the family, not quite two years younger than herself, and between these two sisters—"my two little wenches," as their father called them—the closest and most intimate relations continued throughout life.

Moving from King Street—their first place of residence in London—to the Cockpit at thirteen, and thence to Whitehall and Hampton Court at seventeen, Mary grew up to take her place naturally as the eldest unmarried daughter of the Lord Protector in the Court of the Commonwealth. Already we see her developing the qualities which characterised her all her life—bright, quick-witted, diplomatic, strongly attached to her family, as all the Cromwells were, a good correspondent, with a clever woman's love of managing affairs, and a good woman's love of match-making. In 1651 she is apparently visiting Lord Wharton's family, and next year she is trying to bring about an engagement between her brother Henry and Lord Wharton's eldest daughter. Her father, however, saw difficulties in

the way. "If there be not freedom and cheerfulness in the noble person, let this affair slide easily off, and not a word more be spoken about it, as your lordship's own thoughts are. So hush all, and save the labour of little Mall's fooling—lest she incur the loss of a good friend indeed."<sup>1</sup>

Henry Cromwell, after a vain courtship of charming Dorothy Osborne, married Elizabeth Russell in 1653, and during his absence in Ireland Mary seems to have kept him informed of family matters. Meantime suitors were coming about Whitehall. The story of Frances Cromwell's love affairs does not fall within our present subject, but Mary's long letter, giving a full account of the difficulties the young people had to contend with, and affording a glimpse of herself in passing, may be read in Carlyle. Mary had her own suitors. Anthony Ashley Cooper is said to have asked her in marriage and been denied. A Welsh wooer appears momentarily in a letter of Fleetwood's.<sup>2</sup> There were also thoughts of a match between Mary and the young Duke of Buckingham, who afterwards married Mary Fairfax, or Lord Chesterfield, who was also at one time engaged to the same lady. The real suitor emerges into view in 1657.

Amongst the distinguished families of the North that of Bellasyse held a prominent and honourable place. Their estates lay principally in the North Riding of Yorkshire, Newburgh Park, their chief seat, being some ten miles out of York, while they were Barons of Yarm, a quaint little town built on a peninsula formed by the Tees. The first Baron, created Viscount Fauconberg by Charles I., had for his mother one of the Fairfaxes of Denton. His daughters married into the families of Slingsby, Darcie, and Vavasour, and his second son was created Lord Bellasyse of Worlaby. Henry, his eldest son, died in his father's lifetime, leaving a family of sons and daughters, of whom Thomas, the eldest, succeeded to the title and estates. The old Lord Fauconberg seems to have spent the latter years of his life abroad. Fines were levied on his estates by the Committee for Compounding in 1647, and the proceedings dragged on until his death in 1653. The young lord was then five-and-twenty, and had married two years previously Mildred, daughter of an Irish peer, Lord Castletown, and sister of George, Viscount Castletown, who

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Appendix, No. 26.

<sup>2</sup> "Sir Edw. Mansfield, of Wales, is to address himself this week to his Highness that he may have leave to make known his affection to my Lady Mary. I wish he may be worthy of so deserving a lady."—Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821. The event justified the writer's doubt.

had married his sister, Grace Bellasyse. By the end of 1656, however, he was a widower, and we find him applying to the Council and obtaining leave to go into France with his servants and necessaries. Cromwell had already marked the young man, and apparently thought well of an alliance between him and the Lady Mary. It is not quite clear whether the very first overtures came from Fauconberg or from the Protector, but instructions were at any rate sent out to Lockhart, the English ambassador in Paris, on the subject. Fauconberg had left Paris for Italy, but letters from Lockhart reached him at Lyons, and by the latter part of March he had returned to Paris, when the ambassador immediately waited upon him, and sent home word that "in my humble opinion he is a person of extraordinary parts, and hath (appearingly) all those qualities in a high measure that can fit one for his Highness's and country's service, for both which he owns a particular zeal."

The negotiations extended through the spring and summer, conducted very cautiously and tentatively. A report that Fauconberg was a Catholic was indignantly repelled by him; then the question of his estate was gone into. In May Lockhart receives a hint from Thurloe: "If Lord Falconbridge be at Paris, and you find that he still retains his former intentions, in the most fitting way you can encourage his coming over to prosecute them." Lockhart promptly replies: "I waited last night on the gentleman, and told him the advantage his pretensions might receive from his own addresses to the person principally concerned, and assured him of a good reception from the nearest relations. He professed much zeal in the business, but said he expected a clearer invitation, and asked my authority for encouraging him. I said that in these cases custom settled rules of modesty, which straitened my liberty, and I feared I had gone too far when I assured him of welcome, and left the rest to his own merit and application.

"I left him disposed to return, but am to receive his decision to-day or to-morrow: I will send it next post. Do not attribute his not answering at once in an affair of that importance to a want of readiness for the thing."<sup>1</sup>

Still matters dragged. Fauconberg was evidently determined not to display too great eagerness, and all the preliminaries were settled before he appeared in person to prosecute his suit. On November 3, however, Thurloe was able to write to Henry Cromwell in Ireland: "I suppose I need not acquaint you that my Lord Fauconberg is a servant of my Lady Mary; he is a person of very

<sup>1</sup> Calendar of State Papers (Domestic), 1656-57.

good abilityes, and seems very sober. His estate is 5,000*l.* per annum. I believe it will be a match." A week later Fleetwood wrote: "I suppose you hear of my Lady Marye's marriage to my Lord Ffaulconberg, which is now concluded on." Next day Frances Cromwell was married to Robert Rich at Whitehall, and, after a week of festivities, the Protector and his household moved to Hampton Court on the 18th. On Thursday, the 19th, "the most illustrious lady, the Lady Mary Cromwell, third daughter of His Highness the Lord Protector, was there married to the most noble lord, the Lord Falconbridge, in the presence of their Highnesses and many noble persons."<sup>1</sup>

"Joy to Endymion," wrote Andrew Marvell,

For he has Cynthia's favour won,  
And Jove himself approves  
With his serenest influence their loves ;

while in a second song composed for the same occasion, and not without a reminiscence of Ben Jonson, he makes the shepherds Hobbinol and Tomalin join in praise of the bride.

Never such a merry day,  
For the northern shepherd's son  
Has Menalcas' daughter won.

They have chosen such an hour  
When she is the only flow'r.

*Tomalin.*

Here she comes : but with a look  
Far more catching than my hook :  
'Twas those eyes, I now dare swear,  
Led our lambs we knew not where.

*Hobbinol.*

Not our lambs' own fleeces are  
Curl'd so lovely as her hair :  
Nor our sheep new-wash'd can be  
Half so white or sweet as she.<sup>2</sup>

"Their Highnesses with the said lord and lady returned from Hampton Court" the next day, but the festivities appear to have been continued for the better part of a week. Very complimentary letters passed between Fauconberg and Henry Cromwell on the occasion, but it is more interesting to learn the bride's own feelings, and this we may do pretty accurately from the delightfully naïve letter

<sup>1</sup> *Mercurius Politicus*, Nov. 19-26.

<sup>2</sup> Davenant also wrote an "Epithalamium upon the marriage of the Lady Mary, daughter to his Highness, with the Lord Viscount Falconbridge, to be sung to recitative music."

which she addressed to her brother within a fortnight of the marriage, and which we cannot resist giving here in spite of its length :—

“Dear Brother,—I am in such a condition at present that I know not what to say for myself in that I have neglected making you acquainted with my great concern, which truly, dear brother, was not for want of that due sense I have of your kindness to me, but the hurry I have been in, as you must needs imagine, being so suddenly concluded as this business hath, has put me into so great a confusion as that truly I could not tell how nor what to write to any friend ; and give me leave to assure you, as you are the person that I value above any of my friends, so also you are the first that I have written to since this affair of mine was known to me. You have a great deal of reason, I must confess, to think I did not put that esteem upon you which I ought, if the suddenness of my marriage did not speak for me, and therefore I shall be silent, knowing you cannot but pardon me, who I am sure hath as great a respect for you as any of your relations, and give me leave to tell you that my lord has as great an estimate, and I will assure you it . . . you will find him as much your friend and servant as I am, which you cannot but be assured . . . truly yours. Dear brother, as you have a kindness for me, let my concern for my lord beg also the same for him, whom I am assured, if you knew, you are a person of that understanding and worth, you needed not my witness for it ; and I hope that which gives us an assurance of all things will let you see how much he [accounts?] the kindness of all my relations, and in particular yourself, whom I can assure you he hath a particular kindness for. I hope that God that hath by His providence brought him and I into this near relation, will bless us and lead us in His own fear, that we shall not err, but walk in the way that He shall teach us. Dear brother, the great thing that I now do beg of you is your prayers for us that God will bless us, and teach us our duty to each other, so that we may live in love and serve Him with one heart. I cannot but hope God hath given me this as a blessing, *although He has been pleased to dispose of my heart, so as that I have been obliged to my parents.* In earnest, dear brother, he is a sober person and one that desires after the best things, and God hath given him a large portion in the knowledge of them. The Lord make him sensible of the improvement that he is to make of so great a talent, which I cannot but hope that he will. I shall beg your pardon for the trouble which I have given you, and believe that there is none more your affectionate sister and servant than

“M. FAULCONBRIDGE.

"Dear brother, beg my pardon of my sister for not writing to her this post, and be pleased to let her know that I intend next week, if possibly I can, to give her a particular account of my business. I was married on Thursday next come fortnight, and truly, dear brother, *to a person that hath a greater kindness than ever I could have expected.* The Lord continue it.

"Whitehall, December the 1, 57."<sup>1</sup>

It is pretty clear from this that the personal wooing of the bride had been left to the last, and that in the whirl of a courtship and marriage consummated in something under a month Mary allowed herself to be guided by her parents, hoped for the best, and could only feel thankful, when the marriage knot was actually tied, that her bridegroom "*hath a greater kindness than ever I could have expected.*"

There seems no particular reason for doubting Clarendon's express statement that, after the marriage by Cromwell's chaplain, Fauconberg and Mary were privately married according to the rites of the Church of England by Dr. Hewet. We have seen that Fauconberg was disposed to make his own terms over the wedding, and this may have been stipulated by him. More fanciful is the curious legend, preserved in Yorkshire, that all the oak trees in Newburgh Park were decapitated by order of Cromwell as a punishment of the loyalty of its owner, and that only on this propitiation did the Protector consent to give his daughter in marriage to Lord Fauconberg.

During the early months succeeding their marriage, Mary and her husband seem to have resided with the Protector and his household, and they had their suites of rooms both at Whitehall and Hampton Court.<sup>2</sup> Rumours were early afloat designating Fauconberg for some high appointment. He was to succeed the ill-fated Sir John Reynolds in his post as Captain-General of the English forces; he was pressing to be made Lord President of the North.

<sup>1</sup> Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821.

<sup>2</sup> When the "Inventory of goods and servants at Hampton Court" was taken by order of the House of Commons in June 1659, Lord and Lady Fauconberg's bedroom had been stripped, but in one of their rooms, formerly occupied by the Duke of Richmond, the walls were hung with old green perpetuano, and certain furniture remained. We hear also of "Mrs. Grinaway's chamber, gentlewoman to the Lady Faulconberge, being part of the armoury." Fauconberg writes to Lockhart from Whitehall in January 1658, and at the end of February we find him again writing from Whitehall to Henry Cromwell on the death of Frances Cromwell's young husband: "This place is at present distract with the death of Mr. Rich, especially my dame, whose condition makes it more dangerous than the rest."

In the spring, however, a brilliant but less exacting employment was provided for him. He was sent over to France in May, with a train of a hundred persons, bearing letters from the Protector to the young king, Louis XIV., who had been encamped before Dunkirk, but had fallen back on Calais. A rough passage was atoned for by the splendour of his reception. Five days the Protector's son-in-law was fêted to such an extent as to excite the envy of all the representatives of other courts. At last he was dismissed with rich presents, both from the king and Cardinal Mazarin. The following month the visit was returned by the Duc de Créqui, Mancini, the Cardinal's nephew, and other gentlemen being sent over to England. Fauconberg was deputed to receive them and conduct them to their audiences with the Protector, and before they left they "made addresses to the most illustrious ladies, the Lady Mary and the Lady Frances."<sup>1</sup> Fauconberg had been on the eve of going into Yorkshire when the French envoys came. His efforts in their entertainment, however, "so wholly took up my time, even nights as well as days, that it was impossible to do aught else." He was obliged to take to his bed on their departure, but was able within a short time to set out northwards. It was Mary's first visit to her new home, and when they reached Fauconberg's own county their journey partook of the nature of a triumphal progress. Near York they were met by "above 1,000 horse of the gentry and others, besides the mayor and aldermen of the place." At the city itself he was presented with "a pair of silver flagons and £60 in gold."<sup>2</sup> "In all places of their journey the people of those parts made so large expressions of their duty in the honours done to the person and virtues of this most religious lady, and of their extraordinary affections to this meritorious lord, as abundantly manifested what a high esteem his noble qualities have purchased him in his own as well as other countries."<sup>3</sup>

But beneath these surface compliments and ceremonies there was already trouble and dissatisfaction. In the same month that the French envoys were being entertained Slingsby and Hewet were being tried and executed for plotting against the Protector. Slingsby was the husband of Fauconberg's aunt, Barbara Bellasyse. Fauconberg and Mary had been married by Hewet, whose preaching Mary had been in the habit of privately attending at his church of St. Gregory by St. Paul's. Their execution, while it must have been

<sup>1</sup> *Mercurius Politicus*, June 17-24, 1658.

<sup>2</sup> Royal Commission on Hist. MSS, 5th Report. Trentham MSS.

<sup>3</sup> *Mercurius Politicus*, July 29-August 5.

grievous to Mary, served to show Fauconberg how little real power his marriage had brought him. And Mary had troubles which affected her more nearly. Her sister Elizabeth was lying at death's door, and her father, his own health shattered, was watching by her bedside in unspeakable grief and anxiety. It was on the evening of July 30 that Fauconberg and his wife arrived at Hampton Court, "being safe returned out of the North." They found Lady Claypole rallied a little, but she died the following Friday, August 6.

Within a month was to follow the more crushing blow of Oliver's death. "The consternation and astonishment of people," wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell, "is unexpressible. . . . My poor wife, I know not what in the earth to do with her. When seemingly quieted, she bursts out again into passion that tears her very heart in pieces; nor can I blame her, considering what she has lost."

The death of Oliver changed everything. The succession, indeed, passed to Richard, and for the moment things seemed to be going smoothly; but discerning minds must have recognised that when the strong hand was removed the crash was only a matter of time. There was something more than private and personal grief in Mary's passionate distress.<sup>1</sup> The future seemed big with ruin. It is not easy to unravel the history of the troubled time that lay between the death of Oliver and the Restoration, or to assign to the different actors in the drama their precise parts; but within a fortnight of the Protector's death the astute Mazarin was corresponding with Bordeaux, the French Ambassador in London, as to securing Fauconberg for his own interests. By the end of October Bordeaux can report that he has sounded him, and suggests that the Cardinal should send him a present of a pair of Barbary horses, and jewels for Lady Fauconberg, which should not be of less value than 1,000 pistoles. Fauconberg is no longer the son-in-law of a great ruler, but a man who has his estates and perhaps his life in peril at no distant date if he makes a false step, and has to move warily so as to secure himself against all emergencies. He seems to have supported Richard Cromwell as long as possible, but when, at the end of April 1659, Fleetwood and the army officers forced a dissolution of Parliament, he retired to the country, "to make a party there," and in June, when Richard was still at Whitehall, but "quite down" and on the point of leaving, we hear that "Lord and Lady Falconbridge

<sup>1</sup> "Your sister," wrote Fauconberg to Henry Cromwell on October 12, more than five weeks afterwards, "is weeping so extremely by me that I can scarce tell you in plain terms that I am going eighty miles out of town to-morrow."



are in the country, and live there without making a noise." When the continuance of the Protectorate became hopeless, it was clearly the part of prudence to turn towards the restoration of the monarchy, to which Fauconberg was bound by so many ties of ancestry and association, and his attitude seems to have been suspected, for, in September, a warrant for his arrest was issued by the Council of State and he was committed to the Tower, but released in a few days on a bail of £10,000 with two sureties. In April 1660 Monk gave him Sir Arthur Haslerigg's regiment, by June 1 he had accepted "the king's gracious pardon promised in the House of Lords, May 1, 1660, to all who should lay hold of it within forty days," and by July he was appointed by Charles Lord-Lieutenant of the bishopric of Durham, and shortly afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

## II.

With the weathering of this storm Mary Cromwell's life passed into a smoother if somewhat altered channel. The marriage about which she had felt so uncertain at first lasted for over forty years, and all the indications we have are in favour of its having been a happy and honourable union. From the Restoration onwards Fauconberg held a prominent position, and discharged various honourable appointments with credit and distinction, whilst the correspondence of the most eminent men of his time serves to show the esteem in which he appears to have been held. Of Mary we have Burnet's testimony that she was "a wise and worthy woman," with the well known and remarkable addition that "she was more likely to have maintained the post [of Protector] than either of her brothers: according to a saying that went of her, 'That those who wore breeches deserved petticoats better: but if those in petticoats had been in breeches they would have held faster.'"

Her own family was scattered. Richard went abroad; Henry retired to his property in Cambridgeshire. In May 1660 we hear that "Cromwell's wife and her daughter Rich are gone from their lodgings in the Charterhouse no one knows where." The first anniversary of the death of Charles I. which followed the Restoration saw the rifling of the graves in Westminster Abbey, and the hanging of the bodies of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton at Tyburn; and this raises the vexed question of the real place of Cromwell's burial and the truth of the legend which connects Lady Fauconberg with it. We cannot go into the question here, but this much may be said. If the body of the Protector was buried in Westminster

and disinterred to be dragged to Tyburn, Lord and Lady Fauconberg were the most likely persons to be able to procure the substitution of some other corpse for it ; or, at any rate, if nothing more could be done, to rescue the remains afterwards from the grave into which they had been cast at the foot of the gallows. Whatever may be the truth as to the embalmed head in the possession of Mr. Wilkinson of Sevenoaks, it is by no means improbable that the body of the Protector lies securely in the walled chamber at Newburgh.

Of Newburgh Park, the home of the Bellasyse family, a few words may be said. Originally an Augustinian priory, founded by Roger de Mowbray in the twelfth century, it was granted at the dissolution to Antony Bellasyse, but though altered and added to from time to time it retains even now something of its ancient character. It stands in a beautiful park at the foot of the Hambleton Hills, close to the little village of Coxwold, and with its great fishpond in front, its flower gardens, its long gallery and wainscotted chambers deep set in the thickness of the walls, presents still to some extent the appearance which it did in Mary Cromwell's day. Close by in the village was the "new-built house and the little garth adjoining" which the old Lord Fauconberg had left to be "an hospital house for ever for the maintenance and dwelling-place of ten poor widdowes to be ordered and placed there from time to time by my heir," and to this, in the years immediately following the Restoration, Mary's husband added a hospital for poor men. In the church the earlier generations of Bellasyse lay buried.

The associations, the private interests, the family ties and connections of Fauconberg all bound him to this Yorkshire home, and no doubt he and his wife were often here in the first years after the Restoration, although even then they appear to have been familiar figures at court and in the society of the town.<sup>1</sup> But there were no children born to Fauconberg and Mary, and there are indications that his connection with Newburgh, destined consequently to pass to his brother's family, grew less strong as years advanced, and that more of his time was spent in London. One glimpse of Newburgh, however, has a curious interest. In 1665, when all people were abandoning the capital on account of the plague, James, Duke of York, and his Duchess, Anne Hyde, travelled to York and held their court there in the early autumn. Fauconberg as Lord-Lieutenant had met them at Doncaster, and received them again at York itself,

<sup>1</sup> Pepys records seeing them at the Royal Theatre, June 12, 1663. See also the curious and often repeated anecdote of a courtier insulting Lady Fauconberg in the king's presence, or in the park, and of her reply.

and on August 24 they went out to Newburgh, where "their royal Highnesses had a fine entertainment at Lord Fauconberg's." When we remember that it was the daughter of Cromwell who received the future James II. the incident acquires a piquancy which makes it worth recalling.

In 1669 Fauconberg was sent as Ambassador to the Republic of Venice. "I envy no man at present," wrote Sir William Temple from The Hague to the Prince of Tuscany, "but my Lord Falconbridge, who is going on an embassy into so fine a climate and among such conversations as those of Italy." The Ambassador took leave of the king on November 18, but did not set out until the turn of the year, and then was delayed at Dover by stormy weather. He travelled with a great train, including sixty-two horses. It took eighty men to get them safely landed at Calais, owing to a storm coming on, and their transport in two vessels cost upwards of £80. At Turin he was anxiously awaited, "the people not having had an Ambassador from any crown for above twenty years." At Genoa he was lodged at the Durazzo Palace. From Leghorn he passed to Florence in June, where he was highly received by the Grand Duke and given a present value £1,200, and his secretary a gold chain. His mission at Venice accomplished, he left in September, and returning through Holland, to the apparent satisfaction of Sir William Temple,<sup>1</sup> reached London by the middle of November. It was perhaps on this journey that he acquired some of the Italian pictures, and particularly the "great Bassan," of which we hear later.

A few years after this embassy the lease of Sutton Court, Chiswick, came into Fauconberg's hands. It belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, but Fauconberg bought additional land, laid out the gardens, and spent a good deal on the general improvement of the place. Chiswick, which preserved much of its retired old-world character up to a comparatively recent date, and has still not quite lost a certain charm, was rather in request at this time as a rural retreat for those connected with the court and the town, having a reputation for good air and quiet. Lord Burlington, Fauconberg's Yorkshire neighbour, had a place near, and Sir Stephen Fox, a little later, built a house and laid out a garden which outvied Sutton Court, and even extorted admiring comments from the phlegmatic William III.

Of Sutton Court we are able to form a picture from an account given of it during its occupation by the Fauconbergs. To one

<sup>1</sup> Sir W. Temple to Lord Falconbridge, August 22, 1670. See Temple's *Works*, vol. ii.

fastidious critic of gardens the arrangements did not altogether commend themselves, but when we find that he classes it with some twenty others, which include Kensington Gardens, Hampton Court, and other famous places, and has faults to find with almost all of them, we need not attach too much importance to his strictures.

“ My Lord Fauconberg’s garden at Sutton Court has several pleasant walks and apartments in it ; but the upper garden next the house is too irregular and the bowling-green too little to be commended. The greenhouse is very well made but ill set. It is divided into three rooms, and very well furnished with good greens ; but it is so placed that the sun shines not on the plants in winter, when they most need its beams, the dwelling-house standing betwixt the sun and it. The maze or wilderness there is very pretty, being set all with greens with a cypress arbour in the middle, supported with a well-wrought timber frame : of late it grows thin at the bottom, by their letting the fir-trees grow without their reach unclipped. The enclosure wired in for white pheasants and partridges is a fine apartment, especially in summer, when the boxes of Italian bayes are set out, and the timber walk, with vines on the side, is very fine when the blew pots are on the pedestals on the top of it ; and so is the fish-pond, with the greens at the head of it.”<sup>1</sup>

It was soon after the Fauconbergs were settling into Sutton Court that Soho Fields began to be laid out for building. The ill-fated Monmouth began King’s, afterwards Soho, Square, by the erection of a great mansion on the south side, which he was occupying early in the year 1682. The new square became a fashionable place of resort, and here Fauconberg either took or had built for him a great house, the situation and even perhaps a portion of which is still to be traced.<sup>2</sup>

Fauconberg and Mary were now both in middle life, and they occupied a well-defined and prominent place in the society of the capital. Fauconberg had succeeded his uncle, Lord Bellasyse of Worlaby, as captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners in 1673, and in 1679 had been sworn of the Privy Council. The short reign of James II. placed him under a temporary cloud, for he lost his Yorkshire appointments and his Privy Councillorship ; but with the accession of William and Mary, whose firm supporter he was, his

<sup>1</sup> *Archæologia*, vol. XII. xvi.

<sup>2</sup> The site of Fauconberg House is now occupied by Messrs. Crosse & Blackwell’s premises. It appears doubtful whether the present No. 20 Soho Square, which still bears traces of having been a house of some distinction, is a portion of the original building, or whether that has entirely disappeared.

court favour returned and continued, and besides regaining his appointments he was created Earl Fauconberg.

It would not be difficult to people the stately rooms of Fauconberg House or the terrace walks and parterres of Sutton Court with many well known figures who must have been there from time to time. Frances Cromwell, Mary's only surviving sister, widowed for the second time, seems to have been always much with her, and her daughter, Elizabeth Russell, was married to Fauconberg's nephew, Sir Thomas Frankland. These two seem to some extent to have taken the place of children to Fauconberg and Mary, and, living close by at Little Sutton, were on terms of the closest intimacy. Fauconberg's niece, Frances Jones, married to the Earl of Scarborough, was lady-in-waiting successively to Queen Mary and Queen Anne. Lord Chesterfield and Sir William Temple were amongst his friends and correspondents. Lord Carlisle, his neighbour in King's Square, and many other noblemen, were joined with him in committees of the House of Lords, of several of which Fauconberg sat day by day as chairman. Bishop Wilkins, one of the founders of the Royal Society, was Lady Fauconberg's uncle by marriage. Tillotson, Dean first of Canterbury, then of St. Paul's, and afterwards Archbishop, was married to her cousin. Nor were the Puritan figures familiar at her father's court unwelcome guests. There is an interesting picture of John Howe travelling with Tillotson in his chariot "to dine with Lady Falconbridge at Sutton Court."<sup>1</sup>

By the remaining members of her own family Mary was looked up to as the only one capable of advancing their interests. Her sister Bridget, her mother, whom she appears to have visited at Norborough in her last illness,<sup>2</sup> her brother Henry, had been dead many years. Richard, returned from exile, lived in obscurity at Cheshunt. His son Oliver, and Henry's second son, who bore his father's name, both appealed to her, and she induced Fauconberg to speak for them to the king at Hampton Court. William replied that he wanted money and not men, but a little later young Henry Cromwell was appointed one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber, and he subsequently obtained a captain's commission.

Mary's married life ended with the century. Fauconberg died on December 31, 1700. Apparently he had been in failing health for some time, for in the preamble to his will, made a year previously,

<sup>1</sup> Walter Wilson's *History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches*, 1810, vol. iii. p. 29.

<sup>2</sup> See her letter to her brother Henry at Spinney Abbey, quoted in Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector and his Sons*, 1821, vol. ii.

he speaks of being "advanced in years and overtaken by those infirmities which are generally the attendants of a declining age," and in the October before his death Brian Fairfax, writing from London, says, "My Lord Fauconberg is still in a dozing, languishing condition."

His will is a long and interesting document. To his "dear and loving wife, Mary, Countess Fauconberg," and his "loving nephew, Sir Thomas Frankland," he committed the practical management of his affairs, appointing them his executors. He directed his interment amongst his ancestors in Coxwold Church, "decently," but "without escutcheons, feathers, or such like pomp," and left £600 to Sir Thomas Frankland for the erection of "a decent monument" for his father and himself, and for repairing the family vault. "Some learned person" was to "make a fitt inscription" for the monument and to have £10 at least for doing it, and his wife and nephew were to have the supervision and directing of this and of his funeral. He left money legacies to the poor men and women in the hospitals at Coxwold, to his poor tenants and to the other poor inhabitants of Coxwold and the other villages in that part of Yorkshire where his estates lay, and forgave his tenants a quarter's rent out of any arrears they might owe. To the "women of the Hospitall of Little Sutton" and the poor of Chiswick he also left money to be distributed by his wife with the advice of the vicar and overseers. He left his men-servants a year's wages and mourning, and one special servant an annuity in addition. To his numerous nephews and nieces he left legacies of varying amounts, and he left substantial sums to two young Saundersons, apparently nephews of his first wife, and an annuity of £50 to Mary's sister, Frances Russell. To Sir Henry Bellasyse he bequeathed "any one of my best pictures at his choice, except the great Bassan."

The Newburgh estates passed to his brother's son without his needing to mention them in his will, and he left to his heir all his furniture and effects at Newburgh. Mary, it appears, had joined with him some years previously in making a settlement on his brother of a Lancashire estate which was part of her jointure, and in consideration of this he left her the Sutton Court estate for life, "together also with the parcell of ground I bought of Jeremy Keene, with which I enlarged my pond and built a great wall for fruit on the north side of it," with remainder to Sir Thomas Frankland. He also gave her all the plate, pictures, and furniture at Sutton Court, and all his "coaches, coach-horses and harnesse, with all my cattle and quick stock." Fauconberg House also, which he describes as "lately

my dwelling or chief mansion-house, but now in the possession of Sir Thomas Littleton, Speaker of the House of Commons, and situate and being on the north side of the King's Square, in the parish of St. Anne," he left to his wife for her widowhood, subject to a charge of £100 a year in favour of his sister, Lady Dalton, and with remainder to Sir Thomas Frankland; and he left her further a life interest in some houses in Westminster and a rent charge of 100 marks, in addition to which she would have her jointure out of the Yorkshire estates, presumably settled upon her at her marriage. His residue he left equally between his wife and Sir Thomas Frankland.

He was buried at Coxwold, as he desired, and the white marble monument with the "fitt inscription" duly set forth in Latin may still be seen in Coxwold Church. A story is told about the inscription, to the effect that Mary asked Sir Harry Sheers to write it, and wished him to record expressly Fauconberg's marriage with the daughter of his Highness the then Lord Protector of England. When he demurred, lest offence might thereby be given, she replied that nobody could dispute matters of fact. In the end a compromise appears to have been agreed upon, for Cromwell's name duly appears on the monument, but without the title of Protector.

Mary survived her husband a little over twelve years. One account, which speaks of her as attending regularly at St. Anne's, Soho, described her as sickly and pale, but this was contradicted by Lord Ilchester, who was her godson; and very shortly before her death another account which is worth quoting gives us a pleasanter glimpse: "In an hour I got to Sutton Court, that celebrated seat of the late Earl of Falconbridge, and I must own that the house, furniture, pictures, and gardening are well worth the curiosity of a stranger. It now belongs to Sir Thomas Frankland, Postmaster-General, to whom the Earl, his uncle, left it. I saw here a great and curious piece of antiquity, the eldest [*sic*] daughter of Oliver Cromwell, still fresh and gay, though of a great age."<sup>1</sup>

A few years earlier a quaint letter from her nephew, Henry Cromwell, to "The Reverend Mr. Hough, chaplain to the Countess Fauconberg, at Sutton Court, in Chiswick," shows her still interesting herself on his behalf. She has been giving Mr. Dodington (afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis) a diplomatic invitation, and she is urged to see Lord Pembroke, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, without delay, the young man's desire being a lieutenant-colonelcy of foot

<sup>1</sup> *A Journey through England, in familiar Letters from a Gentleman here to his Friend abroad.* London, 1714. Vol. i. p. 40.

or a troop of horse. "I desire you would be so kind as to dine with me to-morrow at one o'clock," concludes the writer, also a diplomatist in his way, writing from Gray's Inn Lane. "Desire my lady to give the bearer two shillings. My duty to the ladies."<sup>1</sup>

Henry Cromwell did not get his lieutenant-colonelcy, but he became major of foot, and, serving in the army against Spain, died of fever at Lisbon in 1711.

When Mary was seventy-three, Swift met her at the christening of "Will Frankland's child," a grandchild of Sir Thomas Frankland, to whom she stood godmother. "This is a daughter of Oliver Cromwell," he wrote in his journal, "and extremely like him by the pictures I have seen."

A year later she made her will, November 27, 1711, and in the following year we find her last official act when she proved her brother Richard's will, August 29, 1712. He had died in July, appointing his "well-beloved sister, Mary, Countess Fauconberg, of Sutton Court, widow," his sole executrix, and leaving her the residue of his property after a few small personal and money legacies.

Mary's own will follows to some extent the lines of her husband's, and the statement, which has been several times repeated, that she benefited her own relations to the undue exclusion of his, has no foundation in fact. She desired to be buried in such place and manner as she should direct her executors "by word of mouth." She left £50 to the poor men and women in the hospitals at Coxwold, £50 to the poor tenants of her jointure lands, and £50 to be distributed among "French Protestant refugees for the sake of their religion," of whom there was already a colony in Soho, £30 to the poor women in Little Sutton Hospital, and £50 to the poor of Chiswick. To "the Honourable Frances, Countess of Scarborough, my late lord's niece," she gave "my picture called the great Bassan, that usually hangs at the upper end of the great room of my dwelling-house in Soho Square." The rest of her pictures and her household effects at Sutton Court she left to Sir Thomas Frankland, to whom the house passed on her death, but she divided her plate between her sister Frances, her niece, Sir Thomas Frankland's wife, and his eldest son, and her "dammask diaper holland and other linen" between her goddaughters, Mary Worseley and Mary Russell. Her household goods and effects at Fauconberg House she left to her sister Frances, as well as "my coach and one pair of my best coach horses, and a sett of coach harness for the same horses," and a legacy of £4,000. To Richard, who predeceased her, she had left

<sup>1</sup> May 29, 1707. *Bibl. Topog. Brit.*, vol. vi. pp. 610-11.



£100, and she provided £3,000 for the six children of her nephew Henry. To her nephew Francis Cromwell, her goddaughter Mary Russell, and her husband's godson William Russell, she left smaller legacies, and to every one of Lord Fauconberg's nephews and nieces and her own, and their wives or husbands, £20 for mourning. She left money legacies and mourning to all her servants, mentioning some by name. Finally, she gave her residue equally between Lady Frances Russell and Sir Thomas Frankland, and appointed them her joint executors.

She died in the early part of the year 1713, and was buried in Chiswick Church on March 24. Frances and Sir Thomas Frankland proved her will on June 27 following. Seven years later Frances herself, the last of her generation, was buried beside her sister, but no monument marks the place, and the fact is recorded only in the Chiswick registers.

R. W. RAMSEY.

## SUITE.

### I. "THE ROARING MOON OF DAFFODIL."

THERE is a month in the calendar which, with no very good reputation for its weather, has yet a charm of its own, subtle, not immediately seen or understood, and known perhaps only to the few who are able to reject "other men's values of things" and audaciously admire what the majority despise or do not see. "March, many weathers," "March various, fierce, and wild with wind-crack'd cheeks," is very often, in spite of all wise saws and modern instances to the contrary, a delightful prelude to the fuller glories of those later days when all the trees of the wood and the little flowers beneath them

Dance to the wild pipe of the spring.

In March, before green buds appear, nature paints with her most delicate colours. The vivid green of leaflets just new born, of which Dante speaks, *verdi come fogliette pur mo nate*, is dear to all; but the first glad stir of spring comes in yet leafless trees. One day we see on the far-away wood something which was not there yesterday, a bloom, purple, red, or brown, a cloudy softness of many very dim and tender colours; and hidden in it are all the green leaves of summer, summer itself. One of the most attractive examples of this almost esoteric beauty, which we perhaps sometimes pass by waiting for the more evident glories of April or May, is seen in the elm. On those trees one morning there is a faint blush of rosy pink where yesterday was only purple brown deadness, and the pink is soon succeeded by the warmer red bloom of opened blossoms, which, if the tree is seen against the light, give an appearance of leafiness to it, and this weeks before a green leaf appears. And the variety of colouring in March trees is endless. Lombardy poplars make a flash of yellow in the grey landscape, the willows by the watercourses seem veiled in a mist of yet more golden yellow as the youthful sap once again colours their branches, black poplars deck themselves with thousands of catkins of royal red. Tennyson immortalised the black ashbuds and gave them to March—"Black as ashbuds in the

front of March"—but the ash is a tree of moods, and in some springs remains grey and unmoved throughout the month.

But some trees are beautiful without any of these March adornings. The beech disdains to clothe itself in colour or in any gauds of flowers or showy buds, but its smooth grey stem takes colour from passing cloud, from sunshine or shade, and it pleases us by the unexpectedness of its working, by throwing out a few leaves here and there on bare March branches before it dazzles us with the brilliance of its full spring greenery. The sycamore lacks colour too, but its form is beautiful, with little branchlets turning this way and that as nature's wilfulness and waywardness dictate, and it shows sooner than most trees a gleam of green leaves or of green buds.

One of the charms of March is that it reveals its beauties suddenly, unexpectedly. We do not know to-day what glories it will have ready for us to-morrow. That low pruned hedge of blackthorn was leafless yesterday: to-day it is covered with dense masses of white blossoms, the most really white of all English flowers, and growing so near the hedge as to be deceptively like a covering of newly-fallen snow. But the tall, unpruned hedges have more delights than have the closely-pruned ones. There little tomtits are busy and happy, and among them come golden-crested wrens, who for all their fragility brave our winters with that pretty pert *dicacit * which is the badge of all their diminutive tribe. In the hedge which skirts the wood there is a great willow, its catkins silver grey at first but turning soon to gold, and the leafless trees of the wood make a grand dark background for that prodigal display of sweet-smelling downy "goslings," as the country children call them. Here come the earliest awakened bees; and along the sunny bank a butterfly may perhaps gladden our eyes—a peacock butterfly fluttering with worn wings from its winter hiding place, or a straggler of the three commoner white butterflies coming forth somewhat sadly before its time into a world as yet too cold for it.

In the coppices, while all above is destitute of green, long trails of active woodbine will be in leaf before the dilatory brambles have begun to awaken from their winter sleep; green fans will be opening out on the creeping sprays of the wild rose, and under foot in any clearing dog's mercury and many another green thing is pushing with eager haste towards the sunlight. Nor is March destitute of flowers and March flowers seem to have had a special attraction for poets. The "rathe primrose," "celadine with pleasant face," the daisy loved by Chaucer and by Burns, dim violets sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, "the little speedwell's darling blue"—all these

abound long before April showers come to bring forth the flowers of May. But of all beautiful March sights none can equal that of a bed of daffodils—the “gaudy daffodils” of Milton—springing out of the yet brown grass of some winter-grazed field and making there an island of brilliant yellow :—

A host, a crowd, of golden daffodils  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

Down by the brook marsh marigolds are gleaming afar—“the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows grey.” The little children have been gathering handfuls of them and throwing them away with the prodigality of childhood : we can trace their wandering footsteps home from school by the flowers strewed along their path. The pale pink blossoms of the butter bur—a flower which blooms before its grand leaves appear—are decorating the banks of the stream too, but they are not brilliant enough to attract the innocent white-pinafores marauders, and the stems do not snap as easily in soft childish fingers as do the hollow stalks of the marsh marigold. Another flower which comes before its leaves, the brilliant yellow coltsfoot, may be found in clayey places, and many other less showy flowers take the winds of March with beauty too. The white stitchwort, which will be filling all the hedgebanks in May, is coming doubtfully forth ; ground ivy, with its grave tenderness of colour, which we are apt to pass over among gaudier things in later spring ; red and white dead nettles, woodsorrel and wood anemone, the sweet green daphne of the woods, and many another unassuming flower smiles out in sunny or in shady spots.

And there are birds—and “March birds are best,” says the proverb. Indeed, the few of our summer visitors who begin to appear in this month are welcomed, if possible, more than those of April. It is in March that we suddenly hear in the copse, which was silent twenty-four hours before save for the crow of the pheasant or “sudden scatches of the jay,” the strangely resonant notes of the chiff-chaff, a mighty sound to be produced by such a tiny creature. Two notes, or at most three—for of late we have awoke to the fact that there are three notes—that is the limit of its song, but it is never wearisome, never monotonous, because redolent of spring. In March, too, the wood-wren, with its two curiously distinct songs, is heard ; the willow-wren, its near cousin, is a later arrival. From over-seas before March is done comes the wryneck, and this with the wheatear, a bird of the wastes, closes our list of ordinary March visitors. But so many are the stay-at-home songsters of the windy

month that it is difficult to catalogue them. In those sunny days, with a cloudless blue sky fading down into the leaden grey of an east wind haze on the low horizon, thousands of larks are singing over the wide east country fields on which the wheat is green—the ring-dove cooes for hours from its ivy-covered tree; the chaffinch's bright little roundelay is heard from the grey ash tree; the crested lapwings sing their wild notes to the listening wastes, a nuthatch's shrill whistle comes from afar—and in every note there is only one voice, the unmistakable voice of spring. There are, indeed, days when winter resumes its reign, and all glow and growth, all resurrection stops for days, perhaps for weeks. But take it at its best and March has many charms; and not the least of these is the nearness of those yet pleasanter days when proud pied April, dressed in all his trim, reveals yet gayer pageantries, and once again makes all things new.

## II. FLAMING JULY.

Some one described looking over a gate as the cheapest and most delightful of amusements; but sitting on a gate is equally cheap and more luxurious. And as every lover of the country has his favourite road, so every lover of this cheap amusement has his favourite gate, and he varies its charms by facing in one or other of the two possible directions as he sits upon it. My gate, like all gates which are to be loved at all, combines two views. If you turn westward you see an expanse of green fields through which, like a dull silver streak, flows the Avon, Shakespere's Avon, smooth-sliding, crowned with vocal reeds; and all this is bounded by blue Malvern hills, which to-day look very distinct and sharp, and below them, in sunshine, the windows of Malvern town gleam and flicker. People tell you when the hills look thus near that it will rain within twelve hours, but weather saws are often at fault and the morrow will be as this day, cloudless sun. Close up to the gate is a sea of brilliance, corn yellowing in the July heat—scene which may well be treasured up in memory for days when these glories have given way to winter glooms.

If I want to see distance and immensity I face towards the hills: if I want nearer joys, the field attracts. Only a field, but to some of us wandering not altogether idly through Worcestershire lanes, to see what progress the summer is making, that field is a very paradise indeed. Only a field, but day by day, in winter or in summer, in gloom or in gleam, it is full of surprises and glorious things. It is

July now and only four o'clock, and yet the shadows are already lengthening, and are dark, tragic, as the hopeful morning shadows are not. The American naturalist said he could tell the day of the month by the flowers and the birds: to tell the hour of the day is perhaps easier—shadows, and flowers, closing so punctually, tell that.

As I sit on the gate and look down on this yet uncut hayfield, I feel ungratefully that I cannot love all flowers. I cannot love the convolvulus which is spreading pink flowers over the patch of bare earth by the gate, from which turf has been cut and where grass has not yet had time to grow, but where kindly flowers have already appeared. Better loved is the tall yellow agrimony and the rest-harrow which have sprung up there too; and low down the orange-red of the pimpernel should gladden our eyes, but it spends much of its short life in sleep and has been closed since two o'clock, and had the day been cloudy it would not have deigned to look forth at all on a world too dark for it. Here too is that curious plant with long tendril-like leaves, the yellow goatsbeard, Jack-go-to-bed-at-noon. Alas! once flowers had names and were loved and noticed by country folk. Now you ask man or boy whose lives are spent in the country, whose great boots trample down twenty flowers at every step, the name of some common weed, and they only stare at you in pity as some John-a-dreams. The goatsbeard owed its longer name to the fact that its sullen yellow flowers are never seen open after twelve o'clock. The habits of flowers, their personality, their individuality, we may well give some thoughts to that as we wander among hedgerows and in quiet places. Their time for folding up their petals is so punctual; the process of closing so gradual, "nice as an evanescent cloud or the first arrests of sleep," that watch as you will you see no movement. But slowly, so slowly, the movement never detected but surely going on, one petal closes over another—the flower is asleep. You look at your watch and may well wonder at these clockless things who keep time so well.

The patch of turfless ground has its flowers, and so too has the field—marguerites, betony, bishop's wort (did it owe its name to its purple vesture?) self-heal, mauve-coloured knautia, which we are apt to confuse with the August-flowering scabious—so many, so many, and to name them may seem only cataloguing, no more. But to some of us the mere names are recollections of beautiful things, beautiful days, as that July day when I last saw my field, and they sound musically in some ears . . .

The western hedgebank of the field is flecked over with two

delicate yellows, and between is a diaphanous cloud of white. July is rich in yellows: this hedge, with the yellow blaze of sunshine pouring on it and the hot air quivering above the leaves, is a blaze of yellow brightness. Above the hedge some elm trees stand out very clear and sharp, and very green against the vivid blue sky; all the colouring, indeed, is very vivid, intense. If we look at it *as if we had never seen it before*, it would strike us as something vivid beyond the things of this earth. And a vivid, tawny yellow moth sits on a plant of yellow bedstraw close to my gate, and seems, in its idle state, to be the incarnation of the flaming month, to be the very spirit of July—July in miniature, July compressed into a moth's wings.

But these two yellows of this July hedge. It is not a roadside hedge, where dusty white convolvulus or blue viper's bugloss, plants which only thrive in dust and much-frequented roads, love to plant themselves; but it is a hedge-bank rising from a field, and is rich in colours untarnished by dust. There is the yellow bedstraw which the moth has chosen for its throne, a diminutive flower, but growing so thickly on its tall slender stem as to make an inimitable rich effect as of fine embroidery. The dyers' green weed is a far handsomer flower when picked, but it does less for the decoration of the hedge-bank than the smaller bedstraw. And then, here and there, is that cloud of white woodruffe, its flowers infinitesimal too.

To-day I saw a third yellow flower in this hedge-bank, a very sweet one, the mellilotus. In appearance it resembles a vetch, if we can imagine a vetch growing straight upwards, and not "gadding" vine-like. Its fragrance is something between that of new-mown hay and of hyacinths combined; but it is very delicate, needing to be sought out, and not flinging its sweetness on every breeze.

"Fool that I was," said Mr. Holbrooke, in "Cranford," "not to know that ashbuds were black!" "Fool that I was," I had been wondering among country lanes since infancy, and had not known more than two varieties of wild rose, and now I am told there are twenty in England alone! However, to most of us there will still perhaps be only two for all the learning of the sages; two, the pink and the white, and two are enough. It will take so long to exhaust their beauty or to tire of their short-lived sweetness. As I sit on my gate and look at that hedge of wild roses above the yellow-spangled bank, there comes a longing to imprison something of its glidness, its splendour, imprison them for days when such things are no longer!

. . . . .

July has another charm besides its wealth of flowers. As I look at the hedge a little brown bird slips out from its shady covert with a warning *weet-weet*, shaking down a rose petal as it comes, and flutters across before us with wings extended and a shuffling movement—simple wiles to draw us from its young, who are hidden in the hedge. But the youngsters, with the courage of ignorance and a three weeks' experience of life, have no fears; one with yet yellow edge to its bill sits on a topmost bough of the hedge, and raises its crest with a curious resemblance of its parent's tricks. They are lesser whitethroats; specimens of those July nurseries of young things which abound in every hedge, to whom life is all happiness now, but who by the end of the summer will be flitting across the sea or finding a grave for tired wings in its waters. There is something pathetic indeed about these summer warblers and their inextinguishable desire for a better country as soon as chill October lays a fiery finger on English leaves.

Without moving, I presently see another nursery, where the oak tree shades the hedge, and the flowers give place to grass. There is a *chac-chac* heard, harsh, monotonous, and yet excited. It comes from a bird with a bullet head, a long tail which it flirts unceasingly, and many-coloured plumage which, however, looks only grey against the light. It is a shrike, a bird vigilant and noisy in defence of its young, of whom we may see quite half a dozen sitting somewhat dully, and with none of the sprightliness of the little whitethroats, on a bush of hedge maple. They are very tame, in spite of their parent's noisy warnings, and let us almost touch them as they sit there. Shrikes are very local birds. I have wandered over many districts without seeing one, but in the tall hedgerows of this corner of Worcestershire they are even common.

Common, too, along the lower hedge of my field, where it joins the cornfield, is the brown bunting. I hear its queer twisting song as I sit here, for July is by no means the silent month it has been thought to be. This afternoon, without moving from my gate, I have heard a yellowhammer, a chiff-chaff, two willow wrens, a thrush, blackbird, wren, hedge sparrow, greater and lesser whitethroats, both the pipits, and, but rarely, a sky lark has sung. I do not, of course, mean to assert that they have sung as in May; but they have sung at intervals and frequently enough to prevent any feeling of silence in the air.

It is only a field I know—an ordinary field. There are a thousand such elsewhere. But perhaps some of us have seen the



almost intoxication of delight with which some children—there are select souls among children too—welcome spring and summer. As if they would take this great world of beautiful things into themselves, into their own grasp, make it their own, they pick with reckless prodigality every flower they see. We are but older children, and this unconscious tribute to the great heart of nature is never lost by some of us. We, too, want to take it in, to make it our own, to note its every bud, its every bird's song, its little blades of grass, its moods, its fleeting lights, to lose no gem from its vast treasure house, to imprison something of its gladness, its splendour for days when such things are no longer. If one could do that—imprison even the sweetness of the wild roses in the hedge, imprison the colour and the grace of the July butterflies which flutter up from the grass as we cross it to go home!

It is only an ordinary field I know: there are a thousand such elsewhere. But as we look we seem to see afresh the wonder of the air, the multitude of beauties, the absence of sameness, each field, each hedge, each stream, each roadside, holding each their own treasures; and then the long miles of these things! From one end of England to the other these glories are displayed so prodigally that we hardly stay to look at them! Only an ordinary field; but perhaps it is only when one has time to sit idly on a gate that we see half there is to see in field or hedge: only then that we feel some love towards this green earth—and perhaps *nunc amet qui nunquam amavit*.

“The vine shall grow, and we shall never see it.” The vine grows, and some of us do not care to see it.

### III. IN CHILL OCTOBER.

The wild west wind is driving the great leaves of the plane trees,

like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,  
Yellow and black and pale and hectic red,  
Pestilence-stricken multitudes,

across the wet grass of the old garden and making the acacia by the gate writhe as if it were one of the enchanted trees of Dante's vision—“Men once we were, but now are changed to trees”—stretching out imploring hands to the wild spirits of the air who torture it in sport. The autumn grass over which the ghost leaves hurry is very green and longer than trim neatness would have it, but tithes are low

and labour is high, even in remote country districts such as this. Although it is the middle of October the beds are full of geraniums in all the luxuriant growth which precedes autumnal frosts; and in the borders Japanese anemones and marguerites hold up their heads against wind and rain like brave men struggling with adversity; while many flowers, which a month ago made the garden bright, have now taken their places among "weeds and outworn faces."

At one side of the garden is a grove of yew trees, so old, older even than the old house; trees under which monks lingered once, dark figures, darker than the dark shadows of the yews. Children play there now: there is a child's swing, a broken toy, but these things cannot take away the something of solemnity which gathers under them. The wind hushes its wildness and sighs softly as it passes through the close-set leaves, and then breaks away in fresh fury over the open field beyond.

From the grove of yew trees a path leads by the edge of the orchard to the fish pond. The path is old, like everything belonging to this old demesne. It is lined with trees, wych elms which are already bare of leaves, while the hedgerow elms of Milton are green as if it were yet July. A narrow avenue, so narrow that we cannot take for it Cowper's simile of the cathedral aisle. Looking back, it recalls rather the narrow vaulted passages of some mediæval castle we have known; or it might be one of Bacon's garden alleys, "framed for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery." As we go down it we seem to be walking in other days, other years . . .

Yesterday the fish pond to which our steps are leading was covered with a green mantle of *Lemna*, but the storm has driven the weed to one end of the pool, and mimic waves are following it and breaking innocuous against the green strand of the little ocean. A fleet of coots flutter across to one of the islands. Coots have a kind of alacrity in thriving in spite of the water rats who share the pond with them. It is too often our lot to see a mother wild duck bring out its flock of ducklings and day by day their number diminishes, the survivors heartlessly enjoying themselves unmindful of the gaps in their family circle, their own near doom.

Under the shade of the hedge a wren, that little body with a mighty voice, is singing its bright lyric song; and a robin's sweet notes—the robin is the Collins of bird poets, very finished and sweet, and with a sadness even in its rhythm, its abrupt endings—come to us from a bough above our heads. Both birds are at a

discount in the full tide of summer songs ; but in the shortening days of chill October they are valued indeed. Rooks are blown about the sky ; and these are the only living things who brave the storm. Last week swallows were flying low over the pool, but now not one straggler remains to make us remember that such things were as summer birds and longer days.

Retracing our steps to the garden we see two trees which are redolent of the past—a medlar and a mulberry. This last is not a beautiful tree. It covers itself with such dense masses of heavy foliage ; its form has neither grace or dignity—and yet we love it. We would have no garden without it, from its associations alone. Thisbe tarried in mulberry shade in *Midsummer Night's Dream* ; its fruit, says Spenser, dews the poet's brain : "it is called in the fayning of poets the wisest of all other trees, for this tree only among all others bringeth forth his leaves after the cold frosts be past," says Gerarde. But a medlar is a tree of altogether another fashion. Its queer, crooked boughs, its irregular unexpected growth, its beautiful white flowers, its fruit with such a mediæval air, Chaucer's glorification of it in his "Flower and the Leaf," Dryden's imitation, all these things give it distinction ; and to-day, with its bright yellow and red leaves and green fruit, it is one of the most beautiful things of the old garden. Hard by is a cedar ; its layers of dark green are a strange contrast to the harlequin brightness and gaiety of the fading tree beside it.

The house which is surrounded by such a garden as this began life as a priory of black monks. But, still in mediæval times, it was given to the bishop of the diocese for one of those many country houses which every bishop then possessed, and the monks were withdrawn from it. Then at the wayward will of Henry VIII. a division of the large diocese in which it stood was made, and, no longer necessary for the bishop, it became a rectory house. The last alterations were made to it in the year 1688—a stirring year : William was landing, a kingdom was changing hands, men in quiet villages were building great porches to their old rectories ; it mattered perhaps very little to them whether a James or a William reigned. The porch, the sundial over it, that "measure appropriate for sweet plants to spring by, for birds to apportion their silver warblings by, for flocks to pasture and to be led to fold by," half defaced now, the old windows smiling like the eyes of a friend, the staircase with its massive banisters, its wide, shallow steps—all these things are of the seventeenth century.

As we turn back to look at the house some words written of a far

distant building come to mind : "The record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay, not as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days, but useful still, going through its own daily work."

A thing of some such individuality, a thing of life, at least of personality, is the old rectory looking out upon the village world around it from the sheltering trees of its old garden.

#### IV. 'CONTREDANSE.'

When the rosy, rustic Miss Flamboroughs, flaunting in red top-knots, were called upon to make up the "set" with the high-lived company so unexpectedly assembled at Dr. Primrose's, they had to acknowledge that, although they were reckoned the best dancers in the parish and understood the jig and roundabout to perfection, they were yet totally unacquainted with country dances ; "and this," said the vicar, "at first disconcerted us ; however, after a little shoving and dragging, they at last went merrily on." A hundred years ago, then, country dances were the dances of the fashionable world, and the name had no connection with rusticity. They were, indeed, the *contredanses*, so called, says the dictionary, from the position of the dancers, the present spelling, as well as the sound, being "catachrestic." But the whirligig of time has now finally relegated them to the country, and to a few remote districts in the country ; and it may not have fallen to the lot of many to have been present at a gathering where they, in their many varieties, formed the staple of the programme.

In the little cottage-like farmhouses of one of the most beautiful of the western counties of England, dances are still a favourite amusement during the long winter evenings, and the country dance may there be seen to perfection. Small as the houses are, yet most of them have those large kitchens which are a survival of the time when wages were low and almost everything in the way of provisions and clothing was home-grown or home-made, and cheaper than in these cheap days ; when farm servants were more numerous than they are now, and when those of each household had their meals and spent their evenings with the master and his family. And perhaps these large kitchens are responsible for the fact that dancing does still exist in these far away rural districts.

The notice of such a gathering—they are "subscription balls,"

and each guest buys a ticket—not written in the most scholarly hand and not spelt as the dictionary would suggest, although the school-master is here, as everywhere, is put up at the village shop or “public”; and on the afternoon of the day fixed the winter thrush has hardly finished those few notes which are the prelude of spring and spring songs, when from little lonely farms stragglers are seen wending their way to the farm which is to be the scene of the revels. It may be rain or it may be snow, but weather does not keep country folks from their amusements, and they will walk three or four miles through even deep snow to be present at one of these popular entertainments. But they are as careful as ever were Bottom the weaver and Quince the carpenter, of immortal memory, to look in the almanack and find out moonshine before they fix the date; and when we consider the distances to be gone, the lonely farms set in the midst of fields and reached only by cart-tracks through the deep loam, wet or slippery as the case may be, a moon is not the ineffectual pale thing it has become to town eyes.

Entering the kitchen, “the parlour splendours of the festive place” strike us at once. The paraffin lamps, with their tin reflectors glowing brightly now, give a pleasant if a somewhat dim light which flickers and glows very prettily on the Christmas holly and ivy, little sprays of which are stuck into the leading of the square panes of glass in the long, low window, among the plates on the dresser, and even the old muzzle-loader on the ceiling, and the great fitches of bacon beside it, are decorated, too, in honour of the season or of the ball.

The guests at first seem to take their pleasure sadly. There is so much etiquette, which can only be remembered anxiously and with an effort. And then they wear their Sunday clothes, and the solemnity of the occasions for which these are most often unfolded clings to them and gives their wearers an air of primness which is incongruous with the cheerful scraping of the fiddle. The feminine portion of the company all bring little woollen shawls—cross-overs they term them—and these are put on with unfailing regularity after each dance. The room is full of noise, stamping feet (the time of each dance is well marked in this way on the stone floor), scraping fiddle, and after each dance an outburst of clapping. But it is no part of the manners of this ball-room to make conversation. No one seems to talk except the mistress of the ceremonies, who is a very important person indeed on these occasions. She is not the lady of the house, but some self-constituted leader, whose talents for the post she has assumed enable her to keep it at all like

gatherings in her neighbourhood. She who led the revels once, when there was

A child among them taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it,

was a brisk woman of sixty, known as Mrs. Cooke "of the Mill," dressed in a black stuff dress with no superfluous fineries, unless white cotton gloves are such, no ornaments of any kind, and no cap on her still black hair. In comparison of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill the hostess was indeed not in it at all: she was eclipsed entirely, a cipher in her own kitchen.

Among the other guests the village blacksmith was a man of mark as a dancer. He was very unlike the typical athletic, brawny black son of Vulcan. Small, rosy-cheeked, grey-haired, dressed in a light-coloured suit (your rustic, to his credit be it said, loves bright colours), there was no trace of the forge about him. He "takes the cake" among the dancers, although his years must number fully as many as those of Mrs. Cooke of the Mill. The grand way in which he waves his hand high in the air may remind us of the squire in "Silas Marner"; and his mild, husky voice recalls another character in the same book.

The dances are many and varied, and each has its own name and its own music, name sometimes taken from the tune, sometimes from the dance. The "Triumph," "Money Musk," "Haste to the Wedding," "Bonnie Dundee," "Doubledy Dout" (double lead out?), the familiar "Sir Roger de Coverley," and many more are on the list, and varied as they are, they seem well known to the performers. But the elder people are the best dancers and have less shyness than the younger ones; and when we remember the number and variety of the dances, we recognise the fact that to be a good dancer—"a pretty little dancer" is the formula—is no mean art for young or old. But the old are, as we said, the best performers; the young men are "bashful" and stand in groups by the door; and the young ladies, in their little shawls, sit disconsolate, unless a father or an uncle takes pity on them and leads them forth to dance. The elders seem to get most amusement out of the evening, and one wonders what brings the young men and maidens so regularly to these gatherings, unless it is "to see and also for to be seen," and to do and say nothing.

The little gatherings are indeed *sui generis*. Recalling the many dances in the pages of fiction, they are unlike them all. They have in them no element so comic as that of Tilly Slowboy in the dance



## THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

Can it be ?

O thou that wert so happy, so adored !

Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee.

AND truly it is for our lost uncrowned ones that our great national mournings have been made, save always for the heartfelt grief which was the nation's tribute to Charles II. when bereft of his doubtfully beneficent rule. And in the face of such genuine sorrow one must give the benefit of doubt to the sovereign whose loss called it forth from his contemporaries. For the haughty, dissolute boy who went down with the White Ship, even the Saxons whom he had scorned and scourged had mourned in pity. For the Black Prince, cut off in splendid prime, England had wept as a mother for her firstborn, her pride, her glory, her last-left stay. For Prince Henry Stuart there had been streams of tears. But never was there deeper and wider national grief than for the handsome, high-spirited, warm-hearted girl, suddenly lost at the very height of long-delayed happiness, eighty-one years ago.

She was born January 7, 1796, the only child of one of the worst and meanest princes who ever disgraced a professedly Christian throne—George Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Even then her parents were at war, and all her young life, until its last happy months, was overshadowed and spoiled by their dissensions. Her mother, Caroline of Brunswick, was the daughter of the "little rat of a girl" whose birth occasioned the fiercest of all the quarrels between her father, Frederick Prince of Wales, and his parents, George II. and Caroline of Anspach.

The princess was given the names of Charlotte Caroline Augusta. She was a fair, healthy, smiling little princess, "a most captivating and engaging child," whom the nation took at once to its heart in generous sympathy for the outraged mother on whose knee she used to sit driving in the parks. Caroline had already been cast off by her husband, whose reputation seemed security to the nation for the merit of anyone who had incurred his ill-will. Soon mother and child too were separated, though Caroline had been promised the care of her daughter for the first eight years of her life. Charlotte



was provided with a separate establishment at Shrewsbury House, Shooter's Hill. When she was a little older she was established at Warwick House as a town residence. Her mother was permitted to visit her only once a week. Like all budding sovereigns, she was pronounced to be a prodigy of wisdom and learning. When almost a baby she repeated hymns to Bishop Porteous of London, and prettily knelt to ask his blessing. Hannah More wrote a book for her benefit, "Hints towards the Forming of the Character of a Young Princess," though that demure lady's well-meaning efforts were as likely to influence this jolly, bouncing, self-willed princess as Canute's directions were to control the advancing waves.

When she had learnt something of English history she found her ideal in Queen Elizabeth; and very much after the pattern of that vigorous sovereign, who was so free with her fists, did Charlotte show herself at an early age. Her temper was said to be violent from the first, though her friends called her tantrums "enthusiasm of character." Her tutor, the Bishop of Salisbury, was shocked at being received one morning at Warwick House with the information that her Royal Highness had boxed a servant's ears. The Bishop asked the princess reproachfully why she had not followed his advice by repeating the Lord's Prayer when she found a tantrum coming on. "I did, my lord," she assured him earnestly, "or I should almost have killed her!"

At seven she was the same frank, friendly girl as at seventeen: too free for her rank, in which freedom is always dangerous—witness the cases of Anne Boleyn, Mary Stuart, Marie Antoinette. On one occasion she encouraged a gentleman at Carlton House to kiss her; a liberty towards a princess of the blood, though in her eighth year and blessed or cursed with an uncontrollable flow of spirits, which her august father promptly punished by turning the offender out of the room.

In 1807 the Prince of Wales set on foot his "Delicate Investigation" into his wife's conduct. The young princess warmly took her mother's part, and all the people were with her. They cared little whether Caroline were innocent or guilty of the sins laid to her charge. They knew her husband to be steeped in such guilt, and they championed her because she was hated by a hateful prince, and they adored the Princess Charlotte all the more warmly because she was her mother's daughter, partisan, and fellow-victim.

For a long time the worse than motherless girl was kept from court and society. Even her confirmation was put off to an unusually late date. She was again and again forbidden to visit her mother,

and was sent to live at Windsor under the awful auspices of Queen Charlotte and her maiden aunts. The poor merry princess had a dismal time of it there, her high spirits and her tantrums equally kept down by those stern disciplinarians. The King was always her friend and her mother's, and he loved her music so long as he was able, for she was an accomplished performer. But the cloud of madness settled upon that kindly soul, and the princesses lost their friend and were at the mercy of the brutal Regent and his martinet mother.

Charlotte was given a seaside home at Bognor, and there at least she had a capital time, away from Windsor and her unhappy mother and her tyrant father. She ran about, dressed in plain seaworthy garments; chatted with the baker while she waited in his shop till his buns were ready; drove poor Lady de Clifford over a field all ruts and hillocks, delightedly crying, in answer to the expostulations of that much jolted person: "Nothing like exercise, my lady; nothing like exercise."

Many are the stories told by those who knew and loved her best of her truly royal generosity. Surely, had she lived, hers would have been the king's face which gives grace. Hearing of a young officer being arrested for debt, she not only promptly offered bail, but on reflection—not the reflection which is chilly reaction from generous impulse—she inquired the amount of the debt and paid it off. The poor around her blessed her with good reason. Even for the middle-class, which attracts so little of the sympathy from those above it—which is often the truest of charity—she was full of warm-hearted kindness, throwing to the winds those rules of iron exclusiveness her rank usually demands. She was still quite a child when her interest was sought for the reprieve of criminals condemned to death. The Reverend J. Wilcox, who came to her with one of those frequent petitions, promised her "his poor prayers" in return for her successful advocacy. "Indeed, indeed, Mr. Wilcox," she asseverated, "I do not think any person's prayers poor, and I shall be much obliged to you to remember me. I hope I know the value of prayer."

Now and then she was allowed to resume scanty and guarded intercourse with her mother, who went to live at Blackheath but kept a town house in Connaught Place. Once Caroline, driving from Constitution Hill, espied her daughter's carriage in Piccadilly. She had herself driven to meet it, and mother and child embraced from their carriage windows, to the joy of the ever-sympathetic crowd.

Charlotte was very strict in religious observances; simple and honest, and quick at seeing through flattery, which she never would

tolerate. She paid great attention to the French Royal Family, then living in exile in England, especially to the Duchess of Angoulême, daughter of Marie Antoinette, whose tale of sorrows must have made even Charlotte's trials seem small and curable.

In 1814, when she was eighteen, she was allowed to appear at Court, though on some petty pretext she was ordered to dress for the function at the palace, and not in her own house. She was much admired: beautifully fair, with noble features, and a figure whose only fault was a tendency to over-plumpness. The Prince of Orange, who had come to pay his addresses to her, handed her into her carriage. To the Regent's wrath, she would have nothing to say to the Dutch Prince; giving as reason that she was resolved never to leave England, for an English queen must live in her kingdom. The Regent thundered and swore in vain. He angrily denied that his daughter had any right to look upon herself as undoubted heiress of the throne. He expected to divorce her mother and marry his cousin Sophia of Gloucester, and Charlotte's nose would be put out of joint by the advent of a prince. He did more than storm and threaten. Without any warning, one day when the princess was visiting him at Carlton House, he announced to her that he had broken up her establishment at Warwick House and dismissed all her ladies, including her dear friend Cornelia Knight, and that he intended to pack her off at once to almost solitary imprisonment at Cranbourn Lodge, a small lonely house in Windsor Great Park. The princess was thunderstruck, but she made one wild throw for liberty. She fled on foot from Carlton House that night. When she reached the Haymarket she got into a hackney carriage and drove at headlong speed to find her mother at Connaught Place. Caroline was at Blackheath, and was summoned at once. Then the Duke of York came along after his niece with many promises of kindness and assurances of her father's affection, and carried her back to Carlton House at half-past three in the morning.

The first proof the Regent gave of his affection and **considerateness** was to call in Lord Eldon's assistance for her further **humiliation**. The Chancellor was a man of humble birth, destitute of **fine feeling** and chivalry towards a royal lady in distress. The proud girl was compelled to listen to the story of her rebellion told over, to endure with dignified silence Eldon's rough declaration that, had she been his daughter, he would have locked her up and kept her on bread and water. As soon as she was alone she burst into **passionate tears**, crying, "What would the King have said if he had heard his granddaughter compared to a collier's?"

She was held in durance at Carlton House—durance so real and so cruel that her kind uncle, the Duke of Sussex, brought the matter before the Government in the House of Lords; with little satisfaction to anyone concerned. In August the Princess of Wales, at her own request, went abroad. Her daughter was allowed to bid her farewell. They never met again.

The princess was sent to Cranbourn Lodge, and endured much from her grandmother at Windsor, until a fortunate illness—a swelled knee—made it necessary that she should have sea air. She went to Weymouth, where she soon recovered health and spirits. She loved to be upon the sea in her yacht. One day there came by Weymouth the battleship *Leviathan*, of seventy-five guns, commanded by Captain Nixon, which saluted her Royal Highness. Captain Nixon came on board her yacht to pay his respects, and the impulsive princess was immediately seized with eager desire to inspect the man-of-war. Her preceptor, the Bishop, demurred—the Prince Regent might not approve. But Charlotte reminded the Bishop and the captain how Queen Elizabeth had delighted in her navy, and had not been afraid to go to sea in an open boat, and what better precedent could there be for Elizabeth's enthusiastic successor *in posse*?

So she was rowed up to the man-of-war, whose yards were dressed and manned in her honour. A chair of state was let down for her convenience, but she scornfully refused such amateurish assistance, and climbed the wooden walls by the ladder like a sailor, merely requesting Captain Nixon to look after the disposal of her fluttering petticoats as he followed up behind. The royal tomboy inspected every corner of the ship, graciously complimented the captain on its size and order, and enjoyed her expedition immensely.

After this seaside sojourn she lived at Carlton House, and appeared duly at Court. Then, in February 1816, life at last widened and brightened. Two years before, the handsome young Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg came to London with the Allies, and fell in love with the bonny bright princess at first sight. Now he came back, proposed for her in form, found his affection had been treasured, returned, and they were betrothed.

Their marriage took place on May 2—a Beltane bridal—in the Crimson Saloon at Carlton House, with all the pomp due to the heiress of England, and all the blessings of a joyful people. No one saw evil omens for the fair young bride, radiant with happiness and hope, outshining her clustered diamonds. For a year and a half she drank of the cup long deferred of perfect bliss, living a simple life of

wedded love and kindly actions. Then suddenly upon a stunned nation there fell the blow which struck it to its heart of hearts.

On November 5, 1817, came the first disappointment, the first pang of sorrow. After two weary days of pain, the eagerly expected heir was born dead. At first there was no fear for the young mother; then suddenly, at midnight, the warning came, so utterly unlooked for, so heartrending in the seemingly ruthless cutting-short of love and beauty, and happiness and hope.

"Is there any danger?" she asked incredulously, surprised at seeing her grief-stricken husband called back to her bedside. Almost instantly after the faint words passed her lips she died.

They laid her with her babe at Windsor, amid mourning so deep and universal that the memory of it is fresh in England after eighty years. There was more than grief; there was anxiety for the succession which was almost consternation. In her was lost the only grandchild of George III. For all his twelve handsome, stalwart children, the line of the stout old patriot King seemed on the verge of extinction. His few married children were childless, the others were in middle age. The Duke of Sussex had children, but by an illegal marriage with a subject. The next nearest heirs also were childless. The nearest descendant of the Electress Sophia who had children was that Princess of Würtemberg who married Jerome Bonaparte, some time King of Westphalia, whose eldest son was Prince Jerome Napoleon, Imperialist Pretender to the throne of France, who died in 1890. The Regent's unmarried brothers rushed at once into matrimony, and so the only child of George III.'s fourth son came to reign over us in the place of her beloved and lamented cousin.

Woe unto us, not her, for she sleeps well :  
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue  
 Of hollow counsels, the false oracle  
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung  
 Its knell in princely cars . . . . .  
 These might have been her destiny ! but no,  
 Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,  
 Good without effort, great without a foe :  
 But now a bride and mother—and now *there !*  
 How many ties did that sad moment tear !  
 From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast  
 Is linked the electric chain of that despair  
 Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest  
 The land which loved thee so that none could love thee best.

BYRON.

A. SHIELD.

## TABLE TALK.

## THE DEMAND FOR BOOKS.

MR. LANG has lately contributed to the *Westminster Gazette* an article upon a subject which has long had a keen interest to me, and on which I have more than once addressed my readers—the question of “The Demand for Books.” I have always regarded as a national reproach the fact that in our middle-class residences so few books are ordinarily to be counted. A room containing a couple of hundred volumes is not seldom dignified by the name of a library, and a score or two books enclosed in one of those table-shelves, with ends turning up on hinges—I am ashamed to say I do not know how to name them—representing at most an outlay of a few pounds, is often all one sees in a room crowded with costly furniture and *bric-à-brac*. Mr. Lang’s utterances on the demand for books are elicited by previous assertions of Sir Walter Besant, who holds that this demand “does not come from publishers, but from the public.” To this statement Mr. Lang demurs, maintaining the amusing paradox that the demand in question comes from authors. “It is they, and nobody else, who insist on producing most books.” Speaking for himself, he says, “I do the books because I like doing them; the demand is my own private demand.” Was anybody demanding a novel from Scott, he would like to know, when he began to write *Waverley*? This is true enough so far as it goes, and for one publisher who applies to an author for a book there are a score of authors who go to the publishers with suggestions concerning one. The case is naturally altered when a few successes have been scored. After the appearance of the first three or four *Waverley* novels Scott was pestered for romances, and, unfortunately, in some cases was induced to supply them. The anxiety of many men to see themselves in print is undying, and so it will always remain. There is, however, a genuine demand for a certain class of works, and special pleading, however it may amuse or interest, will not alter the facts.

## ARE THERE MANY BOOK-BUYERS?

FOLLOWING Mr. Lang's beguiling lead, I have got away from the subject of book-purchasing. - Roughly speaking, a popular writer addresses hundreds of thousands of readers. Of these, however, how many are purchasers? In the case of costly books, these may almost be said to be narrowed down to a few hundreds. A man of average taste, bent on a long journey, will purchase probably half a dozen cheap novels, English or French. A very much smaller class is that that will purchase a six-shilling novel with a view to reading it and putting it on the shelves. For one man who does this there are a hundred, and for one woman five hundred, who will get it from a library. Book-buyers, however, exist, as I am in a position to state, and buyers of a class of books for which the demand is supposed to be the smallest. I will give an instance, which I think to the point. A volume of verse by a writer absolutely unknown to the general public—a first production, I believe—attracted the attention of a critic, who devoted a few pages to it in a well-known Review. I read the comments on the volume while on a brief holiday in South Wales, and noted the book as one to be purchased. Within a week I returned and ordered a copy through a bookseller. By then the edition was sold out, and I have never been able to see the book, much less to purchase it. I have no idea how many copies constitute an edition in the case of a work of this class. I am, indeed, lamentably unprovided with statistics in general. Still, if a book of verse, by a man previously unheard of as a poet, can be sold out in a week or two, there must be a good many genuine book-buyers. How many people, I wonder, had the *nous* to buy the first edition of Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon" when it burst upon the public? Those of us who are most on the *qui vive* for rising talent cannot avoid missing chances. He would be an indefatigable man, and a close student, who would read all new verse in the expectation of coming upon a work of genius. Yet, how else is one to avoid a loss such as I mention? I am aware that these remarks are vague and disconnected. I contribute little or nothing to the elucidation of my subject, hence I say I should like statistics.

## THE SALMON CLAUSE IN INDENTURES.

IT is rather a pleasant task than otherwise to dispel illusions long current and let in the light to the dark chambers of mystery. An idea is prevalent that salmon was once so common in our great rivers that clauses were inserted in the indentures

of apprentices to the effect that it should not be served as food more than twice, or at the most thrice, a week. Few statements have obtained a wider circulation than this. I have myself heard the assertion that such clauses existed in indentures, made not once, but a score of times. Here is not a case, moreover, of vague and often repeated affirmation. Men with every claim to be regarded as authorities have advanced the statement again and again. The pages of *Notes and Queries* have been filled with what is called evidence. In books such as Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," Brookes's "Art of Angling," Pulman's "Book of the Axe," Kerr's "Agriculture of Berwick," and innumerable others, the existence of this clause in the indenture is mentioned as a thing well known and generally conceded. The theory indeed extended into other countries. In Scotland it was said to be compulsory for a farmer to bind himself not to give his labourers salmon more than thrice a week. A writer in the *Standard*, February 27, 1883, declared that North-Western Irishmen still living could testify to the truth of "the servants at Ballyshannon, Co. Donegal, having, less than fifty years ago, bargained that they should not have salmon for dinner more than three times weekly. Even so far as the Continent the same idea has spread, the stipulation that salmon should not be supplied more than once a week being, it is said, known in Dordrecht and other places in Holland, and not unknown in Connecticut, in the United States.

#### NO INDENTURE WITH A SALMON CLAUSE TO BE FOUND.

THE question was first dealt with in a thorough fashion by Dr. T. N. Brushfield, in a paper read before the Chester Archæological Society, and printed in its journal. From this I derive many highly interesting particulars. The most curious thing concerning the matter is that no proof of the existence of such an indenture can be found. Scores of people assert that they have seen it, and many have been sanguine as to their ability to lay their hands immediately upon it. In no case whatever has it been forthcoming. Rewards were offered for the production of an indenture concerning the clause, a sovereign by the editor of the *Worcester Herald*, and £5 by Mr. Ffennell, an inspector of Salmon Fisheries. The latter stood open for more than a year, but no one appeared to claim it. The case, indeed, seems analogous to that of "ghosts." Everybody knows some one who has seen one, but no one can bring adequate proof of existence or furnish evidence that will satisfy an



expert. Again and again sanguine people have believed that they have run the thing to earth, a form of expression appropriate enough in the case of ghosts. Positive statements as to where such indenture could be found have often been advanced, but the answer has always been, "The old woman burnt the papers last week," or, "The vestry had been pulled down some time before, and the 'papers,' one of which was the indenture in question, were now missing." These constant failures to produce a thing once supposed to have been generally known justify a certain amount of scepticism as to their ever having existed.

#### WAS SALMON CHEAP BEFORE THE REFORMATION?

**W**HAT tells more directly against the supposition that salmon was legally excluded as a constant fare of apprentices or workmen than the inability to produce a prohibitory clause is the fact that salmon never appears to have been so common in our rivers as to render probable an over-indulgence in it. Evidence exists in abundance that down to the period of the Reformation salmon, whether fresh or salted, commanded a high price. Dr. Brushfield advances proof that in 1292 a man "was sued for fishing in the King's Pool, below the bridge at Chester, and catching twenty salmon, worth twenty marks, and one salmon worth 10/." At a feast at the monastery of Vale Royal in 1339, at which the highest priced bull is rated at 4s., two salmon cost 6s.; and in the expenses of the Sheriff of Yorkshire in 1528, I find twenty-eight great fresh salmon charged £3. 16s. 8d. In 1593-4, again, at Preston Fair, a salt salmon was viij<sup>s</sup>. vj<sup>d</sup>. These are very large sums for the date, and render it highly improbable that apprentices could have objected to what must then have been regarded as a costly luxury. In explanation of the often iterated assertion, Buckland suggests that people were wont to go forth and catch the kelts which come "helpless and emaciated down the river after spawning operations." Provided that citizens with numerous apprentices were accustomed to buy and salt quantities of these fish for the purposes of food, apprentices would have had a right to object. As a result of his investigations, Dr. Brushfield is inclined to believe that the asserted clause in the indentures of apprentices must be regarded as a myth. It seems worth stating in connection with the subject that the chief cause advanced for objecting to salmon was the belief that it was a cause of leprosy.

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*THE FATE OF THE RAJAH.*

BY J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.

I.

WHAT follows might have been called the Rajah's love-story. For love led to the imbroglia, and to the same love must be attributed the way that was found out of it. But the word "Rajah" does not associate itself, in English minds, very readily with what we call love. Marriage in the case of Indian princes is often a contract entered into for family or political reasons, whilst the inmates of the zenana who are attached to their lord by less binding ties are mostly chosen for their appearance alone; and though favourites have often gained great influence, yet the "sad satiety" of easy possession urges to new selection. But the brief narrative now to be told owes its romance chiefly to the exceptional character of the Rajah of whom it treats; moreover, he was not a Rajah in the sumptuous associations of the word, but the owner only of landed estates not larger than those of a county magnate in England, and the title used by his grandfather was rather one given him by his tenants through fear than a distinction secured by any patent of authority.

The chieftain, Bheem Singh, was a Rajpoot, and was living in his fort of Ijlas, which lay north of Agra, but not on the direct road to Delhi, when the present century began. Great disorders and confusions marked the decline of the Mogul power, and many *thakoors*, as the principal Hindoo landlords were called, increased their estates by violence, disregarding remonstrance and ruling their new tenants with a rod of iron.

When Lord Lake marched up country after the occupation of

Agra, Bheem Singh, then in the hot prime of his manhood, would willingly have opposed him, but, under strong persuasion from his uncle, he went to pay his respects to the General, to offer supplies and provide assistance of various kinds, and was thus left alone, and counted amongst the friends of the British. He soon had to pay revenue to the new Government, and came into relations with a Collector; and though he was very tiresome, tyrannical, and obstinate, he was too strong to be lightly interfered with, and so pulled along on fairly good terms, for some years, with his foreign masters. But when the Pindaries grew so unruly that at last war had to be proclaimed against them, Bheem Singh thought the opportunity a good one, and repudiated the Collector's claims altogether. The Government took the matter up. A large body of troops was promptly ordered to Ijlas, with plenty of guns, and such a fire was opened on the fort, that though partially laid out on a scientific plan by French military adventurers, it soon surrendered, an explosion of gunpowder hastening the catastrophe. Clad in chain armour, Bheem Singh and a few adherents cut their way through their foes, and for a long time lay hid. But at length the chief himself, having made his submission, was admitted to terms, and allowed to return to greatly reduced estates, and to occupy the dismantled fort; and uncomplaining though not satisfied, tyrannical whenever he could be to his farmers, and always so to his household, he lingered, in chagrin and smouldering ill-temper, to extreme old age.

There was only one son, and he predeceased his father, and this son having married late, owing to tribal disputes, the heir, when Bheem Singh came to die, was a young fellow of eighteen named Sooltan Singh, a nomenclature not properly Hindoo, of course, but occasionally adopted. The character of the new Rajah (his grandfather had been generally so called) was in every way opposed to Rajpoot traditions. He was handsome, but in the way, perhaps, in which St. John is so represented, the expression being full of gentleness and good temper. He was fond of learning, and had managed to acquire the Persian language, played on the small harp of the country, and was a good hand at chess. The reserve of the East deprived us of all knowledge of his female ancestry, some acquaintance with whose characters would perhaps explain the origin of a nature so different from that of his grandfather. The young chief established his mother and her womankind as comfortably in the fort as its condition permitted, placed a trustworthy agent in charge of the estates, and took himself off to an ancient and holy city on the River Jumna, where he secured a pretty, open-arched house by

the waterside ; and, living there at his ease, but without coarse indulgences of any kind, he became excessively struck with the face of a dancing girl, who had been engaged to perform at an entertainment given by a friend of his. His rank would have permitted the formation of a tie with this young person without disrepute or the interference of his caste ; but he was quite unwilling to treat her as one actuated by the easy principles of her profession.

Those beautiful eyes, with their full lids and their long lashes ; that small mouth, round which a charming smile would play in rare moments of joy, spoke to her admirer not only of enticement, but of a disposition which coarse associations had failed to tarnish entirely, and which an unaffected melancholy rendered pensive, and, in a certain degree, refined. There is no wish to lend any support to a dishonouring theory, not wholly unbroached in the present day, that lax conduct and an irregular life need not, necessarily, affect the purity of the mind ; or, in other words, that the right and the wrong can dwell together in the same tenement of clay. All experience seems to contradict this idea. Female innocence—exquisite dew-drop on the leaf of youth—is, as Hugo's noble line declares,

*Perle avant de tomber, et fange après sa chute.*

But it must be remembered that in the Oriental world girls are chosen or stolen or bought for singing and dancing purposes in early childhood, and are brought up amongst all the scenery of their calling, and in the society of hardened harridans and men whom even their associates despise ; so that marriage is never presented to their view, and purity has no existence as far as knowledge goes, and in practice is only a pause before its contrary becomes the rule of life. But as character is multiform, even under such circumstances, a nature must occasionally occur which timidity and an aptitude for a gentler fate render unfitted, except perhaps by personal beauty, for such a career. And to one thus out of place the unshared love of a man, the idea of home, the prospect of peace, must seem like opening Paradise, and the very realisation of dreams never actually credited before cannot but have the effect of at least tranquillising the conduct.

The Rajah, who was of an imaginative turn, idealised what there was to admire and pity in the favourite dancer, and was filled with a desire to raise her above a profession naturally exposing her to contamination, and of placing her in a position in which he could make her honourably and permanently his own.

There were great difficulties in the way: the dancer was a

Moham. Khan, and moreover he himself, Sooltan Singh, had been procured at a considerable expense by his grandfather to the daughter of a Rajah in Central India some eight years back, and the time was approaching when he would be expected to carry out the marriage.

But he was equal to any emergency.

## II.

The step the young man took was probably in no way the result of cold consideration. There was the feeling that his wish to marry the girl was right; there was the pressing need of securing her; and there was the conviction that what he had in view could only be done in one way.

And on these impressions he acted without hesitation. To the dismay of his family, to the violent anger of his betrothed's kinsmen, and to the astonishment of all men, the Rajah of Ijlas announced his conversion to the creed of the Prophet. He was duly received into the ranks of the Faithful, and the first step he took in his new capacity was to celebrate, according to Moslem rites, his marriage with the beautiful ballerina, who was known by the name of Goolundum, or "she of the roselike form."

The convert had had to intimate his intention to his father-in-law chief in Rajpootana, and, as a Hindoo alliance would be now impossible, to offer—entirely his own idea—to contribute to the expense of a new betrothment of the young lady. To the letter containing this news and proposal no answer whatever was vouchsafed.

The house in the holy city had to be partially enclosed to render it suitable for family life, but it remained open towards the river. The charm of the locality was gone, for its sanctity is wholly connected with the legend of Krishna and his milkmaids; and Sooltan Khan, as he now called himself, had thought of Agra or Delhi, but for the present remained where he was.

It was an evening towards the end of the rains. The river was not so high as it had been and was daily diminishing, but the stream this year had come over to the town side, and there was deep water running under the houses on the bank. Sooltan Khan had been out riding, and on his return observed a man coming out of the precincts of the house, whom he recognised as the former master and teacher of Goolundum. He had received a large compensation for the loss of his principal performer, and had gone, it was under-

stood, to live at Lucknow. The fellow did not bow to the young Rajah, but skulked down a side street, and the servants said he had been hanging about the house ever since Sooltan Khan had gone out; and one of them added, he had seen the same individual in a serai with some young men, who, by their dress, had apparently arrived from another part of the country. The police force had then no existence, but there was a rudely organised constabulary, and its head officer in the city was in charge of the public safety, and moved about in a small cloud of spearmen and staff-bearers—a quaint posse, sturdy but incompetent, though by no means troubled with scruples. To this officer notice was sent of the return of Goolundum's late master, and a request made he should be looked after. But word came back that the functionary had left with a body of attendants for a distant village, where property, it was said, had been found which was taken in a recent city robbery.

Night came on: evening meal was eaten, and after the hookah the Rajah lay down on a cushioned bed, in a chamber whose open arches gave on the river. Two or three servants slept on the ground near, and one sat awake to keep off the sacred monkeys, who are often troublesome. A brass lamp burned in a niche of the wall. It was very dark outside. About midnight, the sound of oars was heard on the river, faint at first but soon louder, and stopping only immediately under the chamber. The man who was watching gave the alarm, but he had hardly done so when another attendant rushed from the street side of the house, to say a party of intruders was trying to force its way into the zenana enclosures. Sooltan leaped to his feet, grasped his sword, lying on the bed, and, calling to the servants to follow, would have flown to defend the women. But the trampling of feet indicated that men were ascending the steps from the Jumna, and in a moment there stood before the Rajah the tall gipsy-like form of Bulram Singh, the brother of the rejected Rajpoot girl. There he stood—completely armed—with his round shield hanging over his shoulder and his steel skull-cap tied on with ropes of red turban. Sooltan was peaceable and gentle by nature, but his ancient blood caught fire at the forcible entry into his house, and, drawing his sword, he would have attacked the invader. But Bulram had other designs just then than blood, and, though scornful and abusive, contented himself with motioning to the wild muffled fellows supporting him, and they, rushing round, pinioned the Rajah from the rear. His arms were tied behind him, and his legs secured at the knees and ankles, and in this helpless condition he was carried to the boat. The whole party then re-embarked, and the

boat was loosed and fell down the stream to where their mounts were waiting for them. Similar success attended the attack on the zenana, for the scoundrel dance-master had Goolundum gagged and bound, and placed in a palanquin, with which he despatched a brother scoundrel on whom he could rely, on a pony; and the bearers took a route through villages and over country tracks, and by noon the next day were out of the district.

Such violence as has been described may seem impossible to have ever occurred under British administration; but it will give an idea of what things took place within the memory of living men if the fact is recorded that so late as the forties a large body of armed banditti, on horses and camels, rode before daybreak one morning into the station of Agra, then the seat of the local government, broke open the central gaol, released an outlaw incarcerated therein, supplied him with a mount, and got him across the frontier, and he was never recaptured, nor they punished.

The distracted magistrate came over from Muttra the next day, and did what he could to show efficiency. He received the returning head-constable with a dismissal: there had been no recovery of property, and he was clearly in the plot. Then a horseman was sent off to the Rajah of Bhurtpore, and a letter posted to the Resident at Lucknow.

This Bhurtpore Rajah was popularly called the "Company's Infant;" he had been put on the throne when a child, after the celebrated siege. He moved at once. Bulram Singh had to cross his territory, and the King caught him before he could get away. No attempt, however, was made to punish the Rajpoots; but Sooltan was released and sent into the old city, under escort, on a bullock carriage.

But Goolundum could not be traced in Lucknow. It was afterwards discovered that her so-called master, afraid of consequences, and anxious to secure protection, had sought to interest an exalted personage in her beauty; and the poor girl hearing of this, and seeing nothing but renewed degradation before her, took poison, and so added one more to the list of those of whom it could be said, "Beautiful was she, and that undid her."

### III.

As the facts of his desolation became gradually certified to Sooltan, to live any longer in the holy city grew repugnant and intolerable. He moved into a house in Ijlas itself, standing in a

walled enclosure, which had belonged to his grandfather—indeed, had served as the stronghold of the family before the large fort was planned. It is needless to say that the Rajah's conversion to Islam had never been sincere, and he was now desirous of returning to his ancient faith, and of effacing all tokens of his Mahommedanism as far as that is possible.

The first step towards propitiating the Brahmins took the form, at their own suggestion, of feasting the brotherhood and giving them presents. Then he had to perform penances, such as walking daily three hundred times round a peepul tree, and other fanciful exercises. And after this again he was enjoined to undertake pilgrimages to the snows, to the tropics; to the Himalayas, to Juganath, to Benares, Ustbooja, &c. At last it was admitted that he had purged his apostasy, and that the privileges of his caste had been completely restored.

But these operations occupied three or four years.

With some men the injuries Sooltan had sustained would have roused a spirit of anger which nothing but reprisals could have satisfied. But when he reflected that even the blood of Bulram could not restore the lost Goolundum, he banished all fierce and cruel thoughts from his mind, and turned to devotion, for which he had a natural bias. He was preparing himself for the adoption of vows which would prohibit marriage, and the very name of woman was becoming strange to his lips, when one day a servant announced that a pilgrim had arrived at the gate, and asked for an interview.

The Ijlas house stood just at the entrance of the village. It was surrounded by a wall built of mud and small bricks, and inside, some four feet from the top of the wall, a mud ledge, forming a rampart, ran round. Exactly opposite the front entrance, which was one of thick double doors of wood, stood the dwelling apartments, forming a square building—the front occupied by the Rajah, whilst the back was the unused zenana, secluded by inner walls extending to the outside one. There was a terrace in front of the Rajah's part, and on the flat roof a thatched sleeping chamber was erected, which was reached by steps ascending the wall from the front, but also communicated with the zenana by a little turret containing a staircase. Sooltan was seated on the terrace just mentioned, with cushions laid on a drugget. He directed that the pilgrim should be invited to enter. The stranger, who had come on a pony, and was attended by a single companion, was found when he appeared to be a tall man very plainly dressed, entirely unarmed, and with his head tied up against the hot wind. He took off his shoes, and at a sign from the



Rajah sat down on the drazget. Being asked his errand, he undid the knot of his round his face, and replied with perfect calmness :

"I am Bulram Singh, and I have come to ask forgiveness."

It was not Sooltan Singh, doubtless, a severe struggle, but after a short interval of embarrassment and silence, he gave in to the tribal obligations towards a clansman guest, and said slowly and without warmth :

"The house is yours : the servants are yours ; stay as long as you can."

Bulram stayed two or three days, and was constantly in communication with the Rajah, who was given to understand that his visitor was going a round of holy places in the hope of expiating certain former violences of his youth. But it soon came out that his real object was to try to persuade Sooltan to fulfil the engagement to his sister. He pointed out, and doubtless with truth, that the family was in a very difficult situation. The girl had undergone a serious affront, and, though with great injustice to her, other families stood aside from an alliance which in their opinion was not altogether free from disrepute. And then, in the delay which had taken place, the sister was approaching her twentieth year, a period which, according to Oriental ideas, was quite unusual for a maiden to have reached. The expense, moreover, was an important consideration ; for the betrothment, which in all respects, except consummation, was the marriage itself, had already run away with all both saved and borrowed sums available.

Sooltan was not the least sorry to have loved Goolundum : she was still with him in his dreams, and his eyes would often fill with sudden tears, which were only regrets for her. But he was ashamed of having become a Mohammedan, and as he was a very right-minded man he felt there was no repentance so effectual as reparation. And, since he had done so much to efface his apostasy, it seemed right he should do something also for that family whom his apostasy had seriously affected. He had undoubtedly wronged the Rajpootin, and circumstances seemed to point the way to right her. The two points which made him hesitate the most were that the vows he had proposed taking could no longer be thought of in the contingency of his acceding to Bulram's proposals ; and next, that to marry another would appear a forgetfulness of Goolundum. However, he persuaded himself that there were other vows which he could still carry out—abstinences, avoidances, and the like ; and as to forgetting his first wife, it was not at all probable—not possible, indeed, for who ever heard of a union of the nature of a love match occurring twice?

And so, being in this compliant frame, the Rajah's talks with Bulram ended in a promise that he, Sooltan, would come down to the Rajpoot home and bring away the slighted bride. It was understood that the occasion was not to be made one of expense or display, but only to involve the meeting of immediate relatives. And Bulram passed on his way, apparently reasonable and satisfied, and in due course Sooltan went down to the mud fort of Bulram's father, which was in the jungles, a long distance from the capital of the native state in which it was situated. The visitor was received with indications of friendliness, and introduced to many clansmen, who showed him all courtesy. But the evening before the Rajah left for home again Bulram had an interview with his sister—a handsome girl, but quite untamed—with flashing eyes, and, for a Hindoo woman, a very dark complexion, and an expression on her features full of curiosity and suspicion and easily aroused temper. It was the last of several conversations Bulram had had with her, and he was desirous to make it emphatic. He had previously explained the expense, delay, and troublesome negotiations which would attend an entirely fresh betrothal and marriage, and he had urged that any union recognised by the clan was far better than that she should remain at home in the position, almost unknown to Indian life, of a single woman. Later on, when Bulram had accustomed the girl to see that to take up again the tie with Sooltan was a positive necessity, he did not hesitate to say how ill-disposed he was to the Rajah, who, he considered, had cast an unpardonable slur on the family; and not only that, but in his apostasy and Moslem marriage had flaunted before the world that he preferred a dancing drab from the bazaar to the daughter of an ancient race. He darkly hinted, but at first only just hinted, that the punishment of these great insults rested in her hands. He declared that he himself would have gladly cleared off all scores with his sword, but that the necessity of bringing on the marriage again had obliged him to feign a friendly attitude, and therefore what had been his own duty had devolved upon her. And now, on the girl's last night at home, he assured her, which was probably false, that the whole family was expecting her in due time, without imprudent hurry, but also without mercy, to vindicate the honour of their name. If, in the execution of her task, she should become a widow, she might return to her father's home; he, Bulram, would see that she should have no menial work to do, and she would be respected as the restorer of the good name of her relatives. He had arranged for the slave-girl called the Snake to accompany her; and every confidence might be placed in the secrecy, cunning,



may be supposed to have reached a haven ; but if it meets a sough of air, behold ! it has disappeared ! And so with their hopes— one may attain to some form of fulfilment, but others again will certainly founder.

Ijlas made only a moderate show when the third Feast of Lamps came round since the Rajah had brought home the bride of his own kith and creed.

But Sooltan wished to please the Brahmins, and, besides presents to them, at their suggestion he had spent money on illuminations at his own house. Light in excess makes even the common and the unworthy look royal for a time. And the incongruous fabric which had once served as a sort of castle, during its brief glory, suggested a picture from that wonder-book, the "Thousand and One Nights." All the inmates were full of excitement ; but two, the Rajpootin and her familiar the Snake, had plans of their own, plans long thought of, and, as they considered, carefully laid out.

There had been a palanquin visit to see the street, but now the mistress was back in her principal room. She had given particular permission to her two or three female servants to stay out as long as they liked and see the show.

The lamps began to fade as midnight approached : some shot up and then expired ; some smouldered and fumed ; the glamour died out, and the natural ugliness of the buildings fell on them again. Tired of watching the lights, the Rajah, who had too much imagination in his temperament not to feel the depression of a sinking pageant, prepared for night, and mounted his outside stairs to reach the upper chamber. The Rajpootin, made aware of his movements, ascended also her turret steps to join him.

And then the Snake took in hand a desperate task. The Undaroon, or women's section, consisted of one large room and several very small ones ; those having windows looked into the inner court, but from that there was no exit. There was only one door communicating with the large yard, and on leaving the zenana the Snake locked this, and took out the key, lest any one of the maids should return from the village. Then she crept round the building. All the men, except the door-keeper, who usually sat outside, seized the opportunity of the Rajah's departure to go down the street, and try their luck at cards or dice.

When the Snake got to the stairs by which Sooltan had ascended, she went up also, and came to the door of his chamber. It was bolted inside. But there was a chain which could be passed through a ring on the door and another ring fixed on the flat roof, and then

secured by a padlock—a rough and common mode of fastening in native houses. The Snake, with her supple fingers, as noiselessly as she could, attached the padlock. She then went down again and entered a shed which stood just under the steps, and formed a lean-to against the wall of the house. This place was full of cut wood and straw and chaff, and against its side were placed two or three jars of ghee, or clarified butter, greatly in request in Hindoo households for consumption and for burning. The wily creature, moving like a shadow, took out from under her dress a ball of rags which had been soaked in oil and wrung out, and, striking a match, she lighted the ball and threw it amongst the wood. And then out again. She could have got clear away: not a soul was about—for even the door-keeper, thinking no harm could possibly come, had slipped off to join the others in the village. But the recollection crossed her mind that the whole plot depended for success on the chamber door being firmly fastened. She would look once more, lest she should have not done the work thoroughly. She ascended. The lock was immovable and held the door completely. But by this time the shed was well on fire: the materials in it were inflammable to a degree, and soon blazed. In her hurry, and confined by the smoke which swept over the outside steps, the Snake missed her footing at some distance from the ground, and fell heavily, spraining her ankle in the fall.

At first she did not wish to call out, though she could not move, for she feared she might be suspected of arson. But when she recollected she had the key of the zenana with her she bawled out lustily. No one, however, heard her.

Meantime, the Rajpootin's quick ear had caught the fingering of the chain and padlock, slender as was the noise created. And when she heard a crackling of burning wood all seemed well in train. The Rajah was asleep. His wife hurried to the turret stairs, and, descending into the zenana, locked the door at the bottom of the turret.

Then she put on some clothing suitable for out of doors, and tried the larger door, which she was not surprised to find she could not open. Why, of course, it had been agreed the Snake should fasten it to keep out the girls if they chanced to come back from the fair.

The Snake would be here in a moment. But when she did not come her mistress grew wild with uneasiness. There was a door into the little court at the back of the zenana, and it locked with the same key as the one into the general court. But the Rajpootin

remembered that she herself had fastened the inner door to make a certain person still a prisoner if he succeeded in forcing the turret exit. She wrapped a shawl-scarf round her ears—not to hear a cry if any came from above. But no cry was heard by any one. The Rajah was probably suffocated in his sleep—a sleep rendered deep and heavy by the narcotic put into his milk last thing. The relentless creeping flame was gaining strength every instant. At length the fire burst, crackling and hissing, out of the turret itself. The deed was clearly done ; but the doer was in the presence of death. Too proud, however, to call out, baffled and disappointed, the Rajpootin, becoming overwhelmed with stifling smoke, covered her head in a grim silence, and fell by the outer door, where her charred remains were afterwards found.

And the cruel fate of the Rajah was brought about by his love ! A brief period of allowable joy, but purchased with insincerity, and punished with pitiless misfortune. Gentle and amiable character as the Rajah was, he succumbed to circumstances which a more masterful spirit would perhaps have moulded to his will.

. . . . .

The night of the Feast of Lamps was long remembered in that part of the country, when both the Rajah of Ijlas and his wife were burnt to death in a fire which broke out in his house. There had been a grand illumination, and it was thought that some falling wicks, when the lights were expiring, had ignited a shed full of wood and straw and other inflammable materials.

*WASPS.*

... Being of that honest few  
Who give the Friend himself his due.—*Tennyson.*

**T**O most of us the wasp seems one of those natural pests whose annihilation will constitute a sure token of the approach of the Golden Age upon earth; and some of us, mostly those having interest in the productions of the soil, try to forward the arrival of that blessed era by attempting the suppression of this insect by various means. Few of us, however, reflect that by such an annihilation the universe of animated nature would be deprived of one of its most industrious and ingenious workers, as well as of a fiery little mind. To feel the truth of this statement it is necessary to scrutinise a community of wasps, and to inquire into their work and habits; and perhaps in doing this, could we but stoop, we might well learn something more than mere facts of natural history.

While walking along some sunny bank during July or August our attention may be attracted by wasps frequently flying to and fro in one direction. When this is the case we may suspect there is a nest in the neighbourhood, and that a little search will reveal it. On first appearance there is nothing particularly striking; merely a hole, usually clean and well rounded, to and from which these insects are constantly directing their flight; though one cannot, nevertheless, help comparing such to the entrance of a much-frequented city-subway, only that here there are insects, and not men, bustling about on business which to them, as a little reflection shows, cannot be of less importance than our business to us. Such a hole, however, can easily be distinguished by an experienced observer from other holes of the kind, before he has even seen a wasp enter. If it is in a meadow, the adjacent grass will almost appear as if it had been burned, as a result of constant nibbling; for wasps have great dislike to anything like an impediment at the entrance of their nest. In other cases there may be a pile of earth-grains.

Imagine we have stupefied a nest by a dose overnight. A little digging discloses the object of search, which consists of a globe of

grey papery stuff woven in envelopes; and this contains horizontal discs of like material; and each disc many hexagonal cells. Bees build vertical layers of wax, while one basement serves two sets of horizontal cells; but wasps' cells point downwards, their basement forms a platform, and pillars connect the discs; their cells are not, as in a beehive, honey-jars, but cots for larvæ.

Queens, which alone survive winter, appear in April or May, and are larger than ordinary wasps. The mother, impregnated the autumn before, as summer approaches, searches field and bank for a suitable place for a nest. Unlike us, she builds from the top, fashioning a few cells and putting an egg in each. Egg-laying is the business of her life, and her eggs become white grubs facing downwards, and these are reared on juices until they attain full size, when they spin a scab-like web over the brims, when pale maggothood is changed for yellow wasphood by passing through the temporary grave of nymphhood. The larva becomes articulated, hardens, assumes its characteristic colours, and then emerges to full citizenship. The work of such a wasp, which is sexless, is to feed larvæ and enlarge and defend the nest.

Nest-paper is made from various substances, chiefly leaves and wood. The hurdles of sheepfolds often have a rough appearance from being scraped by wasps, the click of whose jaws while at that work is distinctly audible. The wasp holds what it has rasped between its jaws and breast. The little ball of pulp is applied to the brim of an unfinished cell, or to a fold of the envelope, in such a way that it is drawn through the jaws into a narrow strip and joined smoothly on to the edge of the old, which may thus be extended by a sixteenth of an inch, the architect stepping backwards. Such a strip is shaped like the paring of a finger-nail; and, as two strips of like tint are seldom laid on consecutively, the shell generally has a beautifully grained appearance. I have in my possession a piece of shell of the *Vespa Germanica* (that building with grey paper) in which appear strips of vivid pink and blue; but this abnormality arose from the materials having been taken from some rubbish scattered over a neighbouring field.

To enlarge a nest fresh layers are added, as well as cells laterally, and therefore, I imagine, the shell is bitten out inside and increased outside, so that fresh earth has to be excavated—a process involving much labour, as is manifest from the fact that every individual who leaves a flourishing nest carries a lump of earth, which sometimes pulls its carrier to the ground. Such lumps are carried some yards off, for wasps hate impediments, and no lump is removed in such a way that it can possibly roll back.



It is perhaps known that every wasps' nest may have some males without stings, the true males, which differ from other males by their long antennae and long cylindrical bodies. Unlike the others, they are not eventually expelled. They come from the first brood when the nest has passed its meridian; and now a disc of paper cells is made for eggs which become queens. It is remarkable how wasps build this layer as if on the mutual understanding that it is to receive larvae of a different type, for each cell differs in form. Between queens and drones rests the procreation of the following year's wasps. The drones die with the workers in the autumn, but the young queens, who now desert their homes, live through winter in spring, and these see the same evolution. In the summer nests swarm with queens and drones; and shortly afterwards, when the activity of a community rapidly wanes, there is a chance of getting an empty nest; and this must be exhumed in the nick of time, as it soon decays in the ground; but only the nests of the stronger material can be thus got perfect, and these must be in dry places: the more fragile nests must be obtained differently.

In building and harmony wasps seem to have a social organisation more happy than we. All work for the common good and are exempt in privilege; wants are satisfied without actual struggle for existence; nor are there alienating propensities. This harmony comes of their mode of genesis, for their community is a family not a polity.

Not are the common wasps identical in species. One is more robust and vividly yellow, and builds a nest, usually larger, of grey material, more copious and strong. The other uses light yellow-brown material, more fragile, and made from the raspings of decayed wood and vegetable substances, not from the raspings of sound timber used by the former.

But the most wonderful wasps are those which build from the boughs of bushes. Their nest, which has a beautiful shell of grey paper, is usually shaped like a mangel-wurzel, and has a neat little entrance below. A gooseberry bush, for some reason, is often chosen for such a structure, which, though at first so small as to resemble a piece of lichen, soon waxes bulky. Its builders eat out the inside of the shell, which is rain-proof, and add to its outside. They have black and yellow abdominal bands, the black of which are broader.

Besides these there are in this country some obscurer varieties of wasps. There is one which builds a small grey-coloured nest in the ground, but, instead of being of a vivid yellow, the insect is faint in

this respect, having a mottled and bronzed appearance. The bush wasp, or one like it, also builds a small nest in the ground—usually, I think, near the surface. Nests of large size are also found suspended from roofs of barns; but whether such are the work of bush wasps, or a kind of hornet, I have not the means of telling. I have noticed, among wasps which were feeding on parsley blossoms, one of a larger size, short and stout, between a wasp and hornet, but certainly not the latter. Possibly these are the same which build in barns. I have also heard rumours of hornets' nests in the ground; this seems improbable. May not such, if they existed, have been the work of these wasps, as I have found a small nest in the ground containing wasps after this size? Thus, besides the five or so species of English wasp, may there not be a sixth or seventh or rather a rare kind?

Wasps otherwise building in the ground also sometimes build nests in a decayed bole, or even under the roof of a house, though never suspended. There is also the solitary wasp. This is of slim build, having a short abdomen, tending to globe shape, and makes in the spring, beneath the stones of a wall, a poor sort of nest by curling fragments of leaves, in which it lays up caterpillars for the larvæ to eat.

To get a perfect nest and see its inmates at work really involves their cultivation, which may seem difficult, but is much easier than that of bees, a business every cottager manages somehow, though few would find in the honeyless insect sufficient inducement. A suitable hive must be prepared; and here is difficulty. For observation there must be glass, but of limited extent, or mildew will come of condensation; light must be excluded. No nest can thrive under a globe, pleasant as this would otherwise be. The nest, however, must first be stupefied at night by smoke of ignited puff-balls (a species of fungus), and should be of the light-coloured sort, on this side of maturity, and in clear ground. The face must be veiled, the hands sheathed in gloves (wash-leather under woollen), and crevices securely bound. The puff-balls must be gathered before full maturity (that is, before they can emit smoke), squeezed, and baked until fit for ignition. The smoke is injected through a tin. The nozzle of the bellows is thrust through the bottom of the tin, the puff-balls are lighted at the other end, and the lid, having also a hole, is applied to the hole of the nest. This step will be answered by a great hubbub from within, but, if your attempt is successful, in a few moments will ensue a dead silence. Now comes the critical part. Have a good light thrown on the scene of excavation, and clear the nest well of earth, taking great care in cutting roots, which

it is to be hoped, may be absent. When the nest has been placed by the hands on the hive-base and the hive placed over it, if the place is convenient, the whole might be left on its original site until the following evening, by which time all the wasps will have collected within; then you might remove the imprisoned insects to whatever place you pleased, but it would be well to let them know of their removal, lest next day they fly forth and be lost, or return to the original site, an event which not unfrequently happens: you might keep the hive-door shut until next morning, when it were well to open it by a string, giving the hive a jerk at the same time, and this would make the wasps aware of their real situation. The whole process must be performed by night, under no circumstances by day, unless indeed you could securely fix the apparatus in the hole overnight, and inject the fumes by early daytime; and this process would certainly carry with it much advantage, could it be managed skilfully. The grey-coloured nests are more difficult to stupefy, and often (in my experience) have to be exhumed while their distracted inhabitants pour out on all sides. To attempt the hiving of the light-coloured and more fragile nests without stupefaction is generally useless. Care is needed not to detach the combs, but by tearing off the shell the wasps can be watched rebuilding it and feeding larvæ. In placing, the comb must neither be choked nor crushed; there must be no great space below, because it induces foulness, yet there must be room for building, as the nest grows downwards; spikes are hardly well; the space below might be filled with fibres of decayed willow wood, and, thus immersed, the grubs would not be pressed, while the workers could excavate access. Nevertheless, if the queen is lost, the enterprise is spoiled.

After removal wasps clear off all litter so sedulously that not a speck is seen on floor of comb or hive, and if you place such impediment in the entrance the first wasp coming out unloaded will remove it. I have seen a wasp carry off a splinter of wood longer than its body, so placed. Detached grubs are so carted off. Not a grass-blade is suffered to grow before a nest in the ground.

If their work repay investigation, the same may perhaps be said of their character, though in general opinion this is described by gluttony and ferocity. From the first taint they cannot be exempted; but a wasp only stings when its body is crushed or its nest disturbed. Patriotism is its great instinct, and it always looks in the right place when on its comb, and when that is in danger thinks little of its own life and stings freely, so that a nest's strength lies less in its walls than in their defenders, and when a nest is aided by obstructed

ground it may resist many efforts at suppression. But wasps never (as a matter of fact) sting wantonly. When their home is demolished the survivors cling for days to its fragments. A solitary wasp may be seen hovering about the now dreary spot where once it fed its baby-brothers, and was caressed by vanished comrades.

But if a wasp throws its soul into defence of its work, it also throws it into achieving that work, and no insect could less deserve the charge of indolence. Wasps seem sometimes to work merely for the sake of working. After confining in too small a space a nest of active wasps, and by way of remedy placing their box beneath a beehive, when a month later I removed this addition the box was buried in paper, but under this was no cellular formation, and unless meant to relieve over-population, or keep the comb beneath the wood warm, it could only have been worked to exhaust superabundant energy.

As might be expected in so spirited an insect, there is some intelligence. For instance, I found that the shell's part, down which ran vein-like the twig suspending an "aërial" nest, was built immensely thick, although the same twig broke with the weight. When, too, a nest has been transported, a wasp leaving for the first time wheels before the entrance, taking the bearings so as to know its way back. Otherwise wasps, as well as having great pertinacity of purpose, seem to have considerable memory. Some days after a nest has been disturbed they take the offensive, without further provocation, on a person's approach. Yet deficiency of some sort is implied when the removal of a hive a yard or two, unless done with care, causes the separation and ruin of many wasps.

That wasps cherish their young undoubtedly comes of instinct; but when, in adversity, they show a like impulse towards their fellows, it is difficult to ascribe this to anything but real benevolence, a sentiment usually thought beyond the animal mind. I observed a wasp, whose nest was removed, on return from foraging, feed, by offering its mouth, those who crowded round. I also saw such a transaction between two which had settled on some stonework while their nest was blockaded. Nevertheless it appears that wasps do not on all occasions manifest such active benevolence. For some days I saw a wasp, whose wing seemed injured, standing at the entrance of a hive, where it tried to intercept those coming in, who, however, passed by. Was this wasp a beggar seeking food? If I remember aright, it soon disappeared, but in what way is more than I can tell. It appears also that when a nest is unprosperous wasps sometimes fall to cannibalism, though this seems exceptional.

In its bearing we must allow a wasp to be soldier-like, and in its character may we not almost allow it to be knight-like, when we reflect on the intense spirit, and even tenderness, which lie beneath its Sphinx-like features?

In its jaws a wasp is provided with an effective tool, and the use to which they are usually put forms a pleasing contrast to that of those of some of the larger animals. They work horizontally and transversely to its body's length. With them it rasps material, builds, scoops out earth, carries burdens, and does what fighting may be necessary. For the last purpose they seem to be in more frequent requisition than its sting, and that is used so seldom that I believe it not improbable, startling as this statement may appear, that many wasps may actually pass their lives without once protruding their stings; so that, when it is reflected how great a scourge wasps might become, having such formidable weapons, and how seldom they actually use them, their greatest hater, if he be candid, must allow them a favourable feature. Instead of this we hear, as an illustration of their virulence, of a horse and plough-boy being severely outraged; as if we should keep patient when our house was wrecked by a colossal plough-share!

Nevertheless, the sting is not impaired from lying by, but is always kept in readiness for use, and when its possessor is really irritated it attacks with excessive ferocity, though it is not usually either so pertinacious or so ready to take offence as is the bee. Nor does it use much discrimination in stinging, often fixing on the stick of the molester, and making no difference between him and an inactive stander-by. It may be remarked that a wasp cannot sting while on the wing, but must first settle, when it curves its tail, forcing its sting through the skin by means of the abdominal muscles. Hence the habit some persons have of killing the insect by clapping the hands. Its sting is not, like that of a bee, left in the wound.

Besides fruit, wasps are also fond of animal food, meat and flies; and when a wasp, coming into a room, finds meat or other food, it will bite off a little ball and carry it home, returning again and again. I have observed one carry off potato. It also feeds on blight—I believe, that species or consequence of blight known as honey-dew—and a bean-field, or sometimes a part of a hedge, swarms with wasps bent on this errand. They also suck honey from some flowers—those, for instance, of parsley and ivy.

Although it is hazardous to take wasps from the vicinity of their nest, they may safely be allowed to feed from the unprotected hand; indeed, while eating an apple two or three wasps together have settled on my lips, where I could feel the tickling of their tongues.

The working hours of wasps are very long, but at night they keep to the nest, save some which may have been belated, and these appear to return next morning. I have even observed wasps to throng home on the approach of a thunderstorm. At night the entrances of nests are always sentinelled, sometimes with a great many wasps, and never with such as are guilty of sleeping on duty. I have an idea that, when a single wasp so stationed is alarmed, it will fetch others from below. But for all this vigilance it is astonishing how flies gain access by day and deposit their eggs about the shell.

At home wasps are usually gathered in clusters, and seem to hold some sort of converse with one another through their antennæ.

Such is the information derived from observations undertaken rather for amusement than with any idea of advancing scientific knowledge, conducted without regular system, with imperfect appliances, and when I had no idea of intruding them on the public. Yet I hope that facts of sufficient interest have been noted to show that a community of wasps is a wonderful production of nature, well repaying study, and such as, under more technical methods of observation, might well render possible a volume by no means deficient in interest, both in the matter of text and of illustrations. It may also have been made clear that such communities, did they not interfere with his interests, might well deserve a better fate at the hands of man than is implied by the application of tar and paraffin. If, however, it be thought that I have dwelt with emphasis on its more remarkable points, with a view to softening popular prejudice against this insect, it may be well to state that I have given prominence to such features, merely to present what may be acceptable to the contemplation, and not to set more favourably in popular estimation what is at variance with popular interest; to do which would require greater eloquence than is at my disposal or that of others. At the same time, the thoughtful must marvel at societies of insects gifted with ingenuity, of untiring industry, of intense patriotism, tinged with mutual benevolence, and living, as far as can be seen, free from the discords which mar human societies; he must feel, too, that the great Cosmotect can hardly have made such insects, and taught them to work as they do, merely to give man something to destroy. It must be felt, further, that such societies by rise and wane are types of higher constitutions which follow a like course; for with the season's advance these paper cities are no more, nor their builders in the sphere of the tangible.

## NORFOLK ISLAND.

If a question were put, perhaps few could readily give the geographical position of Norfolk Island with accuracy. Fewer still could say what is the nature of its inhabitants, or offer any description of the island. This is not altogether surprising, for a solitary spot in the South Seas, seldom communicating with any of the nearest lands, is not likely to impress its history on the minds of the general public. And yet, for all this, we need only mention the name of the *Bounty*, and an interest is immediately aroused.

Four years ago it was my privilege to visit the island in one of Her Majesty's ships, on which occasion, although remaining only two days, I was afforded an opportunity of seeing and learning a good deal.

The Island is very small, about five miles long and three miles broad, but throughout almost its entire extent like a beautiful natural garden. Situated about 1,200 miles E.N.E. of Sydney, during the first half of the century it was used as a convict station in conjunction with the penal settlement in New South Wales, and it became only in comparatively recent times the home of the descendants of the *Bounty* mutineers.

It may not be out of place here to recall briefly the incidents of that tragic episode, which took place in the South Pacific at the close of the last century.

Late in 1787 H.M.S. *Bounty*, under the command of Lieutenant Bligh, sailed from England to obtain plants of the bread-fruit tree from the islands of Polynesia. On arrival off Tofoa, in the Friendly Islands, in 1789, a mutiny broke out headed by Fletcher Christian, the master's mate. Captain Bligh and eighteen men were forced to take their places in the ship's launch, some provisions were flung into the boat, and the mutineers sailed away in the *Bounty*. After an eventful voyage of 3,600 miles, Bligh and his boat's crew arrived at Timor, where their troubles and privations were soon ended, forty-four days after the outbreak of the mutiny.

The mutineers, twenty five in number, shaped their course for

Otaheite, where some of them were recaptured in 1791 by H.M.S. *Pandora*. Christian and eight others, however, taking Otaheitan wives, and accompanied by a few natives, sailed for Pitcairn Island, where they afterwards destroyed the *Bounty*.

A deadly conflict soon ensued between the Englishmen and the natives. Christian and four others were murdered, and their surviving comrades afterwards killed the Otaheitans in revenge. At last, in the year 1800, only one white man, John Adams, was left; and on him devolved the important task of educating the twenty-six children who had been born at Pitcairn. From this small number the community increased gradually, until in 1857 it was considered expedient to transport them to Norfolk Island, where there were more favourable conditions for maintaining a colony. A few families, however, preferred to remain at Pitcairn, and a small section of the descendants of the mutineers are still to be found there.

When the new settlers first came to Norfolk Island it was stocked with everything that they could wish. The New South Wales Government withdrew all the convicts, and care was taken to leave no one connected with the former administration whose presence might be construed as a reproach.

Every effort was made to provide a comfortable home for the newcomers, and to ensure that the island should produce all they required; but the character of the children and grandchildren of Christian and his fellows would lead us to conclude that they lacked that disposition to work which has been such a remarkable feature in the pioneers of our great colonies. Perhaps we must find the explanation of this in their semi-Tahitian origin, which may have transmitted to them the indolent nature of the Polynesians. At any rate, whatever the cause, the result has been that, in less than forty years after their occupation, the abundant resources of Norfolk Island have fallen into a deplorable state of neglect.

Since the death of their able minister and chief magistrate, Mr. Nobbs, about fourteen years ago, I understand that the condition of affairs on the island has been steadily on the decline. Under his good guidance the *morale* of the islanders was of a very high standard; but latterly the maintenance of good order and the punishment of misdemeanours of all kinds have been so faulty that the British Government has intervened to save the little colony from drifting further in the direction of lawlessness.

The appearance of the town of Kingston, where the chief settlement is, shows that little trouble has been taken to keep the buildings in a good state of repair. The old prison and houses of government



officials have been occupied by the *Bounty* community since their migration from Pitcairn, and their innate apathy and lack of industrial energy must be held partly accountable for the lamentable condition into which the dwelling-places have fallen.

It is a natural consequence of their origin that the islanders are all closely related to one another. This has perhaps contributed to render the management of affairs somewhat difficult, and lately the Government of New South Wales has placed the administration on quite a new footing, the island being now under the control of a resident magistrate, an officer from Sydney, who has no private connection with the *Bounty* community. Under this new scheme I believe the cultivation of the land will be supervised by the resident magistrate, and a land tax will be imposed to defray the cost of the local government.

One afternoon, during my stay, a cricket match was played between the islanders and the officers of the man-of-war lying in the bay. This afforded an opportunity of observing the manners and character of the former. It was not surprising to find that nearly every man one met proved to be either a Christian or a Quintal, and other names belonging to the seamen of the *Bounty*. They all speak good English, but with a listless intonation; and their Tahitian descent is strongly marked in their dark hair and dusky faces. In other respects both men and women are like Europeans; but, as mentioned before, it is impossible to help remarking a general carelessness of demeanour and indifference to the future pervading them all almost equally.

Some follow the whale-fishing industry, but this is not pursued all the year round, and maybe the employment recommends itself partly for that very reason.

Nevertheless, apart from this cheerful preference for an idle life, one must admit that on the whole these dark cousins of ours are singularly attractive people. They received my brother officers and myself with the utmost friendliness, and went out of their way to make matters pleasant. They all appeared glad to meet our party, and sorry that our visit to their island could not be prolonged.

On the following afternoon, with one of the Quintals as guide, and accompanied by several of my shipmates, I rode from Kingston to the top of Mount Pitt, the highest point on the island (about 1,100 feet above sea-level), whence a magnificent view is obtained. Looking down from this eminence the island impressed me as being especially beautiful. All around extends the mighty Pacific, lashing with its loud surf the shores of this unique little colony. If I may

borrow a phrase which one of our leading statesmen used not long ago in reference to quite a different matter, here indeed is an instance of "splendid isolation." "All alone in a wide, wide sea," the little island seems so self-contained and independent of the outside world that it would seem an ideal spot for any one desirous only of quiet and an opportunity of admiring the beauties of nature.

The road along which our guide conducted us lay for some distance through a grove of orange trees, the branches of which interlaced so closely that we were obliged to lie down over our horses' necks in order to pass through. The fruit grew in such profusion that as we rode we were able to pluck it from the boughs thrust so invitingly in our faces; and we fell to using the oranges as missiles wherewith to pelt one another until we emerged into the open.

The frequent occurrence of the pine which takes its name from the island adds greatly to the picturesque scenery of the landscape. Most of the land appears to be capable of culture. Fruit grows in abundance, principally oranges, but bananas and other kinds are also produced in large quantities. I was given to understand that for this little or no credit is due to the inhabitants; for the extreme fertility of the soil contributes to make the crop grow almost wild, and with moderate trouble the supply would doubtless be even more plentiful.

A few years ago the exclusiveness of the *Bounty* community as sole proprietors of Norfolk Island underwent a slight change, the Church of England Melanesian Mission being allowed to establish its headquarters on the island. There appears, however, to be little intercourse between the two sections of the population, and the Mission buildings are well separated from the *Bounty* settlement.

The Bishop of Melanesia was kind enough to invite the officers of the vessel in which I was serving to visit the Mission station, and I was thus enabled to see this section of the people of Norfolk Island.

Here a very different scene was revealed—boys, girls, and adult natives from nearly every part of the South Seas, all undergoing instruction and religious training. At the time of which I am speaking, I think there were over a hundred young natives in the charge of the Mission. The clergy sat down among them at tea late in the afternoon, and my brother officers and myself joined the party. We thus had an opportunity of seeing the effect of the civilising influences to which these islanders had been subjected. The result certainly augured well, as far as we could judge; I doubt if better behaviour would be found among any like number of youngsters of the same age in our country.

In the evening I attended divine service at the Mission Church

of the service. The service was conducted in the Mota language, the most convenient and the most convenient medium for all the tribes of the island to come under the influence of the Mission.

The songs were delivered heartily, and the singing was remarkably good. I was particularly astonished to learn that the German education had been carried so far as to produce a Melanesian organist who played the church music in a manner that would have done credit to any European.

The fervour exhibited by these people in their worship, and their extreme attentiveness to the discourse which followed, a sermon delivered in Mota, could not but fill an observer with admiration. It was a beautiful sight to witness, considering that in that church were some of the lowest specimens of the human race, men and women taken in many cases from savage surroundings and formerly brought up in an atmosphere of cannibalism and atrocities, but now converted to the Christian faith.

At the time of my visit the number of souls on the island (including the inmates of the Melanesian Mission) was about 700.

One of the things that impressed me most on Norfolk Island was a magnificent avenue of pines on the road leading from the Mission station to the town of Kingston. These were planted, I believe, during the time of the convict settlement. I rode back along this avenue by moonlight, when the road had a sublime grandeur about it that seemed to turn one's thoughts to the great work that was now progressing so favourably under the shadow of those giant trees, so different from the sad scenes of prison gangs that they must have witnessed in their early years.

The following morning brought my visit to a close, a visit so full of pleasant recollections that I hope I may some day be given another chance of seeing this lovely island. It is difficult to look upon such a spot without feelings of intense interest.

Although the home of a community whose near ancestors were guilty of the worst crime against discipline, this offence the British Government have long since condoned by their kindly attitude towards the islanders. Has it not also become one of the strongholds of our foreign missions to the heathen, a great and successful Christianising centre? In this latter respect, that is, in regard to the civilising influence it helps to spread over such a wide region as the diocese of Melanesia, this insignificant speck in a vast expanse of ocean is, but typical of that small island kingdom to whose dominion it belongs.

A NAVAL OFFICER.

*SPENSER'S GRAVE.*

Lo ! here the place for contemplation made,  
For sacred musing, and for solemn song.

WHEN Spenser died, the Muses wept,  
And all the mourning poets said,  
" Alas ! for poetry and romance,  
Her genius from the earth has fled."

And, looking in the narrow bed  
Of him they left to slumber there,  
Each took his pen and threw it in,  
To show the depth of his despair.

To symbolise that all was o'er,  
Forth from the earth all poetry fled :  
But Shakespeare stood beside that grave,  
And joined the ritual of the dead.

And as the music softly pealed,  
It whispered thro' those columns vast—  
" Poets may die, but poetry lives,  
Survives and breathes while Time shall last."

Can poetry die while Shakespeare lives ?  
Can genius die while God inspires ?  
No, unborn hosts shall yet arise,  
To sweep with power poetic lyres—

Breathing through all the daily life  
A light, a spirit, and a grace,  
Till life becomes a living thing,  
Saved from the low and commonplace.

While God reigns in His universe,  
The spirit of all poetry breathes ;  
And though the poets die, He keeps  
For other brows the laurel leaves.

ADELINE MARY BANKS.

*A MÆANDER.*

**L**ET us have no mæandering," quoth the old lady in the opening chapter of "David Copperfield," who carried a hand-basket, and won David's caul; and afterwards—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc*—escaped drowning, and died snugly in her bed, aged ninety-two. But tastes differ. Some folk like mæandering; some, even dry champagne. Nay, our German kinsmen—to judge from their banding phrase for Sardanapalian feeding—like oysters *with champagne*. On this side the German Ocean, epicures prefer to wash 'em down with chablis—Château-Yquem for choice—or, failing both, brown stout. Let us mæander! Just for once; if only to test the reader's power to brook it; even as, in a certain etching we wot of, Tipperary Pat, "a wearing o' the green," brandishes his shillelah, and bids a Belfast organ-grinder: "Play us up the 'Boyne Water,' jist to see if I can stand it."

To begin, then—we wonder whether the old dame who bought David's caul for five 'bob,' and paid 'em in ha'pence, less five—which she refused to pay in spite of Cocker—knew that, in banning *that* mæandering which filled her teapot with the liquor that she loved, she was using the name of that corkscrew river of Asia Minor first mentioned by Father Homer, and flowing to this hour, as corkscrewy as ever, under the somewhat altered name of Minderch. The wonder is not quite idle. For learning goes clad in gingham as well as in silk; and scraps of it pop forth sometimes from the unlikeliest lips. Yea, and some patrician lips might curl with scorn at the information that "Pat" is but "patrician" worn to its stump; and that "mæander" yielded "maunder," "cordial" "caudle," "paralysis" "palsy," while "Beata Ecclesia" shrank to "Beebles" the modern name of a Suffolk township, once famous for its church, and later linked with the memory of Crabbe.

Whether there be a tittle of firm foundation for the popular faith in the luck of the caulborn, we will not take upon us to decide. But physiologists affirm that the caul is but the crown of the eggshell-like membrane which enfolds every mother's

son of us ere we plunge head foremost into life, and which most of us leave behind us, though a small minority bring it with them, as if ready helmeted for life's battle. May this similarity between a favoured few of featherless bipeds and chicks that burst the shell, and go trotting to and fro with a chip of it sticking to their pates, betoken a superior dose of energy in the caulborn that helps 'em in the fight? We know not and decline to dogmatise on matters beyond our ken. This we know—that the only wight warranted caulborn we ever rubbed shoulders with always lost at cards, never once deviated into a sound investment, and gave the bulk of a fair fortune, painfully compiled for him by his thrifty forefathers, to a gang of bubble-company-mongers, leaving the wreck of it to be scrambled for by his half-witted children after it had been duly trimmed and sweated by a rogue of a solicitor, whom they trusted to the last as staunchly as their sire had trusted the other sort of shark. Hence our faith in the luck-bringing power of cauls is slight.

But a proverb current in ancient Greece, and somewhat musty now, warns us that one swallow does not make a summer. True; and caulborns are rare birds, so wise women tell us; and we shall put faith in their verdict till some expert statistician has burnt a tun of midnight paraffin in fixing the yearly average of caulbairns, and proved it 10 per cent. Meanwhile, let them be but one in ten thousand, we acknowledge the possibility that some reader greatly favoured by chance may boast a broadish circle of these sports of nature among his kinsfolk, friends, and acquaintances, and be able triumphantly to overthrow our scantily based belief in the ill-luck of these hooded babes. Nor can we deny that the contrary belief still prevails in France, where *naitre coiffé*—whose primary meaning is, to be born with a caul—has almost doffed that meaning, and come to mean exclusively "to be born lucky." Still we venture to suggest to Mr. Serjeant Pulling—whose "Order of the Coif" now shines in the booksellers' windows—that David Copperfield has a *primâ facie* right to be deemed a born member of that venerable Order, now so small that it may well be glad of a recruit who may be reckoned a host in himself. And let not the reader object that common serjeants are not born but made, though this be true even of *the* Common Serjeant. Not all truths are fit to be spoken.

That David Copperfield's literary father shared the popular superstition touching the luck innate in cauls we can hardly suppose, seeing the pains he took to quell the popular superstition in the unluckiness of Friday. Still we may observe that good luck attends David Copperfield from the first chapter to the last. True, he did

never loved his first love, nor his second, nor his third. What wight ever I is? But though so far unlucky, if that be unluck, he won and wedded his Dorra; and she died in the nick of time to save him from the ending of her sickness and to enable him, while still young, to wed the only woman who had "loved him all her life." Hence, without taxing Dickens himself with a belief in caul-luck, we see in David's caul no mere casual incident, but a deliberate artistic touch, meant to strike the keynote to the music of his prosperous career, and at the same time to "please the people," like the cuff Mrs. Noah dealt her lord and master in the old miracle play of "The Flood," of which I am anon. With the like aim Micawber, caulless from the first, no doubt, and hairless in the end, is made to break his lifelong ill-luck in England by "striking oil" the moment he sets foot in Australia. To persons familiar with the fate of middle-aged emigrants and transplanted forest oaks this borders on the miraculous, and prompts the *incredulus odi* of Horace. And yet, as one cannot help feeling a twinge of pity for the worthless Falstaff turned adrift by his old boon companion Prince Hal, enthroned, so one cannot help rejoicing that the worthy Micawber ends his days in clover. Wildly improbable! Ay, we know. But the heart has its claims as well as the head; and, spite of our better judgment, we here catch ourselves siding with the people, and with the writer who deigns to please them. We pause, for we find ourselves standing giddy on the brink of a disquisition on the mission of the novelist. "And that way madness lies." Meanwhile we may safely remark that, whether the pleasing of the people be a lawful aim or not, others have travelled in that direction miles further than Dickens. When one reads Hamlet's counsel to the players, one can hardly forbear asking: "Did your maker always scorn to tickle the ears of the groundlings?" Why, even Spenser did this, and might plead that his master (Chaucer) far outdid him in this regard. But we have in view a more **flagrant** example. One of the Canterbury pilgrims—the miller, we think—speaks of

The sorwe of Noë with his felowship  
Or that he might get his wife to ship—

an obvious allusion to the afore-named miracle play of "The Flood," which naturally piqued our curiosity to learn more of this said "sorwe," whereof one finds not a trace in Genesis. But the play contains a lengthy scene, which begins with Madam Noah's plump declaration that "for all her husband's frankishfare"—**frenchified** doings in building the ark—"she will not do his bidding," and ends with an altercation between the pair, full of *proleptic anachronisms*

and sterling old English. In answer to his invitation to her to embark, she scornfully replies :

Yea, sir, set up your sail,  
And row forth with evil hale,  
For, without any fail,  
I will not out of this town.

*But* (unless) I have my gossips every one,  
One foot further I will not go'en,  
They shall not drown, by St. John !  
An I may save their life,

They lovèd me full well, by Christ !  
*But* (unless) thou wilt let them into thy chist,  
Row forth, Noë, whither thou list,  
And get thee a new wife,

Then son Shem undertakes to "set her in without any fail." She resists. Ham says : "Shall we all fetch her in?" Noah gladly assents. Japhet begs her to "come into the ship for fear of the weather, for *his* sake that you bought" (the Redeemer). Dame Noah, however, declines to budge an inch unless shiproom is found for all her gossips. One of them now uplifts her voice :

The flood comes on full fleeting fast,  
On every side it breadeth in hast ;  
For fear of drowning I am aghast.

(*To Noah*) Good gossip, let me come in.

Dame Noah interposes ; they must drink ere they depart, "for"—to her lord and master, with a palpable hit at his besetting weakness—

For, at a time, *thou* drinks a quart,  
And so will I, ere that I go.

Here Shem deems it high time to use force, since entreaty so wholly fails. Accordingly he carries her bodily into the ark, where Noah greets her with a "Welcome, wife, into this boat." She returns him a slap in the face, with a "Have thou that for thy mote." He exclaims, "Ay, marry, this is hot!" And so the scene ends, though the play runs on for another good half-hour, and winds up with a long set speech from Jehovah himself.

In the plays founded on New Testament history the liberties taken with the Gospel narrative are still more startling to an ear wont from earliest childhood to regard the Bible as a holy book. But, penned and acted by Churchmen, they were never meant—need we say!—to cast ridicule on the teaching of the Church, but to enforce it by appealing to men's senses with a power far beyond



that of mere words: "In pageants set forth *apparently* to all eyne,' as the prologue to the Chester series of Miracle Plays expressly declares; and proceeds to crave pardon for "intermingling, only to make sport, some things not warranted by Holy Writ, to glad the learners"—in other words, to please the people. We note, in passing, that Tasso begins his "Jerusalem Delivered" with a kindred apology for adulterating historic truth with fiction; and, in so doing uses almost the very words wherewith Lucretius, sixteen centuries before him, sought to justify the garnishing of the Epicurean philosophy with the flowers and the melodies of verse, in his splendid poem, "De Rerum Naturâ."

As the authors of the Miracle Plays did not shrink from bringing God Himself upon the stage, 'tis a matter of course that they should make perfectly free with the Devil. They did; and also with Herod, who, by the by, was ever swearing by Mahound—that is, Mahomet, born *only* six centuries after Herod died! When Hamlet says he would have the ranting player whipped for out-heroding Herod, he purposely exaggerates for the sake of rhetorical effect. For no player that ever lived could out-herod the Herod of the Miracle Plays—the only Herod Shakespeare *then* had in mind; the stage Herod of Shakespeare's boyhood; who boasts that he made both heaven and hell, and claims cousinship with the one great god—Mahomet to wit—and defies all the other powers on earth, or above, or under it.

Compared with him, the Prince of Darkness seems pale and tame; yet it needed an actor with a good pair of lungs and plenty of life to play the Devil effectively enough to please the people. For the Devil was essentially a popular character; as he is, we believe, to this day in the Land o' Cakes, where an old dame has been heard to chuckle over the lift given him by the New Testament revisers, by "pitting him into the Lord's Prayer." So long as the Miracle Plays retained their vogue, many a man could brag of having played the Devil, in the strictest sense of the phrase. Thus the Poticary in John Heywood's "Four P's" exclaims:

For, as good hap would have it chance,  
This devil and I were old acquaintance,  
For oft in the play of Corpus Christi  
He hath play'd the Devil at Coventry.

From a list of payments we learn that a "good" Devil would receive as much as eighteenpence, when the Herod of the piece took three and fourpence, in consideration, no doubt, of the enormous strain upon his energies. Not only in verse, but in plain prose, the

phrase occurs in an Elizabethan pamphlet, which tells how a certain John Adroyns "played the devyll" in a play exhibited at a market-town in Suffolk, and fared homeward after dusk in his "devyll's apparel" for lack of other clothes. His way home lay through a cony-warren belonging to a neighbouring squire, and there John caught—good heavens!—the vicar of a church hard by, with sundry other unthrifty fellows, stealing the squire's conies. Conscience makes cowards of us all; and the moment the poachers spied what seemed the devil himself, they took to their heels and left John master of their horse, nets, and stolen conies. John confiscated these, leaped on to the horse, rode straight to the squire's dwelling, and knocked at the gate. Out came a servant and opened it; but the moment he spied the mounted devil he sparr'd the door, hasted back to his master, and swore that the devil was at the gate and "would in." The marvelling master sent another servant, who speedily returned with the tidings that the devil indeed was at the gate, astride a horse "laden with souls," and "belike he is come for *your* soul. Purpose ye to let him have it? An' if he had your soul, I ween he would be gone." Thereupon the gentleman, mightily abashed, sent his chaplain with book, candle, and holy water, and as many servants at his heels as could muster up pluck enough, to parley with Old Nick. And the chaplain charged him in the name of the blessed Trinity to say wherefore he came thither. "Then John Adroyns, in the devyll's apparel, seeing them begin to conjure after such manner, said, 'Nay, fear not me, for I am a good devyl. I am John Adroyns, your neighbour in this town, and he that played the devyl to-day in the play. I bring my master a dozen or two of his own conies that were stolen, and *their* horse that stole 'em, and for fear ran away.' And when they heard him thus speak, by his voice they knew him well, and opened the gate and let him come in. And so all the foresaid fear was turned to mirth and disport."

If inclined to moralise, one might here enlarge upon this proof that familiarity with the stage Devil had by no means bred contempt for the genuine enemy of mankind in the hearts of our Elizabethan forefathers. But mæandering, not moralising, is our present game. May we pursue it a little further? Some fifty years ago folk were often bidden to go to Bath or Putney or Jericho. Why to Bath or Putney we cannot for the life of us imagine; and the reader who thirsts to know must please inquire elsewhere. But on the origin of "Go to Jericho" we can shed a ray of light. The reader may perchance remember that the "vulgar little boy" of the "Ingoldsby Legends,"

when bidden fetch some beer, turns upon the bidder and bids him "go to Jericho and fetch the beer himself." But that's not the *source* of the saying. For in the forementioned play of the "Four P's"—to wit, a palmer, a pardoner, a poticary, and a pedlar—penned some 300 years before the "Ingoldsby Legends"—the palmer's boasting of his pilgrimage to Palestine and elsewhere is thus cut short by the pardoner :

Why, at your door, myself do dwell,  
Who could have saved your soul as well  
As all your wanderings wide could do,  
Though ye went thrice to Jericho.

But not to mislead the reader, we warn him that, were our reading wider and our memory less sieve-like, we should in all likelihood be able to trace this saying to a far more ancient source. For folk fared to Jerusalem, and some to Jericho, long before the first Crusade, undertaken—in 1096—with the avowed object of saving the pilgrims to the Holy Land from the claws of the Saracens by ousting them therefrom. Nor is our caution superfluous. In these days, when numbers hold the creed that English literature began with Dickens, a notion prevails that the exclamation, "What the dickens!" was born of his name. To be sure, it was. And that's the reason why we find it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." If the reader distrust this logic, let him consider that Shakespeare was a seer, and, as such, foresaw the birth of Dickens two hundred years, less three, after his own death. Thus foreseeing it, when, at Queen Elizabeth's request, he wrote the play which shows us "Falstaff in Love"—the Queen's own words—he said to himself, "Now I've paid the sweetest of compliments to her Grace in my 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' This time I'll pay a handsome compliment to my Victorian successor." It cost him but a stroke of the pen. And that stroke he made in the second scene of the third act of "Falstaff in Love," where Ford asks Mrs. Page whence she got her brand-new page boy, and she answers: "I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of." Now, if the reader can find it in his heart to knock down this beautiful theory, he need but read back a whit beyond his Shakespeare; we warrant him he will soon find proof in plenty that Shakespeare was not so great a seer as we have made him in our waggishness, and that "What the dickens!" is no coinage of his.

Were we better read we could do the trick ourselves; as we are, we can but show how easily it might be done. Everybody knows the current phrase, "the Queen's English," and may readily guess it to be but an adaptation of "the King's English," which went out

when William IV. went out over sixty years ago. But when came it in? We cannot say. But the reader may find it cheek by jowl with "What the dickens" in the "Merry Wives," which, though written under a Queen to please a Queen, plays itself—need we add?—under a King—the fourth Henry. Hence Dame Quickly's exclamation is true to date when she says of her master, the French physician Dr. Caius, "If he find anybody in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the *King's* English." Would there were no new abusing of it! But that is past praying for, and our present aim is to show that "the *King's* English" was no coinage of Shakespeare's, but current coin before he put it into Dame Quickly's mouth. Unhappily, we have mislaid our reference to the passage in Gosson's "Schoole of Abuse" which—published in 1579 when Shakespeare was but fifteen—would amply prove our point. Will the indulgent reader for once "take our word for it," and, pending further amends, accept this instalment of our debt? While searching for Dame Quickly's needed utterance—which occurs act i. sc. 4, first sentence—we stumble on another, which explains how a *Notes and Queries* inquirer came to imagine Dame Quickly the author of the saw, "Every man at forty is a fool or a physician." She says to Master Fenton (act iii., end of sc. 5):—"This is my doing now. 'Nay,' said I"—to the parents of sweet Anne Page—"will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton! This is my doing." Ay, but Slender was the fool she had in mind; and Caius, the physician. And she *should* have said "or," and so disjoined the rival wooers, whose parents could not well throw their Anne away upon both. Only, Dame Quickly *was* Dame Quickly—a buxom go-between and gossip, not a grammarian; and Shakespeare makes her speak the half-brained language of her tribe. But we would fain deal gently with our *Notes and Queries* gentleman. He may, for once, have missed Shakespeare's drift. But he reads Shakespeare, and that in itself gives him a title to our esteem. Meanwhile, one grand help to the thorough understanding of the king of poets is to read the works of his contemporaries and his forerunners. In one of these works—the forementioned "School of Abuse"—we lighted on a passage, which we beg to tender to our readers in further discharge of our debt. The passage runs:

"God hath now blessed England with a Queen, in virtue excellent, in power mighty, in glory renowned, in government politic, in profession rich; breaking her foes with the bent of her brow, ruling her subjects with the shake of her hand, removing debate by diligent



this holds good especially of German, where they think light of cutting a compound verb in two, beginning a league-long sentence with its tail, and ending the sentence with its head. We enjoy the far from unmingled advantage of possessing a smattering of that terrifying tongue, thanks to a three years' school course of it under a tip-top master, and an average four hours a day of assiduous toil at it during the last seven years. The result of all this conscientious endeavour to "rub up" our German is not—even after making due allowance for our native sluggishness of brain—sufficiently encouraging to lead us to counsel a fellow creature to begin German at sixty, as Cato began Greek. For ourselves, spite of our early training and after study, we cannot even spy a German newspaper without a qualm. Books! Ay, if well written. But "there's the rub." Few modern German books are well written. One is safe with Schopenhauer. Nay, far be it from us to warrant his philosophy. That were impertinent alike in the old sense of the word and in the new, and exceedingly unsafe to boot. We mean no more than that the best judges of style among born Germans—some dissenting *toto celo* from his teaching—admit his style to be masterly, and his choice and use of words exquisitely nice. But Schopenhauer died in 1860—as good as a hundred or a thousand years ago to Miss and Master Up-to-Date with their lordly scorn of dates, those eyes of history, yea, and of biography, to fusty old fogeys born in the year One. Treitschke, too, the Macaulay of the Fatherland, though he plays some few pranks with his mother tongue that would have stirred the bile of Schopenhauer, may be read with comparative impunity. But, on the whole, it seems to us, so far as we can judge, that the German language is now in as bad a plight as the English. In a worse it could hardly be, say a few sage lovers of their dear old mother tongue.

As to your "Mastery Series"—Prendergast's or any other—we put no more faith in them than we do in old Ollendorff. Not a year passes but some new shortcut to language-learning crops up, only to be succeeded by some brand-new rival equally futile. "They have their day and cease to be." The wonder is that folk should buy them. And yet, why speak of wonder? Who can reasonably wonder at the folly of mankind; who expect them to learn that there is "no royal road" either to geometry or any other branch of knowledge? In plain English, these shortcuts, like the leaden razors in Peter Pindar's ballad, are "made to sell," and sell they do, in more than one sense of the verb.

Yes, the Germans certainly do seem to pick up English more

readily than we Britons pick up German. By which token we remember meeting a son of Germany at Venice some years ago. He was quite a young man—not more than twenty-five at most—a traveller for some large firm of corn merchants in Vienna. He and we began our intercourse in French, but finding that—thanks to our deficiency in colloquial French—we made but little headway, he suddenly suggested, “Suppose we try English?” “With all my heart,” said we, and at it we went, when we quickly discovered, to our shame, that, if he didn’t speak English quite so fluently as we, he showed a far deeper and more accurate knowledge of Shakespeare. So, “thinks I to myself,” if this be a fair average sample of your German bagman, ’tis high time our British bagmen began to bestir themselves, else their German compeers will beat ’em all along the line. Meanwhile, ’twas some slight comfort to us to read t’other day of a German playwright and actor who shared our young bagman’s admiration for Shakespeare, yet refused to learn English that he might read him in the original. “What!” he exclaimed to the friends who urged him to the task; “would you have a fellow study a language that spells a word ‘ass’ and pronounces it ‘donkey’?” ’Tis something to have found *one* German who confessed himself baulked by the vagaries of our mother tongue.

As to what little knowledge we possess of this tongue—tell it not in Gath, dear reader! but a word in your private ear—we have gained almost all that little within the last six or seven years. True, our poor mother used to give us a hint or two, when, for instance, as a boy, we employed such Dickensese as “Is that the individual you allude to?” or “Quite convalescent”—a phrase, by the by, that somehow or other crept into the *Times* t’other day. A newspaper editor must have the sleepless eyes of an Argus to detect such bulls, and the hundred hands of Briareus, all armed with quills, to exclude them from his fold. And, talking of the *Times*, we may add that to that journal we owe a debt which we feel bound to acknowledge. ’Twas a brother barrister on the staff of the *Times* who—in the most courteous manner possible—taught us the right use of the verb “to appreciate,” namely, to appraise, to set a *just* value on; not, as almost all the ruck of writers and speakers now imagine, “to approve of,” “relish,” &c. But our literary debt to the *Times* doesn’t end there. Some eighteen years ago we happened to be smoking a cigar and drinking a cup of coffee in a public room, where a clerk in the cash department of the Thunderer chanced to be talking to a group of his acquaintances, when we suddenly overheard him say to one of them, “Events don’t *take place* in the *Times*; they *happen* or

occur!" We pricked up our ears at this pleasing manifestation of *esprit de corps*, and made a mental note of it, which has fathered a great many other notes, in a certain row of manuscript books we wot of, endorsed "The Queen's English." In those books five or six pages are filled with extracts from Hooker, Butler, Swift, Dryden, Atterbury, Hume, Dr. E. Nares, and other good men and true, showing that they invariably used the verb "to take place" as synonymous with "to take precedence," "to prevail." Thus Hooker: "Religion"—meaning the Christian religion, the only religion Hooker recognised—"did first take place in cities." To be sure! Else where were the sense of calling non-Christians heathens—heath-dwelling folk, aloof from cities? Or pagans *pagani*? in which word one may clearly read the word *πάγνα*, Doric Greek for spring-head. Near such a source of one of the two prime necessities of life—water—a hamlet would naturally grow up; and the first meaning of *paganus* was hamleteer. But the hamleteers would be sure to cling to the old gods long after the people of Rome and Athens had forsaken them for the higher and less fleshly faith of Christ. Inevitably, then, the word hamleteer (*paganus*) would take on a secondary meaning—"non-Christian"—that would, and did, gradually oust the first; till "pagan" came to denote a non-Christian, and nought else.

The Hooker passage occurs in the "Ecclesiastical Polity," vol. v. p. 80. And now if you'll turn to "Hudibras," Pt. I. canto iii., you'll read:

In all the trade of war no feat  
Is nobler than a bold retreat;  
For those that run away and fly  
Take place at least of the enemy.

Doubtless they go before the foe, and in that sense take precedence of them.

If you'd like another Butlerian sample of the right use of "take place," you'll find it in Pt. I. canto ii. of the poem:

For when a shin in fight is cropt,  
The knee with one of timber's propt,  
Esteem'd more honourable than th' other,  
And takes place, though the younger brother.

So in Shadwell's "Don John"—Don Juan—Jacomo exclaims: "Nay, good gentleman, I know myself better than to take place of men of quality." And in Boswell's "Johnson," ch. 18, we read that the great Panjandrum of lexicology "refused to go out of a room before



Dr. Marshall saying, he hoped he knew his rank better than to presume to take place of a Doctor of Divinity."

If you wish for more, more is at your service. Cicero, you remember, once penned the jingling hexameter, "Cedant arma togæ, cesset laurea lingue"—thus Englished by E. G. Puttenham in his "Art of Poetry," dedicated in 1559—no—'tis Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse," published just ten years earlier, who thus Englishes Cicero's line: "Let guns to gowns and bucklers yield to books;" in other words, give place to them. But Dryden, "Cymon and Iphigenia," line 302, makes his hero exclaim to his conquered foe:

Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain;  
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain.

He puts the case converse to Master Cicero's. But will the reader permit us, while about the business, to clench the antithesis between "take place" and "give place" with this couplet from Gay's "Hare with many Friends"?—

And when a lady's in the case,  
You know all other things give place.

A fairly early example, by the by, of the now hackneyed phrase, "A lady in the case." For, born in 1688—Revolution year—Gay died in 1732, to the deep grief of his own many friends.

We not only mæander, but yaw in our mæandering. 'Tis true. But so long as the reader doesn't yawn over our yawing, little reck we while it pleases us to show how thrice and four—nay, fifty times right was the *Times* to eschew the modern abuse of this excellent phrase "take place," and to teach its clerks to eschew it, leaving them at their pleasure to spread the good seed broadcast, if haply it might fall on ground not altogether stony. Here's a crop—at least of quotations—all sprung from that one small seed sown a score of years ago, haphazard, in a smoking-room. A crop! Nay, rather, a mere sample of a crop. For the bulk we must refer you to those unpublished notebooks aforementioned, even as Gibbon caught himself in the "bull" of referring the prospective readers of one of his early treatises to his manuscript memoranda. See his autobiography.

We know, alas! too well, that the *Times* has since forsaken its first love. *Ecce signum!* "The funeral of M. Jules Simon took place." "The death took place on Saturday of Mrs. Percival."—*Times*, June 15, 1896. It were surely simpler to say "M. Jules Simon was buried;" "Died on Saturday Mrs. Percival." But we

don't despair. The *Times* may yet return to its first love, according to the French proverb, *Nous revenons toujours à nos premières amours*. Heartened by that adage we raise our head, and hope takes place of wanhope.

The reader will marvel at the audacity of a mere tiro who never opened Trench's "English Past and Present" till some six years ago, when he bought it for sixpence from a bookstall, thus plunging into the sea of word-lore. But we are not so rash as we may seem. Please observe that we take good care to keep within our depth, whither all may safely follow us if they will. Could we but persuade our "even Christians," and the crowd of ladies young or—but whither is our pen straying?—'twill plunge us into hot water soon unless we keep a tight rein on it—could we but persuade the faithful and the fair to say "inkling" instead of "idea," we verily believe 'twould materially lengthen our days, if not to the age of Methuselah, yet to the modest two centuries fixed by Schopenhauer and Dr. Ray Lankester as the normal life span of the Aryan in northern climes. Picture it! Think of it! O ye fair and O ye faithful! By merely substituting one homely English dissyllable for a Greek trisyllable, what a boon you might confer on science by thus indirectly establishing the truth of Dr. Lankester's reasoning! Image to yourselves a shouting crowd pointing to the living proof of the Doctor's thesis, and crying, "Yonder he goes, the two-hundred-year-old 'un!" You may not live to witness the rich fruit of your slight concession to us and to the shades of Schopenhauer and Archbishop Trench (pardon that we put ourselves first; you know that in the adage a live dog takes place of a dead lion). No, your life may give place to death before the crowning of our day-dream. But what then? The vision may soothe your last hours. A man does not live for himself only. Even the drunken Drysdale, in "Tom Brown at Oxford," buried the college plate by way of "providing for poshterity." And *you*, fair gentlewomen, will have done your best to preserve the word "idea" from further degradation, and the word "inkling" for your great-granddaughters.

If any reader object to our using so many Latin words when homely English equivalents are at hand, we meekly answer, with our elder and our better, the late William Morris, though they are at hand we daren't use 'em, because—thanks to the penny-a-liners—sterling English is now a foreign tongue to the main body of the English people; and we are loth to cut ourselves off from the chance of being understood by any individual member of that august body into whose hands our mæandering might perchance mæander.

And what of the poor word "esquire"? Baron Gurney said from the Bench some fifty years ago: "Every man who isn't a gentleman has a right to be styled Esquire." Doubtless, the word is the old French *escuyer*, and came hither with those French-speaking Normans whom we call Normans. Further, it bears its meaning on itself; *escu* is shield, and the ending denotes "bearer;" the *escuyer* himself being he who carried the knight's shield when not needed for present use. In modern French the *s* gives place to the accented *é*, the accent standing for the dropped letter, as the circumflex in *été* stands for the old *s* in *teste*, a mere modification of Latin *testa*, a cask. If you ask how "cask" could come to mean head, the explanation is not far to seek. "Cask," sometimes spelt "casque," was the name of the warrior's headgear; and from headgear to head is an easy leap. In modern French *écuyer* means jockey. And the old English chroniclers, Hall and Holinshed, speak of a coin called a shield, doubtless from the shield or *écu* stamped on it. How *écus* came to be Englished "crowns," we cannot say. The true English rendering is evidently that of the chroniclers—to wit, "shields."

Men have their fads. One faddist correspondent of ours lately begged us never to "esquire" him again. We heard and obeyed. His petition pleasantly reminded us of the floating story of the coal-heaver who to an over-polite person that dubbed Mrs. Coalheaver a lady, replied, with an emphatic clenching of the fist, "I'll trouble you in future to call my wife a woman." Would we could truthfully add that he added: "It pleases she, but it hurts me."

PHILIP KENT.

*BESIDE THE WANTSUME.*

WHEN the wearied citizen moves eastward to breathe the invigorating air which gives the neighbourhood of the North Foreland its charm, he may easily overlook the fact that the Isle of Thanet is an island still. As the railway carries him smoothly into Birchington, the channels which he crosses appear to be the merest ditches, cut to drain the marsh, and each spanned by a single arch. And if he travels round the rest of the popular line of watering-places—Westgate and Margate, Kingsgate, Broadstairs, and Ramsgate—and then doubles back to Canterbury, or turns southward and makes the circuit of Pegwell Bay towards Sandwich and Deal and Dover, he seems to be crossing nothing more than the course of an ordinary river. But the Stour tells its own tale, if we note its course. Almost reaching the bay, on the level marsh which the railway traverses, it turns aside and winds on to Sandwich and then returns again, and after four or five miles of wandering it comes within a few yards of its upper stream, so near that a sluiced cut is necessary, to connect the two channels and at the same time to keep them separate, for otherwise the people of the old Cinque Port would assuredly lose their river. You cross the cut, and may see the big sluice, if you go by the high road to Sandwich from Ramsgate, and a mile below that point the river empties itself. There is a village called Stourmouth, but it is not here. It is up in the heart of the country, midway between Ramsgate and Canterbury; nearer, in fact, to the north coast by Birchington than to Pegwell Bay and the mouth of the Stour which we see now. St. Nicholas-at-Wade is an inland village not far from Birchington, telling that there was a wade or ford into the island at this point; and Chislet, still further inland, implies an islet of chesil or shingle in the channel. The dykes that run between those villages are outlets by which some of the waters of the Stour are still carried northward. In old days its estuary reached westward nearly to Canterbury; for Fordwich, almost under the walls of the city, was a wick or creek which the

W Vikings knew on a fiord or inlet of the sea; and Sturry, close by it, was a "Stour-eye," an islet of the Stour. The old Stourmouth, therefore, opened upon the centre of a broad channel which once cut off the Isle of Thanet entirely from the mainland. There was no need for vessels to run the risks of the North Foreland and Foreness point, for they could pass through from our Pegwell Bay, and enter the mouth of the Thames just below Herne Bay, as readily as they can pass at the present day along the Solent.

The channel was a wide one, and was known to the Saxons as the Wantsume. Venerable Bede, early in the eighth century, gives us his description of it; and though he wrote at the other end of England, in his monastery of Jarrow on the Tyne, we can nevertheless depend upon his statement, since his chief assistant in the compilation of his history was Albinus, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Peter and St. Paul at Canterbury. He tells us that "the island of Tanatos is towards the eastern part of Kent, of no small size, that is, large enough to contain six hundred families, according to the English custom of reckoning. The river Vantsumu, which separates it from the mainland, is about three stadia in breadth, and is fordable in two places only, for each end extends into the sea." Already, therefore, it was beginning to be silted up, for there were two places where it could be forded. The Romans had found it convenient for a haven, and had called it Rutupia.

There were smaller islands about the southern entry of the channel, and one of them almost survives in the Goodwin Sands. It was still an island in the days of Edward the Confessor, when it was owned by the famous Godwin, Earl of Wessex, and acquired his name. Previously the Romans had called it Lomea; and on it, and on smaller islets near it, they had grown the lettuce and endive, the pulse and lentils, which always formed an important part of a well-served Roman dinner. Now, and long since, the garden-beds have lain some feet beneath the waves, and the sunken island has become a terror to the mariner and the goal at which many a good ship has finished her last voyage.

The vegetables of the islands were not the only luxury that the Romans obtained hereabouts. The channel of Rutupia was famous above all for its oyster beds. It was to them what the creeks of the Colne about Colchester have become to modern England; and they had the skill to convey the oysters alive to their own capital. Juvenal satirises the fat and feast-loving Montanus, who, he says, had known the midnight revels of Nero's reign, and was the most accomplished diner of his day, with a special cleverness for oysters: "Whether they

were natives of Circeii or of the Lucrine rock, or of the Rutupian sea-bottom, he was able to discover from the first bite."

The Romans protected this channel with two strong fortresses, the one at Reculver, on the angle of the mainland at the northern end, the other at Richborough, the city of Rutupia, on another island at the southern end. At Reculver, or Regulbium—where, probably, one Raculf had settled in early times on what the Romans already knew as the "Saxon shore" of Britain—the Roman buildings are almost swept away. Only a few portions of the ancient walls, built of flint and pebbles, are to be seen now; and the church, with its relics of that primitive time, occupying the centre of the square, was pulled down a century ago because the sea was undermining it. But its twin towers and spires, familiar to Margate folk, were taken over by the Trinity House as a valuable landmark, to be protected against further injury. Yet less than four hundred years ago, as we learn from Leland the antiquary, the sea at this point was half a mile away. It has encroached as rapidly on this northern side as it has receded on the southern.

At Richborough—Retesborough was its proper name—the massive walls of the camp are still standing, overgrown with ivy, and enclosing some six acres of arable land, where the tourist finds fragments of ancient pottery and now and then a coin; and the inevitable oyster-shells of a Roman settlement are lying about in plenty here. The camp stands on no island now, but on a knoll of rising ground with clumps of trees about it and cultivated fields on the slope behind it. The cliff of its front is buried in earth and underwood, and the railway runs along its foot, while the lengthened meandering of the Stour passes twice through the broad plain which stretches out to the present sea-beach.

Passing northward from this sometime island of Richborough, you cross what was the south-eastern mouth of the Wantsume channel. Before you is a rich pasture-land, with stunted shrubs here and there to break the dead level, until the ferry brings you across into the high road, and you presently reach the southern spur of Thanet. Shady lanes and hedgerows and cornfields are sloping upward on the left, and the chalk cliff is beginning to rise upon the right to form the great sea-wall of the island. Here is the historic Ebbsfleet. Once it was known as Hypwinesfleet, perhaps from some Saxon chieftain; but either form of its name tells that it was a tidal stream or inlet. Down to the twelfth century it was still a little port; now it is well inland. Here, as we learn from the Saxon chronicle, Hengist and Horsa landed with their pirate band in the

of the island of the century; and although the Saxon freebooters had long before been ravaging our coasts, yet it is from this period that we date the beginning of the great conquest.

The Britons were then dispersed about the island. The Britons of the south and west defended themselves against their fierce neighbours from the north, and says Bede: "it seemed fitting to all, together with King Mearca, that they should summon to their aid the assistance of a nation from the parts beyond the sea." Then follows the name of the two brothers, Hengist and Horsa, of whom Horsa, after being killed in war by the Britons, has unto this time a memorial in the western part of Kent with his name inscribed on it." They were only the first leaders of multitudes who "vied with each other in pouring into the island," until "it began to abound in numbers of foreigners, so that they were a cause of terror even to the Britons themselves who had invited them." At first the newcomers fought against the Picts; but very soon they began to make treaties with the foe and to turn their arms against their allies. The result is graphically described by the historian: "Public as well as private buildings went to ruin; everywhere priests were slain among the cities; the princes and the people, without regard to rank, were alike destroyed by fire and sword, nor were there any to give burial to those who were cruelly slain. Some of the wretched remnant were caught and slaughtered in heaps upon the mountains; others, worn out by famine, came forth and surrendered themselves to the enemy for the sake of receiving supplies of sustenance, dooming themselves to undergo perpetual slavery, if they were not immediately slaughtered; others, in grief, sought countries beyond the sea; others, abiding in their own country, led in fear a miserable life among the mountains or woods or lofty rocks, with minds always full of mistrust." Very fitly, then, did the two chieftains who first landed at Ebbsfleet claim to be descendants in the fourth generation from Woden, the god of war.

It was at Ebbsfleet also, when nearly a century and a half had passed, that other strangers landed to bring back the lost Gospel of peace and restore the Christian Church in these lands. In the year 597 came St. Augustine with his fellow monks and choristers, forty in all, sent as missionaries by St. Gregory from Rome. The tale is an old and familiar one; but it will always bear the telling. Gregory himself, some few years before, had been walking in the streets of Rome, and had passed among the buyers and sellers in the slave-market. He noted the varied aspects of their victims—dark-skinned and dark-eyed faces from the nations about the Mediterranean, and

others still darker from more distant parts, and black visages of African negroes; while, in striking contrast with all these, "some boys were put up for sale of a white body and fair countenance, and with hair of remarkable beauty." Some adventurous dealer had brought them from Northumbria. Bede tells us the conversation that followed between the monk and the slave-dealer. Gregory inquired from what land they came, and was told that it was the island of Britain, where all the people were fair as these. He asked of the religion of those islanders—were they Christians, or were they Pagans still? And hearing that they were Pagans he sighed for grief: "Alas, that the prince of darkness holds men with such faces of light! that outwardly there should be so much grace and no grace within! And what is the name of their nation?" "They are Angles." "That is well! angels' faces have they, and they are fit to become fellow-heirs with angels! What is their province called?" "It is Deira." "And that is well! *De ira Dei*, from the wrath of God they shall be saved! But what is the name of their King?" "Their King is called *Ælla*!" Then *Alleluia*! In those lands should be sung the praise of the Lord." Gregory could never forget those Angles, and going at once to the Pontiff who occupied the chair of St. Peter he prayed that a mission might be sent to bring them to the faith, offering himself to undertake the task. The Pope was willing to grant him the permission, though the citizens of Rome would not spare him; and thus, when he had collected some companions for the journey, he started with a divided mind. They had come but a little way from the city; Gregory's eye was fixed on the open breviary from which he was reciting the Psalter, when a locust settled on the page. His love for playing upon words came in again and suggested an explanation. "*Locusta*," he thought: "what is its meaning? *Loco sta!* stop at this place!" While they hesitated they were overtaken by messengers from the Pope demanding their return, for a mob had attacked him in St. Peter's Church and the presence of Gregory was needed. A few years later the plague carried off Pope Pelagius, and Gregory himself was chosen to fill the vacant throne. But the English were still on his mind, and recollecting the boys in the slave-market he bethought himself that the nation might be reached through slaves like these. Candidus, a presbyter, administered his affairs in Gaul; and Gregory commissioned him to purchase a few Saxon boys under eighteen years of age, whom he would instruct under his own eye in Rome, so that in due time he might raise them to the priesthood and send them back for the conversion of their countrymen. But the plan was disap-



perhaps the boys were slow to learn, while the zeal of Gregory was eager; and he resolved to find the missionaries among the Celtic clergy.

Augustine was prior of the monastery of St. Andrew, which Gregory himself had founded in his own family mansion on the Glaston Hill, and of which he had himself become an inmate when he renounced his worldly wealth and dignities; for Gregory was a senator, and had been prætor of the city. It was fitting that the mission on which his heart was set, though he could not himself fulfil it, should be sent from this place; and thus the prior and some of his monks were chosen. Their departure is portrayed on the wall of the chapel in an almost obliterated picture. Courage failed them when they reached the Alps; the journey through Gaul would be full of dangers, and the eventual mission beyond seemed unpromising. Whether Augustine himself shared such fears or not, his companions persuaded him to return to Rome and beg leave to desert from the enterprise. But Gregory would not yield; and when exhortation failed he insisted with an authoritative command. He smoothed their way at the same time by letters to the Frankish princes, begging protection for them, and to the Frankish clergy, begging that some would join them as interpreters. And thus at last it came to pass that the Christian mission landed on the Kentish island.

Ebbsfleet is a hollow of the hill-front, once just above the sea-beach, but now a grassy nook with a spinny of trees on one side and a group of farm-buildings on the other and the railway line passing above. Once there was to be seen a rock upon which the saint was said to have first set his foot on landing, and there was a fancy that the print of his foot was still to be seen upon the stone, and a further fancy that if any dared to move the stone it would speedily return to its position. And now that this has passed away there is to be seen instead of it the tall granite cross set up by Lord Granville, the late Warden of the Cinque Ports, and inscribed with a record of the event. For England must not suffer her sons to forget the spot where the old religion of the Briton came back again after the Saxon had expelled it from these lands, and whence there has grown up through these thirteen centuries the great and glorious fabric of English Christianity.

The "pure river of water of life" was to flow freely through the land as the result of St. Augustine's coming. And a streamlet running a short distance from his landing-place seemed to symbolise those crystal waters. Probably it was from this streamlet that the

saint first quenched his thirst when he left his vessel. Then there was good reason, both from fancy and from fact, to call it "St. Augustine's Well;" and we cannot be surprised at the legend which has been engrafted on it. The missionaries, says the legend, were thirsty, and asked the islanders for water; but it was refused. The staff of their leader was the symbol of a power which was to pour forth the Living Waters; surely, therefore, it was equal to an emergency in which merely natural water was needed. The saint struck that staff into the ground, and at once the streamlet rose. Both the spiritual and the natural waters flowed on together thenceforward.

Times and circumstances favoured the missionary. The king who ruled the Jutes of Kent was no mean prince. He was Ædilbert, or Ethelbert, of the dynasty of the Ashingas or sons of the Ash-tree, naming themselves from the badge of some heroic ancestor who claimed descent from the sacred Ygdrasil. Ethelbert was recognised now as the Bretwalda, the wielder or sovereign lord of Britain, to whom all the Saxon princes south of the Humber owed allegiance. His power was strengthened still more by his marriage, for his queen was Bertha, daughter of Charibert, King of the Parisians. She was a Christian and of a Christian family, descended from Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks, who had been baptised, together with three thousand of his warriors, at Rheims, just a hundred years before. The examples of Bertha and of the Bishop Liudhard, her chaplain, showed the faith of Christ in a favourable light to those around them. The Franks, moreover, had advanced in prosperity, and success in warfare had not forsaken them when they forsook the worship of Woden, the war god. It is even said that the men of Kent had already appealed to their Frankish neighbours across the sea to send teachers who would tell them of their faith; and Gregory blamed them much that they had not responded to the appeal.

When, therefore, Augustine sent his messengers to Ethelbert, announcing that he had come to his kingdom from Rome to bring to such as would accept it the promise of joys beyond this world and eternal life with God, there was every reason why the king should receive the message without disfavour. By his reply he permitted them to remain where they were until he should decide upon his course, and provision was to be made for their immediate needs. Within a few days he consented to meet them. What was the place of meeting at which Ethelbert first received them? Bede seems to have understood that it was on the island where they landed, in

and as the king crossed the Wantsume to Ebbsfleet or to some other place in Thanet. But it is commonly thought, and with good reason, that the foreigners were allowed to cross over to the main island, and that the meeting-place was beneath the walls of Richborough Castle. Perhaps we may suppose that the king first sent his messengers to meet them at the further place, and then, when he had satisfied himself that no danger was to be feared from them, he came in person to meet them at the nearer place. But it was to be in the open air; for the king's old superstition made him fear lest they should work spells of witchcraft if a roof intercepted the pure light of heaven.

And Richborough, as well as Ebbsfleet, retains its memorials of the great missionary. Some traces of the ancient chapel of St. Augustine are still pointed out, abutting upon the north wall of the castle; and for ages St. Augustine's cross has been marked upon the centre of the enclosure, corresponding, it is said, with a cruciform chamber beneath the ground, to which the long subterranean passage, familiar to visitors, is supposed to have afforded an entrance. Here, then, under the grim wall of Richborough, we are to picture the memorable scene: the king was seated on a chair of state, with his rude Saxon guard around him, and moving towards them, singing a solemn litany of supplication, was the company of Italian monks, with Lawrence who should be second Archbishop at Canterbury, and Peter who should be first abbot there, and the lofty figure of Augustine himself rising over them, while before them were lifted the great silver cross and the picture of Christ painted on a panel to form a banner.

So Ethelbert bade them sit before him while he listened to their statement of Christian doctrine. His reply was generous and statesmanlike. Their words and promises, he said, were fair, but they were new to him, and he could not consent to give up the old religion of the English; yet he was convinced that their purpose was good, and he would have them treated with hospitality and kindness, nor would he cause any hindrance to the preaching of their religion.

The king bestowed upon them an abode in the chief city of his realm, the Burg of the Cantwaras, or, as Bede calls it by its older name, Doruvernis. There was an old church of St. Martin outside the wall, where once the Christians of the Roman-British days had worshipped. Here also Queen Bertha and Bishop Liudhard worshipped, and it was now assigned for the worship of the new deities. Solemnly they approached the city, carrying the cross and the Saviour's image, and chanting in those old Roman tones

which had been a special object of Gregory's skill and care, and which were thenceforth to bear his name. It was a chant of mingled supplication and praise; the same prayer in which Daniel had pleaded for the desolations of Jerusalem: "We beseech Thee, O Lord, according to all Thy mercy, let Thy anger and Thy fury be turned away from this city and from Thy holy house, for we have sinned;" and they added to it a triumphant "Alleluia."

On the Feast of Pentecost, June 2, 597, King Ethelbert was baptised. No convert of influence like his had been added to the Church since Clovis had brought over to it the Frankish nation a hundred years before; no other such since Constantine the Great had brought over the Roman Empire. The king's example, and the simple life and earnest preaching of the monks, led to the baptism of ten thousand Kentish men in the river Swale, near Sheerness, on the following Christmas-day. Augustine, with Pope Gregory's approval, crossed to Gaul and was consecrated bishop of the English by Virgilius, Archbishop of Arles. Thus the English Church had fairly started on her course.

The shores of the Wantsume will supply us with illustrations of the growth of the Church as well as of its beginnings. Within two centuries of St. Augustine's time there arose a saint whose fame almost eclipsed that of the first archbishop in this district. St. Mildred was a granddaughter of the heathen Penda, whom her Christian parents sent to France to be educated in religion by the Abbess of Chelles. She landed at Ebbsfleet on her return to England, and the spot upon which St. Augustine had set foot became afterwards still more renowned as that upon which she had trodden, the mysterious footprint became St. Mildred's, and the rock which bore it was called St. Mildred's rock.

Minster, a mile above Ebbsfleet, is known to the traveller as the junction whence the railway branches off southward along the eastern coast; and close to the station is the magnificent village church with its early Saxon relics and tiers of Roman bricks in its western portion. Westward, still on the verge of the old Wantsume Channel, is Monkton, with its church of considerable interest and its village stocks, and other relics of the past. The two manors of Minster and Monkton divided the island between them, and still you may trace across it from north to south the boundary bank known as St. Mildred's lynch. For St. Mildred became the second abbess of the monastery of Minster, the remains of which are now an attractive-looking old manor house near the church. She succeeded her mother Domneva, who seems to have given her name

to the neighbouring hamlet of Dumpton; and this is the story of the founding of Domneva's house early in the eighth century. King Egbert, her cousin, desired her forgiveness for the murder of her brothers and his usurpation of their kingdom; and the gift that she asked was a grant of land in Thanet, as much as her tame deer should encompass in a day's course. Tunor, who had done the evil deed for the king, crossed the deer's path to turn her aside, but the ground gave way and he fell into one of the hollows of the chalk rock which abound in the island—the pit dwellings, it has been supposed, of some primeval race. Men thought that the earth had opened and swallowed the evil-doer into the innermost abyss by a miracle of divine vengeance. So the deer finished her course, and two-thirds of the isle became the nun's heritage.

Eventually the two manors became divided for the most part between the two great monasteries of Canterbury. Minster was appropriated to St. Augustine's by King Canute, and Monkton had been given by Queen Edgiva to the monks of the Cathedral Church of Christ. The one house vied with the other in doing its utmost for the benefit of its vassals; and hence we find the island studded with its numerous granges and manor houses, each with fortified gateway or half-ruined chapel or well-built granary, and its humbler cottages enriched with tall gable and ornamental brickwork, denoting the old prosperity of the days when the monks made England merry—just as now the wealth of London pours itself into the infirmaries and orphanages and convalescent homes of Thanet, whither the sick and suffering may come to meet the health-giving breezes of the ocean.

Other missions, from various starting-points, took up from time to time the work which had been begun at Canterbury. The Church of England was only made by the coalescing of the different churches of the English kingdoms and of the older church of the Britons with them; and almost all of these had been laid at first upon separate foundations. It has indeed been urged that, as events proved, Augustine should rather be called the Apostle of Kent than the Apostle of England. Yet it may not be forgotten that Kent was then the foremost part of England; and the conversion of the Kentishmen and their king was the first step, and a very long one, towards the conversion of all the English. It is fitting that the Lord Lieutenant of Kent, in these modern days, with the earnest co-operation of Augustine's ninety-first successor, should have obtained possession of the venerated site of Augustine's meeting with King Ethelbert, and that Richborough should be

treasured as a sacred monument of the beginning of English Christianity. When the large number of bishops who derive their episcopal descent from Augustine met for their decennial conference in 1897, it was fitting that they should make pilgrimage to Ebbsfleet and Richborough to commemorate the thirteenth centenary of Augustine's coming. Very earnestly, as we know, the Archbishop looked forward to that gathering of the bishops from the ends of the earth, when he hoped to "receive them close to the place of Augustine's landing, in that giant Roman castle where the first Christian Englishman reigned." But suddenly and peacefully the Archbishop was gathered to his fathers within a few months of the meeting that he looked for. None the less, his works do follow him; and the duty of presiding over the great assembly fell to the lot of another worthy inheritor of the ancient dignities, the ninety-second successor of St. Augustine.

JOHN EDWARD FIELD.

*THE COMIC IMMORTALS:  
A COMPARISON AND A CONTRAST.*

**I**F I were asked to name the three finest comic characters that human genius has yet familiarised to the imagination of mankind, I should unhesitatingly select Sir John Falstaff, Don Quixote, and My Uncle Toby; and though the decision of such a question must be, to some extent, a matter of individual taste and predilection, I think few competent judges would be found to cavil at my selection. Some, perhaps, would be inclined to advance the claims of Sir Roger de Coverley and Parson Adams, or to "hark back" to Gargantua and Pantagruel and the earlier Rabelaisian humour, which, for all its filth and foulness, its dirt for dirt's sake, shines through the ages with an undimmed lustre. But, for me at least, the trio I have named will always stand pre-eminent, forming, as it were, the upper hierarchy of the Comic Immortals. He who has once become acquainted with these unrivalled intellectual creations has increased the number of his associates by three delightful beings, who will never leave him while he breathes the breath of life. They are not like the sketches of ordinary nature or of mere manners that we generally meet with in the pages of fiction, and which, for the most part,

Come like shadows, so depart.

The majority of modern novelists perplex us with shadowy shapes that leave no trace behind them, but these three characters are as distinct to our apprehension as living creatures, and have an individuality founded upon general nature that renders them equally intelligible and delightful to all times and nations. It is strange that no critic—or none to my knowledge—has thought of bringing into contact and comparison these masterpieces of comic genius. What a subject it would make for a symposium by, say, Professor Dowden, Mr. Henry E. Watts, and Mr. Charles Whibley, with their special insight into and keen appreciation of the respective characters! I offer the suggestion to any editor who will accept it. **Meanwhile I**

must content myself, if not the reader, with my own imperfect remarks and illustrations.

It is interesting to remember that Shakespeare and Cervantes were contemporaries, and that they finished their mortal career upon the same day. The prolific Lope de Vega, who has been called the Spanish Shakespeare, flourished about the same period; but though a successful dramatist, he was not so nearly allied in genius to our own great poet as Cervantes. It is true that Lope de Vega was a better playwright than the author of "Don Quixote," but he stands considerably lower as a man of genius. As a dramatist Cervantes was singularly unsuccessful. He is a striking illustration of the strange truth that a man may display a rich dramatic invention in a romance or a novel, and fail utterly in writing for the theatre. In later times some of our greatest novelists have shown that the order of mind which supplies a prose fiction with dramatic scenes and characters is not precisely the same as that which produces and adapts a picture of human life for representation on the stage. Effects for the stage must be painted with a bolder hand than effects for a novel. There is as much difference between writing a play and writing a novel as there is between painting a "back-cloth" and painting an ordinary picture. The novelist excels chiefly in description and narration, the dramatist in dialogue and construction; and though we often see fine dramatic *materials* in a well-conceived novel, there is rarely at the same time that unaccountable skill or instinct or intuition—call it what you will—which is displayed by the genuine dramatist in making the several creatures of his brain develop their own peculiar characters by their own speech and action. In the same way we are sometimes puzzled at finding all the elements of genuine poetry in a prose romance by a writer whose brain seems as barren as winter the moment he attempts a regular poem. It would lead me too far from my present purpose if I were to make any attempt to account for these well-known facts in the world of letters.

We have reason to know that Cervantes could not have written plays like those of Shakespeare; but it is quite certain that he has produced a comic character as perfect in its way as old Jack Falstaff himself. It has probably, indeed, given pleasure to a much greater number of readers. The author was neglected, but his book was extremely popular from the moment of its publication, eight or nine years after the appearance of the first and second parts of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth." Though Cervantes was suffered to languish in poverty and neglect, it is said that Philip III. was



delighted with his romance, and was fully aware of its popularity. The story runs that one day, standing in a balcony of his palace, Philip perceived a student on the bank of the river reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead and bursting into fits of laughter. "That man," said the King, "is either mad or reading 'Don Quixote.'" Some courtiers went out to satisfy their curiosity, and found that his Majesty had made a happy guess, the student being actually engaged in reading the adventures of the valorous Knight of La Mancha.

It is melancholy indeed to think that a man who has given so much delight to mankind should have died in beggary. But his was no uncommon fate in an age when literature was little better than a parasite on the patronage of the great. We have changed all that in these days of syndicates and literary agencies. Now the tendency is all the other way, and the author's calling is fast becoming a business pure and simple. With the aid of Messrs. Watt and Colles, or their Spanish representatives, a Cervantes of to-day would be able to build a very substantial "castle in Spain" out of the proceeds of his serial rights, his royalties, his interviews, and the sale of his American, colonial, and foreign copyrights, with an occasional reading tour in the States for change of air. Whether a "Don Quixote" produced under such conditions, at the rate of so many thousand words per week, in sickness and in health, according to contract made three years previously, would be the same "Don Quixote" we know and love, is a question we will not stop to consider.

It is quite possible that Shakespeare himself had held his sides over the ludicrous misfortunes of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, for English literature in the time of Elizabeth was rich in translations from the continental languages, and it is very unlikely that so famous a work as "Don Quixote" should have been neglected by the linguists who supplied the English literary market with foreign rarities. At all events, we may be certain that no one would have relished its humour with a greater gusto than he who introduced into the world the delightful Jack Falstaff.

There are as many striking points of opposition between Sir John and Don Quixote as if they had proceeded from the same brain, and were expressly intended to illustrate each other upon the principle of contrast. Sir John is all plumpness and merriment —

The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.

The hero of La Mancha is a mere anatomy, and has a presence as sad and solemn as a mute's. The one is uniformly cheerful, the other uniformly solemn. The one is absorbed in sensual delights,

and abhors the remotest idea of pain or danger; the other voluntarily endures the pangs of hunger, and exults in the severity of his trials. The humour of the one character consists in the transformation of the sublime into the ridiculous, that of the other in the exaggeration of the ridiculous into the sublime. Falstaff turns the weightiest business of life into a jest, and Don Quixote converts the dirty sluts at the doors of miserable inns into radiant princesses at the gates of stately palaces.

Sir John Falstaff is a gentleman by birth and education, but his principles are destroyed by a preponderance of the animal propensities. Don Quixote is also a gentleman, but under the most humiliating circumstances he preserves the best attributes of that character unimpaired. Falstaff is a coward and a liar, but the knight of La Mancha is brave and honourable. Sir Philip Sidney, the pattern Englishman, is not a truer hero or gentleman. His solitary imperfection is an obliquity of mind on a single subject. He is on all other points as sane and judicious as could be desired. Even this one imperfection is occasioned by an excess of generous impulses, the credulity and extravagance of a noble nature. It is better to mistake an inn for a castle than to turn the world into a drinking den. Falstaff's life is that of mere flesh and blood. It is shared by the lower creation. His intellectual powers evaporate in a witticism, but his sensual propensities are pampered and gratified to their utmost capability of enjoyment. Falstaff has no love for women beyond the sensual; Don Quixote's is pure and ideal. Even their corporeal frames are in keeping with this contrast of character. Falstaff is a mountain of flesh—a horseback breaker. Don Quixote is mere bones and armour, that when struck seem to rattle in unison. Starvation is scarcely a hardship to him; he has no flesh and blood requiring nutriment. Even the miserable Rozinante finds his master a man of no substance. Falstaff would crush the poor animal to earth.

Sir John Falstaff and Don Quixote equally excite our mirth, but the former is not only the cause of wit in others—he is witty himself and relishes a joke; whereas the latter never smiles. Nothing but his wit and good-humour saves the English knight from absolute contempt, and nothing saves the Spaniard but his virtue and valour. We as often laugh *with* Falstaff as *at* him, but Quixote never shares the joke. He gives it up to us entirely. The humour of the Spanish romance, with a characteristic national bias, depends chiefly on the solemn gravity of the knight and the simplicity and phlegm of the squire. The more grave and austere is Quixote, the more the reader

gives way to his uncontrollable laughter. Some of the incidents in the romance are so filthy that they would turn our stomach if they did not shake our sides. If Don Quixote and Sancho had themselves laughed when they vomited over each other, the reader's feeling would have been that of pure disgust. It is their extreme gravity and distress that provoke our mirth.

But though there is more wit than humour in Falstaff, and no wit and infinite humour in the character of the lean Knight of La Mancha, it would not be right to say that Shakespeare's creation excels in wit alone. This would be poor praise indeed for the greatest of all dramatists. Wit is infinitely below humour, because it may be possessed by a coarse and limited capacity, and by one who, with a certain kind of ready talent, has no pretension to genius. A mere writer or utterer of witticisms does not stand particularly high in the scale of intellectual excellence. But true humour is generally associated with a fine intellect, great delicacy of observation, and a feeling for the pathetic and sublime in art and nature. There is as much humour in the delineation of Falstaff as in that of Don Quixote, with the addition of a lavish display of wit.

Cervantes, in the character and adventures of Don Quixote, has contrived with matchless art to give an air of reality to the most hyperbolical descriptions and the most extravagant adventures; and while he ridicules the fantastic follies that have been committed under the banners of chivalry, he never lets us cease for a moment to love and esteem all that there is of true nobleness connected with it. Shakespeare, with kindred skill, has compelled us to love what is really lovable in the fat knight, notwithstanding his gluttony, and cowardice, and falsehood.

Let me give a few illustrations of the character of Falstaff. I have spoken of his cowardice, but he is, perhaps, not so much a coward from mere constitutional timidity as a coward on reflection—that is to say, he prefers a safe life and a cup of sack to the chances of death and glory. Though not indifferent to glory, he is too much of an epicurean to risk substantial pudding for empty praise. He never seems to want presence of mind, even in the midst of danger, and, though beset on all sides, he retains sufficient coolness to give utterance to the most ingenious witticisms. There is no point of Falstaff's character more delightful than his surprising readiness and self-possession, which make us forgive or extenuate the lies and rogueries that call upon him so frequently for the utmost exertion of his wit and ingenuity. In the celebrated scene in which "eleven men of buckram grow out of two," on being asked to explain

how he could distinguish the men in Kendal Green when it was so dark, according to his account, that he could not see his hand, the reader or auditor is surprised and delighted with the happy equivocation :

POINS : Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

FALSTAFF : What, upon *compulsion*? No ; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion ! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

When the Prince, after all the Knight's boasting, convicts him of cowardice, and reminds him how he ran and roared for mercy, and inquires : "What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?" he throws his querist quite out again with a most felicitous excuse : "I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters : was it for me to kill the heir apparent?"

Another remarkable and most amusing trait in Falstaff's character is the manner in which, with a consciousness of its absurdity, he accuses others of those particular sins and imperfections which are his own most prominent characteristics. Thus, after the affair at Gadshill, he accuses the Prince and others of cowardice—"A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too ! marry and amen !" So when he joins in the attack on the travellers he calls them *gorbellied knaves, fat chuffs, bacons*. In the same spirit he utters self-complaints and accuses himself of a melancholy disposition. "A plague," he exclaims, "of sighing and grief ! It blows a man up like a bladder !" as if he forgot, or wished others to forget, that his size was to be attributed to a very different cause. In reply to the reproofs of the Chief Justice, he has the laughable impudence to say, "You that are old consider not the capacity of *us that are young*;" and when asked if his broken voice, amongst other infirmities, was not sufficient indication of old age, he pleasantly surprises us by asserting that he lost it with "singing of anthems."

This confession, by the way, would seem to support the recent "discovery" by an American critic of the real meaning of Dame Quickly's words when she told of Falstaff's death—"a' babbled of green fields." The discovery—which the American critic might have found any time these twenty years in a note in "The Library Shakespeare," edited by Samuel Neil, and published by William Mackenzie, 1876—is that Falstaff, prompted by the memory of childhood's lessons, was really repeating part of the twenty-third Psalm, in which occurs the passage, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

The explanation is so ingenious, and even poetical, that I am angry with myself for remembering that the words in question are not Shakespeare's at all, but a variation of Theobald's for the apparently meaningless phrase in the "Folio," which has, "His nose was as sharp as a pen and *a table* of greene fields."

There is, as we have already seen, as fine a contrast between Sir John Falstaff and Don Quixote as if they had been drawn by one master-hand. There is also a congeniality of conception in the characters of Falstaff and Sancho Panza, who, like the fat knight, is of the earth earthy, and has considerable natural sagacity and vulgar knowledge, though less wit and understanding than the Englishman. They both take a literal view of life and its enjoyments, both are harmless liars, and both in too good condition to be heroes. Cervantes, describing an innkeeper, takes occasion to intimate that excessive obesity—or, as Shakespeare would say, "three fingers on the ribs"—is not favourable to courage. The Spanish Boniface is said to be "a man extremely corpulent, and therefore inclined to be peaceable." Sancho had as little idea of the value of military honour as Falstaff, and thought with him that discretion was the better part of valour. He cares less for disgraces than for bruises.

Sancho and his master are in every respect distinguished from each other, both in mind and body; and even in those points in which some slight resemblance may be traced there is still stronger dissimilitude than likeness. There is, for instance, great simplicity of character in both; but the rustic simplicity of the squire is as different in quality and degree from the pure-minded simplicity of the knight, as the simplicity of Roderigo is from that of Othello the Moor. It is curious to observe how Don Quixote's superior though warped understanding, and his fine though disordered imagination, at last exercise a complete control over the literal mind of Sancho Panza. With all his shrewdness he is long before he discovers his master's madness, though he is such a frequent witness of his extraordinary mistakes. His master's conversation is so manifestly superior to the suggestions of his own mind that he is half inclined to distrust the evidence of his senses, and to believe the knight is less mistaken than he appears to be. He makes little doubt of obtaining the governorship of the island promised by Don Quixote, and comforts himself with this expectation even when he is suffering from the clubs of the Yangesian carriers. The conversation between Sancho and the woman at the inn where he and his master put up after the pummelling is highly characteristic:

"What is this cavalier called?" quoth the Austurian Maritornes. "Don Quixote de la Mancha," answered Sancho Panza; "he is a knight-errant, and

one of the best and most valiant that has been seen this long time in the world." "What is a knight-errant?" replied the wench. "Are you such a novice that you do not know that?" answered Sancho Panza. "Then learn, sister of mine, that a knight-errant is a thing that, before you can count two, may be cudgelled and an emperor; to-day he is the most unfortunate creature in the world, and to-morrow will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire." "How comes it then to pass that you, being squire to so worthy a gentleman," said the hostess, "have not yet, as it seems, got so much as an earldom?" "It is early days yet," answered Sancho, "for it is but a month since we set out in quest of adventures, and hitherto we have met with none that deserve the name. And sometimes a man looks for one thing, and finds another. But if my master, Don Quixote, should recover of this wound or fall, and I am not disabled thereby, I would not truck my hopes for the best title in Spain."

Let us now turn to Sterne's Uncle Toby, who has as much simplicity as Sancho Panza himself, but with an infinitely finer nature. A higher compliment cannot possibly be paid to the fine genius of Sterne than to associate My Uncle Toby with Falstaff and Don Quixote. It would be preposterous overpraise to compare Sterne as a man of genius with Shakespeare and Cervantes; but the single character of My Uncle Toby would not have been unworthy of any comic writer the world has yet produced. It does not, indeed, exhibit the fertility of imagination and strength of hand that are displayed in the conception and embodiment of Falstaff and Don Quixote; but it is touched with traits of humour that have never been surpassed in delicacy and truth. No slight portion of the humour in the characters of the two knights depends upon their external appearance. It is not so with Sterne's Uncle Toby.

There seems to be in all humour a principle of strong contrast, which causes a painter of manners to throw in his points of opposition as freely as an artist distributes his light and shade upon the canvas. Falstaff's exuberance of animal enjoyment and huge rotundity of form are brought into striking contrast with Justice Shallow, who is "like a man made after supper with a cheese-paring, and who, when he was naked, was for all the world like a forked radish with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife;" and the knight has a still more exquisite foil in Silence, who "had been merry twice and once ere now." In the same manner the spare knight of La Mancha is set off to advantage by the proximity of Sancho; and nothing can be more humorously at variance than the restless and speculative spirit of Mr. Shandy and the imperturbable temper of My Uncle Toby. The calm simplicity with which My Uncle confounds his metaphysical brother with some reply to his fine-spun speculations, as far from the point as Falstaff's replies to the Chief Justice when the knight affected deafness, is inexpressibly diverting.

But exquisite as is the humour displayed in the delineation of My Uncle Toby's character, it is not the point of the picture that is the most precious. It is his unaffected goodness of nature that leaves the strongest impression on the mind amidst all his amusing eccentricities. His courage and gentleness, his unconscious superiority to all mankind in purity and tenderness of heart, and his unboastful patience under suffering, are the qualities that so endear him to the reader. It has been well said that his character is a compliment to human nature. Had his head been equal to his heart, he would have been almost like a god; but it is by no means certain that we should have loved him better. He is the very personification of benevolence. He has not the heart to retaliate upon a fly :

"Go," says he, one day at dinner to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last; "I'll not hurt a hair of thy head! Go," says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape; "go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? The world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me."

He cannot even curse the father of all evil :

"I declare," quoth My Uncle Toby, "my heart would not let me curse the Devil himself with as much bitterness." "He is the father of curses," replied Dr. Slop. "So am not I," replied my uncle. "But he is cursed and damn'd already to all eternity," replied Dr. Slop. "I am sorry for it," quoth My Uncle Toby.

Some one—I think it was Boswell's Bear—has said that no man would eat a slice of plum-pudding the less on account of the death or affliction of his dearest friend. Let us see how My Uncle Toby receives the story of the distress of a perfect stranger. The passage occurs in perhaps the most pathetic episode that was ever written, the story of *Le Fevre* :

"Has he a son with him, then?" said My Uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has to be almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him; the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim is a kind of Sancho Panza to this gentle Quixote, but as much surpasses his brother squire in the qualities of the heart as his master surpasses the Knight of La Mancha, who was nevertheless by no means ordinarily gifted as a man of virtue. The two masters are equally desirous to make their servants comfortable; but it is curious to observe that Don Quixote is unable to suppress a reference to his condition as a gentleman, while My Uncle Toby thinks exclusively of

the convenience of his faithful adherent. Both servants are disposed to decline availing themselves of their masters' kindness, Trim from pure respect, and Sancho, with characteristic selfishness and vulgar cunning, because he thinks he shall enjoy himself better in taking his meals alone :

My Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard—I say, sitting, for, in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when My Uncle Toby dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand ; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such that, with a proper artillery, My Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him ; for many a time when My Uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together.

Let us contrast the above with the account of Don Quixote's condescension to his squire in the goatherd's hut. Perhaps in a finer dwelling and in a finer company he would have been less complaisant :

The knight sat down and Sancho remained standing to serve the cup, which was of horn. His master, seeing him thus stationed, said to him : “ That you may see, Sancho, the intrinsic worth of knight-errantry, and how fair a prospect its meanest retainers have of speedily gaining the respect and esteem of the world, my will is that you sit here by my side, and in company with these good folks, and that you be one and the same thing with me, who am your master and natural lord ; that you eat from off my plate, and drink of the same cup in which I drink ; for the same may be said of knight-errantry which is said of love, that it makes all things equal.” “ I give you my most hearty thanks, sir,” said Sancho, “ but let me tell your worship that, provided I have victuals enough, I can eat as well, or better, standing, and alone by myself, than if I were seated close by an emperor. And farther, to tell you the truth, what I eat in my corner, without compliments or ceremonies, though it were nothing but bread and an onion, relishes better than turkeys at other folks' tables, where I am forced to chew leisurely, drink little, wipe my mouth often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind, nor do other things, which I may do being alone and at liberty. So that, good sir, as to these honours your worship is pleased to confer upon me, as a menial servant and hanger-on of knight-errantry, being squire to your worship, be pleased to convert them into something of more use and profit to me.”

Sterne's merits as a humourist are too well known and too highly appreciated to need the enforcement of criticism. His faults, and especially that of plagiarism, have been perhaps a little too strongly insisted upon. I do not wish to discuss the ethics of plagiarism, but it would be well to remember, when Sterne is brought forward as an “ awful example,” that he errs in very good company, and that few of the great ones of literature are proof against this same charge of



plagiarism. Shakespeare is far from immaculate. Like Molière, he "took his goods where he found them." The British Museum can produce a very damaging *pièce de conviction*, if I may so term it, against the Bard of Avon, in the shape of a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays." That Shakespeare had read it to some purpose is very evident. To take but one instance, Gonzalo's ideal republic in the "Tempest" is simply a passage from Florio's version turned into blank verse. Sterne himself has been drawn upon by Mr. Rudyard Kipling for his famous phrase, "But that is another story." My own idea about plagiarism is that it is justifiable when a contemporary writer is not injured, and when the plagiarism is an improvement on the original. This is generally the case with Sterne's borrowings. It may be said of him that he plagiarised nothing that he did not adorn, and on this must rest his claim to our forgiveness. If further extenuation be needed, has he not given us My Uncle Toby? and all that is best in that exquisite portrait is Sterne's own.

J. B. HADLEY.

## A HERO-KING OF NAPLES.

ALFONSO of Aragon, so extolled and wellnigh worshipped by his contemporaries, and who succeeded, during more than forty years, in keeping one corner of Europe resonant with his name and fame, has almost passed into the list of forgotten celebrities, even in the land where his deeds were mightiest. So much is changed in the scene of his exploits; dynasties and rulers, the face of nature, and the aspect of man's work thereon; country and town are alike so transformed, that one can scarcely wonder that the great monarch is so little remembered in his former kingdom.

Until the improvements commenced in the Naples of to-day bring, as is intended, more plainly into view the most imposing memorial of Alfonso's fame, the portal erected in memory of his entry into the city, it will be still almost hidden by the insignificant buildings which have been suffered to grow up around it. A statue, unworthy of the man it represents, has, indeed, a place in one of the so long empty niches of the Royal Palace, while the few enterprising explorers who penetrate into a narrow tortuous street in the heart of the old city will be rewarded for so doing by the discovery of an almost unknown life-size statue placed above a fountain.

Gazing at these two monuments after a perusal of the old chronicles, some shadow of the figure, once so full of life and energy, seems to rise before us; and, after making due allowance for enthusiasm on the part of those old historians, many of whom were personal friends of the King, we still find ourselves carried away by the force of his splendid personality and inclined to re-echo and confirm their praise.

Versatility, as has often been remarked, was a distinguishing feature in the culture of the great men of the *cinquecento*. Nowadays a man may be deemed happy if he attain to eminence in any one field; in those times, before becoming conspicuous, he must shine in almost all. Alfonso was no exception to this rule. In an age of brilliant warfare and daring generalship, his military exploits alone would have sufficed to make the fame of most men. At the same time, his protection of learning was noted for discernment,

constancy, and profound understanding. Nor did he, amid the din of battle and sieges, or the learned seclusion of the study, ever lose interest in the practical questions of government or the welfare of his subjects. That he should have thrown himself with all his heart and soul into the task of raising and improving his kingdom of Naples is the more remarkable, since his first appearance there was more the result of a fortuitous combination of circumstances than of any intention on his own part. But whatever he took up he carried out thoroughly in all directions.

Some uncertainty prevails as to the exact date of Alfonso's birth, but it is most generally assigned to the year 1394. His father, Ferdinand the Just of Aragon, caused him to be carefully educated. His studies included poetry, rhetoric, and theology, and his knowledge of the latter branch enabled him at a very early age to take part in abstruse discussions on doctrine, to the amazement and edification of those who listened to him ; while his oratorical powers proved a valuable aid to his sword, his eloquence, on more than one occasion, succeeding where arms had failed. His Latin erudition led to his selecting the two great emperors, Marcus Aurelius and Justinian, for his models, and when he attained to power his chief aim was to rival them in promoting the welfare of his people. His first connection with Naples occurred in 1420, when he was appealed to by the widowed and childless queen, Johanna II., to aid her against Pope Martin V. and Louis III. of Anjou, on condition of being adopted as her successor.

Alfonso had already a claim on Sicily, being a grandson, on his mother's side, of King Manfred, and this circumstance, together with his reputation for courage and his handsome appearance, no doubt weighed much with Johanna. She had hitherto been principally under the influence of two famous leaders of *condottieri*, whose names still survive among the old nobility of south Italy—Giovanni Caracciolo and Muzio Sforza ; but when Alfonso appears on the scene, Caracciolo seems to have been engaged in diplomacy ; while warfare was conducted by Sforza and his whilom friend and then rival, Braccio da Montone, another celebrated captain of *condottieri*.

Alfonso responded to Johanna's appeal with all the *ardour of his* twenty-six years, and immediately sent thirty galleys and six ships (being at the time engaged in an expedition against Corsica) to her aid, and these, with the help of Braccio on land, defeated the French army, which Sforza had then joined. The Queen, delighted with this success, sent Caracciolo to express her thanks to Alfonso on the latter's arrival at Ischia, inviting him in the warmest terms to come

to Naples. The ambassador was ill-chosen. Caracciolo, the fickle Queen's favourite, no sooner beheld the noble and handsome young Prince who was destined to supplant him in the royal favour, than he was seized with profound jealousy and hatred, and determined at all risks to alienate Johanna's affections from Alfonso. For the moment he was constrained to deliver the message with which he was charged; but he departed with a gloomy mien, and rancour in his heart. Undisturbed by any perception of this, Alfonso accepted the invitation and repaired to Naples, where he was received with every demonstration of joy as the acknowledged heir to the throne. The Queen met him at the gate of Castel Nuovo, and we are told by the historian Facio that she was "greatly moved at the sight of Alfonso's stately bearing, for his aspect was full of majesty and beauty combined with great seriousness of manner and speech. He brought with him many illustrious personages from Spain and Sicily, some 1,500 in all, who had taken part in this war."

Unfortunately, no portrait of Alfonso at this outset of his brilliant career has been preserved to us; the statue we have mentioned, and two medals<sup>1</sup> still extant, being of a later date. These depict him as a man of middle age, with marked but regular features, indicating strength of character. All his contemporaries agree in describing him as strikingly handsome. His hair was dark, his eyes blue, with dark lashes; his face showed courage and resolution, softened by a kind and gentle smile. His manner towards all with whom he came in contact was eminently graceful and courteous.

We can picture the young Prince before the gates of the grim old fortress—then more ornate with towers and battlements than now—as he advanced, clad in glittering armour, his helmet doffed in greeting to the Queen, and the proud light of youthful ambition in his eyes. The glowing southern light flashed from the blue waters of the bay on the long line of his followers, and bursts of music and joyful acclamations from the people filled the air. No wonder that the impressionable Johanna was moved. She embraced her adopted son in sight of all the crowd, and presented to him the keys of the castle. Caracciolo's lowering brow and angry glance were probably the only discordant note in the general rejoicing. He knew it would be in vain to try to prevent the meeting, or the first

<sup>1</sup> These are engraved by Lenormant in his work on *Monnaie et Médailles*. The head is clearly outlined, the bust is robed in a mantle in the one, and wears armour in the other, with the royal crown. On the reverse of the former medal is a triumphal car drawn by four horses and guided by a Victory; on the reverse of the other is a group of eagles gathered round a carcass.

favourable impression of Alfonso's personality ; but he bided his time, and before long, in spite of the young Prince's continued successes in the Queen's cause, he managed to instil into the latter's naturally inconstant mind a vile suspicion that Alfonso meant to seize the power without waiting to inherit it, and even—imitating the example of Carlo Durazzo, the adopted heir of her ancestor, Johanna I.—to conspire against her life.

At first Alfonso appeared merely surprised at the Queen's altered manner and distrust, but when she shut herself up in Castel Capuano he went to parley with her. She refused to receive him, and he, losing patience, besieged the castle and took Johanna prisoner. When Johanna regained her liberty war was declared between them, and was carried on with varying success. Braccio fought on Alfonso's side, and Sforza was the Queen's general. After the death of Braccio, Alfonso's forces suffered such severe reverses that he abandoned the enterprise, all the more that affairs in Spain urgently needed his presence in his native country.

Meanwhile Johanna had adopted Louis III. of Anjou, the very man against whom she had implored Alfonso's help. Louis died in 1433, and Johanna immediately put René, his brother, and a prince renowned for valour, in his place. On Johanna's death, a year later, René set up as pretender to the kingdom. But Alfonso, amid the bleak mountains of his fatherland, had not forgotten the radiant beauty and charm of the realm once promised him, and speedily reappeared on the scene. The Pope had also claimed the southern kingdom as feudal lord ; but, finding that he had no chance of success, he joined René's cause. The Neapolitan people were divided in opinion, but the Genovese sent a strong naval support to René. Gaeta became the centre of operations, and was besieged from the sea by Alfonso, who addressed his men in an eloquent harangue, dwelling on the ancient renown of Italy, and declaring that, having been called to such a fair inheritance, it would ill become him to let the prize slip from his fingers. Although he followed up his speech by valiant deeds, fighting like a hero in the face of the encounters which took place between the fleets, he was at length overpowered and taken prisoner, together with his chief captains. They were all sent to Milan to Duke Filippo Visconti, who had furnished officers for the Genovese fleet. It was a part of Alfonso's character that he never knew when he was beaten, and his courage, culture, and noble bearing so worked on the Duke's feelings, that the latter not only set his prisoners free, but afterwards became Alfonso's partisan.

In the late summer of 1438 we find Alfonso and René again at war in South Italy. Alfonso, wishing to settle their dispute without unnecessary bloodshed, challenged René to a duel in the plain between Nola and Acerra; the challenge was accepted and the day appointed, but when Alfonso descended from his camp among the mountains of Traetta his adversary failed to appear. Alfonso, finding no one to oppose him, took possession of several of the outlying towns, and finally laid siege to Naples. His brother, Pietro, was killed during a combat, a violent storm put an end to the bombardment of the city, and Alfonso, considering these untoward events to be a sign that Heaven was adverse to his enterprise, raised the siege, permitting René to occupy the city. Within its precincts, the Castel Nuovo was still held by Alfonso's adherents. Alfonso came to their aid, and encamped on Monte Echia, now Monte di Dio, and in the very centre of the more modern part of Naples. We get a glimpse of the chivalrous manners of the time, when we read that a Neapolitan nobleman, adverse to Alfonso's cause, who challenged the monarch's knights to a trial of skill, was permitted to enter the King's camp daily for the purpose, the King giving orders that no one should molest him, and encouraging his own followers to accept all challenges.

René was aware of the strong feeling in favour of his rival which existed among the people, and proposed to settle the dispute by ceding the throne to Alfonso, on condition that his (René's) son should be appointed successor. But Alfonso had tasted the joys of military glory, and desired to win back his kingdom by the sword rather than by the pen. One after the other, he took the towns of Aversa, Acerra, Pozzuoli, and Sorrento, which already encircled the city, and again laid siege to Naples. He found that the city was too well provisioned to be easily starved out, and prepared to carry it by assault. The story goes that treachery had a share in bringing it to a fall; for the keeper of the aqueducts of the city—following an example given in the times of Belisarius—admitted a party of Aragonese by means of the great aqueduct near the St. Sophia gate, and, as soon as Alfonso was apprised of the presence of his men within the walls, he led on an assault from without at the very moment when René attempted a sortie from the gates. Porta San Gennaro, then the limit of the city at that side, was one of the first positions to be won by the Aragonese, and after a desperate struggle, the city first, and then Castel Capuana, capitulated. In his hour of triumph, Alfonso vindicated his character of being a merciful conqueror by forbidding all pillage, and he even refused to dictate the

terms of peace within the walls, holding the council which settled the matter at a spot beyond the precincts.

On February 25, 1443, Alfonso made a triumphal entry into Naples in great pomp. The famous arch at the entrance to the castle, which then became his residence, was erected in memory of the event. What thoughts of his first reception there by Queen Johanna must have thronged Alfonso's mind as he slowly passed through the enthusiastic crowd, amid greater signs of rejoicing than had even met his arrival twenty-three years before ! The Neapolitans threw themselves with all their natural exuberance into the spirit of the hour. They had even broken down a portion of the city walls so that the King might enter through the breach in the guise of a Roman emperor. His reception, however, was more like that of a prince returning to his native kingdom after an absence, than of a conqueror entering a city that had yielded after long resistance.

Great crowds, such as the city had never beheld before, say the old chroniclers, gathered together from all parts ; and the pageant was worth the trouble, being of the greatest magnificence. The procession was opened by a multitude of priests in full canonicals, bearing the relics of various saints, and chanting psalms. Next came a goodly company of gentlemen and persons of note, the representatives of learned bodies from other parts of Italy, and of various kings and princes of Europe. Among these are mentioned some Florentines and Spaniards, "who, as they walked, discoursed on Alfonso's mighty deeds with incredible pleasure." After them, and separated by a little space, so as to render him more conspicuous, came Alfonso, seated in a triumphal car. It was draped with crimson velvet embroidered in gold, and drawn by four white horses richly caparisoned, and preceded by a single charger of the same colour. The King was attired in a dress of peacock-coloured velvet lined with sable. His followers, in order to increase the resemblance to a Roman triumph, had desired that he should wear a laurel wreath, and be accompanied by a train of captives ; but Alfonso refused the laurel, and was too magnanimous to display his triumph over his foes. Instead of this, he distributed, before ascending his chariot, honours and titles to those among his army who had distinguished themselves in battle.

Twenty young Neapolitan nobles held a canopy of silk and gold over the car. The streets through which it passed were strewn with flowers, and the houses draped with arras and rich tapestries. On every side resounded the voices of singers stationed at different parts of the route, and the acclamations of the people.

In solemn state Alfonso repaired to the Cathedral to render thanks for his victory. The ceremony seems to have occupied the greater part of the day, and at evening the King returned to Castel Capuano, where he held a reception in the great hall. It is an indication of the same modest and gentle trait in his character which prevented exaggerated exultation over his foes, that the next day, having again ridden through the city to show himself once more to the people, Alfonso visited the Church of the Carmine and the tomb of the last of the Hohenstaufens. After praying before the crucifix, which, it is said, miraculously escaped destruction during the bombardment, the King asked in what part of the building Conradin was buried, and ordered prayers to be said for the repose of the unfortunate youth's soul, his own name being included in the petition.

The request seems to show that Alfonso had felt a presentiment of evil which was not fulfilled, for his reign remained uncontested as long as he lived.

The Neapolitans seem to have regarded Alfonso's victory with great satisfaction, and the municipality erected the triumphal arch in commemoration of the event. Pietro di Martino, a sculptor of note, was summoned from Milan to do the work, and no expense was spared to make the monument worthy of the monarch to whom it was dedicated. At first it was intended to erect it in front of the Archbishopric, near the Cathedral; but one story says that the Archbishop complained that it would darken his house, and another story runs that a poor man's house would have had to be destroyed, and this the King would not allow. It was therefore decided to add it to Castel Nuovo. The sculptor was richly remunerated, and, when he died, was buried with great state in the Church of Santa Maria Nuova, where an inscription to his memory on the right of the principal door may still be read.

Satisfied with the conquest of the kingdom, which he had once thought he would obtain peacefully, Alfonso now devoted his whole attention to government. He promoted the interests of his subjects in an enlightened manner. He granted many privileges to his adopted capital and the chief provincial cities; he passed many wise measures for the administration of justice and the protection of property throughout the kingdom. He instituted a Superior Tribunal, called the "Sacro Regio Consiglio," over which he himself presided. The royal exchequer, it is true, was much impoverished by his lavish liberality, which was specially shown towards science and learning of every kind; and the barons, spoiled by his indulgence, attained to greater power than they had yet possessed,



eventually becoming dangerous to the State. But such errors, if errors they were, did not count amid the beneficent rule and wisdom which were felt through all ranks of society.

Alfonso's domestic life was less happy than his public career. He had married a Castilian princess, who bore him no children, and a separation on account of her jealousy, probably not altogether unfounded, soon took place.

At the latter end of his life, Alfonso bestowed an ardent affection on Lucrezia d'Alagno. She was a beautiful woman, of high culture and brilliant intellect, the daughter of a Neapolitan of good family. On her and her relations Alfonso heaped wealth and titles with no sparing hand; but she seems to have exercised her influence over him with such tact and moderation that she never forfeited the goodwill of the people. Even when it became known that Alfonso had taken steps to obtain the Papal assent to a divorce from the Queen, with a view to marrying Lucrezia, no ill-will was excited against the latter; and though the attempt failed, Alfonso remained devoted to her for life. In fact, his sole thought seems to have been, by hunting-parties, feasts, and every outward mark of honour, to prove that he regarded her in the light of a wife, even though the Pontiff could not be persuaded to sanction the tie. We read of a series of spectacles and banquets held in the great hall added to the old fortress of Castel Nuovo by the King. The hall was resplendent with gorgeous hangings, and glittered with a grand display of costly plate and jewels. We also read of a tournament which took place in front of Lucrezia's house in 1456. These magnificent spectacles were the last in Alfonso's reign, which had been rich in splendid pageants. His vigour and energy make the historian forget that at the time we speak of he had passed his sixtieth year, and probably few of his contemporaries, even at the very last, thought that his life was so soon to end. In 1456 we find him earnest in a wish to head a crusade to the Holy Land, not from a reckless spirit of adventure, but moved by genuine religious feeling, which is expressed in his words to the Council when he made known his intentions. "I hold my life, my body, and my States," he said, "from our Lord, and to Him I offer them, for they are his, and I do but restore them to Him who gave them." But his ardent appeal found no response from the other European princes, and he was forced to abandon his design.

That same year a disastrous earthquake desolated the southern provinces, and laid a part of Naples in ruins. In repairing the damage done, and in works for the embellishment of the castle and the city, Alfonso employed his energies, up to the moment of being

seized with his last illness, in a more practical manner than in the realisation of his dream of a crusade. Artists from all parts of Italy were summoned to compete with one another in the decoration of the castle which is now so bare a skeleton. One man was ordered to paint the ceilings of the great hall with frescoes; another to construct a clock tower. The great mole in the port was carried on with activity, and other undertakings, such as bridges, a custom-house, and drainage works, bore witness to the utilitarian spirit of the King, who, to mention a detail, instituted the paving of the streets with blocks of lava. Another design, which the King did not live to see realised, was a road along the seashore from east to west.

In the midst of such useful labours, Alfonso was attacked by fever in May 1458. It was supposed to be a quartan ague, and the physicians seem to have spared no pains in trying to save the life of their illustrious patient, taxing all the medical resources of the period. We read that golden ducats were melted and administered as a potent elixir, when all other remedies had failed. The disease was probably a typhoid fever of the type still so closely associated with the name of Naples, and which, in the absence of modern science, was much more fatal. Alfonso recognised his danger. He met death with the same calmness and intrepidity which had distinguished him all his life. His greatest wish was to secure the succession to his natural son, Ferdinand, and the exertions he made at the last on this account are said to have hastened his end. His life was hanging on a thread, when he insisted on leaving his sick-room in Castel Nuovo, taking with him John of Aragon, who had arrived to claim the succession as legitimate heir. Alfonso feared that if his own death took place in the castle, which was strongly fortified, John, being on the spot, would have occupied so strong a position that Ferdinand would never have been able to hold his own.

The very next day, June 27, 1458, Alfonso died in Castel del Ovo, whither he had been removed. In his will, leaving his kingdom of Naples to Ferdinand, he exhorted that prince to continue to govern in his father's spirit; to bestow all the principal offices on Neapolitans, and not on Spaniards, to moderate the taxes, cultivate peace, and respect religion. No doubt Alfonso had many fears for his successor, who was not liked, and who had an arrogant, avaricious, irreligious, double-faced nature, and was, indeed, so different in disposition from his father, that some historians doubt whether he was really Alfonso's son.

The provisions of the will concerning the building of churches and monasteries, which were many, were neglected by Ferdinand,

the laws which were passed for the King's funeral were likewise passed over. His body was accordingly deposited in the chapel of St. Ferdinand in Naples, and later on be transferred to Catalonia, to be interred in the tomb of his ancestors. But though Naples was the place where his remains were interred in the chapel of St. Ferdinand, till after the death of Ferdinand in 1494, his body was afterwards removed to be transferred to the church of St. Ferdinand in Valencia, where also the body of Ferdinand was laid.

After the King's decease, his right palm remained in the sacristy, and was afterwards taken to a lion during the conflagration of the church of St. Ferdinand. His skull was rescued from the ruins and sent to the King of Portugal to be conveyed to Spain; and thus, after nearly two hundred years, Alonzo's last wish was partially fulfilled.

As a tribute to the memory of the great King as it was preserved and handed down to the people, we meet with such a number of anecdotes and characteristics as would alone suffice to fill many pages. They represent his rule as that of a father rather than a conqueror, and fully justified their attachment. He was possessed of the art and power of attracting popular affection towards himself, and of great respect and delicacy of feeling. His fixing on Naples as his royal residence was of direct benefit to that city. He drew thither men of talent and learning. Though not blindly servile to ecclesiastical authority, he never failed in showing reverence towards the Church and its ordinances. Among many acts of favour to learning, he increased the chairs of the University and the stipends of the professors, and founded the afterwards so famous Pontana Academy. The public library owed its origin to him, and we are told that he often went on foot to the University to listen to the lectures, on which occasions he used to inquire about any youths of talent whose poverty rendered support in furtherance of their studies desirable.

The King himself contributed to the work of literature by translating Seneca's epistles into Spanish. One of his favourite walks was to the reputed tomb of Virgil at Mergellina, where he loved to sit and muse under the shade of the cypresses, and where we can imagine him gazing with affection on the beautiful city at his feet.

During an illness, he is said to have beguiled the time by the study of Livy, whose works he even carried with him on his campaigns. The generous nature which earned the adjective attached to his name is shown by his refusing to countenance scandal and calumny at his court, and his prompt courage is proved by an incident. Once, seeing a boat-load of soldiers in danger of sinking

during a storm, he sprang into a bark and hastened to their rescue, exclaiming to those who tried to prevent him, "I would rather be the companion than the spectator of their peril." On one occasion, when his treasurer was counting out to him 1,000 ducats, he overheard an officer, who was present, saying in a low voice, "Just that sum is needed to secure my happiness!" "Then happy you shall be," exclaimed the King, and immediately ordered the sum to be given him from his private purse.

One saying attributed to Alfonso: "In a good household the husband should be deaf and the wife blind," is perhaps the outcome of his own marital experience. A happier testimony to his gentle spirit is borne by another speech. Some one urging upon the King that it was dangerous for him to go about without guards, the King retorted: "A father who walks among his children has nothing to fear;" and the same sentiment is repeated in the beautiful sentence: "I love best those subjects who do not fear me, but fear *for* me."

To close this attempt to revive for modern readers the memory of a King wellnigh forgotten, we will select these other dicta, which express the calm wisdom and good sense which guided his life.

"Our life resembles a comedy, and we should rather see to it that it be well recited than have regard to its length."

"A master who is feared by his servants is lower than they."

"Ingratitude includes all other vices."

"Courts without virtuous men are like nights without stars."

"My people's prosperity is my best treasure."

These sayings, immortalised by the old chroniclers, justify the various surnames bestowed on Alfonso. "The Just," "The Wise," "The Father of his People," are the epithets which, no less than the principal one, "The Magnanimous," adorn his memory. The loving heart which beat with such generous sentiments is said to have been embalmed, and enclosed in a beautiful little urn. All trace of it has disappeared, but not, we would hope, all influence of the almost perfect King on the character of the southern people. Yet, since those old days, that people has suffered so much from bad government, and sunk so low, that it can scarcely now be said to be beginning to rise again to a state of political, physical, and mental progress.

LILY WOLFFSOHN.

BETTINA WOODWARD.

*A PUPIL OF TITIAN.*

**I**N the library of the British Museum the curious may seek out and find a quaint little book, printed in large antique Venetian type, with many sprawls and flourishes, and decorative head and tail pieces. It bears date, if I remember right, 1560, and is what in seventeenth-century France would have been called a "tombeau;" that is, an anthology of "In Memoriam" verses on some person deceased, embodying the collective metrical talent of his or her friends, and prefaced by a biographical sketch which might contain more or less of actual fact dimly discernible through a cloud of laudatory incense.

Judging by the size of this slim duodecimo, one might be tempted to infer that it contained concentrated essence of incense; and, in truth, one feels somewhat weary—to put it mildly—long before one has waded through the CX Italian sonnets, and the pages upon pages of Latin elegiacs which follow them, all celebrating, with slight variations, the beauty, talents, and virtues of Irene da Spilimbergo.

Yet one is possessed by a great desire to know more of this same Irene—this bright young girl, who sang, and drew, and thought her sweet perplexing thoughts, in the Venice of the Renaissance, "where the merchants were the kings," and went away, before life's problems had time to sadden her overmuch, to the place where all questions are answered. She was only nineteen when she died.

It does not take long to read through Dionigi Atanagi's biography; but the result is not altogether satisfactory. Dionigi was a worthy old fellow enough: a thorough-paced courtier of the old Italian stamp: honest and kindly at heart withal, but so eager to do full justice to the "incomparable Irene," as he calls her, that he keeps insisting—in double- and treble-piled phrases of panegyric—on her excellences, forgetting to tell us meanwhile wherein those excellences consisted. Such vague generalities as the reiterated assertion that she possessed all gifts and graces of mind and body, are extremely irritating, when we should like a detailed personal description. And the same inflated vagueness pursues us all through

the memoir, which, short as it is, might be compressed into half the space without losing any of the definite facts it contains. However, let us be thankful for what we have, instead of expecting to find a trustworthy biography in a sixteenth-century panegyric.

In the extreme north-east of Italy, bordering on the Austrian dominions, and till recently a part of them, stands the little town of Spilimbergo, or Spilenberg. It has now about 5,000 inhabitants, mostly engaged in the silk manufacture, and is still dominated by its feudal castle. Round this in ancient days the Friulan lowlanders built their habitations, placing themselves under the protection of the lords of Spilimbergo—an ancient and honourable race, who, in 1445, became vassals of the Venetian Republic. Amongst the most distinguished of the line were “Gualtierbertoldo, Henrico, Vincislas, and Francesco Picinino,” all of them leaders of Free Companies, “con honorate condizioni de’ signori Veneziani.” But greater than any of these was Adriano, who was scholar rather than soldier, and made great progress in the study of “theology, morals, and mathematics,” besides possessing the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages. He was often in Venice; oftener, one would suppose, than at his Friulan castle; enjoying the learned and literary society to be found there, and himself taking no mean place in it. The “Most Illustrious M. Nicolò Zeno, a Senator of extraordinary virtue in our Republic,” was accustomed to speak of Adriano da Spilimbergo as of a man who had attained a degree of culture not to be despised. He translated one of the comedies of Plautus; and his version was acted before the Emperor Charles V., when the latter visited the Castle of Spilimbergo in 1530. It was at Venice that Adriano chose his wife—Giulia del Ponte, described, quaintly enough, as “a young woman of lofty spirit, who had attended, not only to music, but to the reading of many books.” Music seems to have been regarded as the groundwork of a Venetian girl’s education in those days, reading and suchlike matters being quite secondary. The Lady Giulia’s education, however, did not cease with her marriage, for we read that she “was put by the lord, her husband, to divers other studies befitting a gentlewoman of her rank, insomuch that she always showed rare gifts and understanding of many things, both in her writings and in familiar conversation.”

One is in nowise inclined to doubt the truth of this statement, but feels, nevertheless, that it was the kind of thing which—whether true or not—had to be said under the circumstances. However, it appears that she was in correspondence with some of the most

eminent scholars of the time, and her letters to them have been preserved in the best collections of the period.

Irene, their second daughter—they had no son—was born “at this said castle of theirs” in 1540—or 1541—for authorities differ. Her father died when she was very young, and, her mother marrying again, she was left with two sisters to the tender mercies of relatives, who laid violent hands on the orphans’ inheritance, and, in 1546, actually expelled them from their home. This last was the work of their uncle, the “Magnificus Dominus Rubertus,” Adriano’s brother; and the document in which they were summoned, “ut domum quam inhabitabant, evacuarent,” is still extant. Isabella, the youngest child—who must have been born about the time of her father’s death—had died in 1543; Irene was adopted by their grandfather, the Sior del Ponte, at Venice. It was at his house that she received the greater part of her education, though a precocious child, such as she was, would probably have begun it long before. Her elder sister, Emilia, was known for her devotion to art and learning, and Giorgio Gradenigo, the Venetian scholar, and descendant of three famous doges, was accustomed to take notice of the girls, and give them presents of books.

Atanagi condescends to give a few particulars of Irene’s childhood—would they had been more! The first thing she learned was needlework—more especially the elaborate embroidery then deemed a necessary accomplishment for every gentle damozel—“necessary,” as Dionigi quaintly observes, “in order to escape idleness, the principal enemy of their sex.” But Irene does not seem to have taken the same view of the paramount importance of this feminine art. Probably there were tears and tempests, for the few real glimpses into her life which her stately biographer vouchsafes us, show her to have been a quick-tempered and vivacious little person, with a strong will, and an equally strong sense of her own dignity. As for the needlework, she thoroughly despised it, because it was so easy, and she learnt it so quickly. It was only natural that a bright clever child, full of eager interest in her life and the world around her, should rebel against the monotony of such a mechanical occupation. So she set herself to acquire the arts of reading and writing—which, by the bye, no one seems ever to have thought of teaching her—and succeeded. And then, what a new world was opened! She devoured every book she could lay hands on—every Italian book, that is, for, unlike most ladies of that age with any literary trainings, she seems never to have studied Latin or Greek. Atanagi expressly mentions her reading translations from the classics—

"observing with diligence the most notable matters"—a praiseworthy habit which showed itself in the making of copious notes and extracts. She also kept a list of the books she read, which our author may have had before him when recording the names of some of her favourite works—"which she read, not, as most women and even men do, for mere pastime, or at haphazard, but with judicious and particular attention to the subjects treated of, to the ideas, and to the style." Among them we find Petrarch's works, the "Institutione" of Piccolomini, Plutarch's minor treatises, Castiglione's "Cortigiano," and Bembo's dialogue of "Gli Asolani," which last has in our own day acquired a new interest from its connection with Robert Browning's last volume of poems. From a hint dropped by Atanagi, we may also gather that she took a great interest in natural science, or as much of it as was then generally accessible.

Literary men and artists were always welcome at the house of the Sior del Ponte, as at those of many other Italian nobles of the period; and Irene seems to have taken great pleasure in their company and conversation. Dionigi cannot be suspected of anything approaching a satirical intention, otherwise one might have felt inclined to ask whether it was a recollection of other ladies he had met which suggested his remark: "She kept account of the things she read, in the firm intention of not letting herself be drawn by ambition or the heat of argument into talking about things she did not thoroughly understand." He gives a pleasant glimpse of her as she moved for a short space among her Venetian friends—frank, outspoken, affectionate—friendly to all, but unable to conceal her contempt for anything contemptible, and shrinking, like the sensitive plant, from the lightest breath of evil. She must have been very lovable—for all she could not help giving offence now and then. Empty-headed young men have always, perhaps, figured rather conspicuously in Italian society; though, doubtless, they were more ornamental in slashed satin doublets than in modern evening costume—and for such she had no toleration. More than one handsome cavalier would appear to have retired in discomfiture, when—drawing false inferences from the gracious courtesy with which she listened to his remarks, when she would far rather have been discussing art or literature with Messer Rota or Messer Varchi—he had the presumption to suppose that she found his society specially agreeable. "She esteemed those gentlemen," says her biographer, "who, besides their nobility, had rare qualities, and were remarkable in the profession of arms, or in letters. Those, however, who were of moderate virtue" (our author is very guarded



in his expressions), "were little liked by her." And probably she let them know it, too. We are given to understand that she had many admirers, but discreetly discouraged them all. She had a high ideal of married love, and had met with none whom her girl's heart could feel to be worthy of what it had to give. "She let it be clearly seen that, if ever she wished for a husband—which she did not think at all probable—it was not any and every sort of condition of gentleman that she would deign to choose."

She seems to have had several intimate girl friends—though their names are not recorded<sup>1</sup>—and to have left among them the same impression of loving zeal and unselfishness which was kept by her own relations. Always eager to serve others, she grudged no trouble in finding out—and, if possible, gratifying—their wishes. It was a constant source of enjoyment to her to make gifts and plan pleasant surprises for those she loved. She utterly refused to listen to any gossip or scandal about others, or, in fact, to believe any ill of them, so long as she could help it; but when once convinced that any one she knew had fallen below her own standard of right, she had not the slightest hesitation in dropping her acquaintance. A healthy-natured, whole-souled girl, fiery and impetuous, throwing her whole heart into everything she did: too intolerant, very likely, but that fault would have disappeared in time if she had lived.

Her sister Emilia, somewhat older than herself, and seemingly, in some respects, equally gifted, was, in childhood, her constant companion. Their studies were shared together, but Irene took the lead—at least so much seems to be implied, though not expressly stated, in Atanagi's words: *La Signora Emilia, sua maggior sorella, giovanetta di mirabile ingegno, la quale la Signora Irene, facendo sempre del veder d' ambedue un solo, hebbe nell' acquisto delle virtù per compagna.* Both children made rapid progress in music, which formed a great part of their early training, and distinguished themselves by singing before Bona, Queen of Poland, on an occasion when, passing through Friuli on her way to Italy, she was lodged at the Castle of Spilimbergo. They gave, we are told, "marvellous satisfaction to the said Queen, as well as to the remaining lords and ladies who were present. Wherefore she (the Queen), for a testimony to the infinite skill of the children, presented them with a gold chain of great value." Irene's "infinite skill," however, was susceptible of still further improvement; she continued her singing

<sup>1</sup> Unless, indeed, they are to be found among the contributors to the *Memorial Felice*. The list includes, among others, Bianca Aurora d' Este, Cassandra Giovia, Dionora Sanseverino.

lessons, and, moreover, learnt to play on the lute, the harpsichord, and the viol. At Venice she carried on her studies under one Gazza, a well-known musician of the day, and "learnt infinite madrigals to the lute (*madrigali in liuto*), and odes, and other Latin verses, and sang them with a disposition so ready, delicate, and full of melody, that the greatest experts wondered at it." Having heard the singing of some scholars of the celebrated Trommoncino, "the most perfect musician of our city," she thought their style better than any other, and immediately set herself to learn some of that master's compositions, "without other guidance than that of her natural instinct and her own judgment." In this she succeeded so well as to equal Trommoncino's own pupils in the "grace and sweetness" of her execution.

She only began drawing at the age of eighteen, whereas we have seen that, from early childhood, a great part of her time had been given to music. The proficiency she attained would seem to be surprising, if not incredible under the circumstances. Atanagi speaks of it as little short of miraculous; but we probably have to allow something for the "epitaphic" character of the book—something, also, for the fascination attaching to a beautiful and brilliant "society" amateur. Then, too, we must remember that Titian, whose praises she earned, was then in extreme old age—he was eighty-two, though he lived for sixteen years longer—and, moreover, is said to have felt an unworthy jealousy of rising artists which made him unwilling to take any pupils, in the real sense of the word. Could this be a reason for excessive praises of a clever girl to whom he had given a few hints, but who, he thought, would never do anything "serious" in art? Two quatrains contributed by him to the "tombeau" dwell rather on her beauty than her talent for painting; is it unjust to suspect in the third poem a touch of irony under the truly courtier-like strain of compliment?

Egregia poteras spirantes fingere vultus  
 Pictura, et quod deest addere sola decus,  
 Ante diem tibi ni, Irene, vitalia nentes  
 Stamina solvissent tenuia fila Deæ.  
 Dixerat illacrimans prisco Titianus Apelle  
 Exprimere artificii doctior ora manu :  
 Cum mors, Cælum, inquit, pictura ornariet huius  
 Dignum est : orbi unus tu, Titiane, sat es.

Thou couldst have represented breathing faces in excellent painting, and alone added that glory which is wanting, if before the time, O Irene, the goddesses who spin the threads of life had not loosed the slender cord. So spake, weeping, Titian, more skilled than Apelles of old in expressing faces with the craftsman's

hand; when Death said, "Heaven is worthy to be adorned by her painting,—for this world thou, Titian, art enough."

Perhaps there was some excuse for Titian if, in this case, he and Death were of the same mind. "Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is always imposing."

The two quatrains above alluded to are as follows:—

Nunc arcu sine, nunc pharetra sine tristis et expes

Errat amor: posthac spicula nulla Deo.

Irenes arcusque inerant et spicula ocellis.

Mors illos claudens pallida utrumque rapit.

[Now sadly wanders Love without his quiver,

Bereft of bow and arrows, all forlorn—

The bow and shafts within Irene's eyes were borne—

Pale, limping Death hath snatched them thence for ever.]

Irene Ausonias inter lectissimas Nymphas

Matribus Ausoniis mille petita nurus,

Mortales postquam et terrestria numina torsit,

Cælestes torquet nunc dea facta deos.

[Irene, sought as a daughter-in-law by Italian mothers among a thousand of the fairest maids of Italy, has now—after having tormented mortals and the deities of the earth—become a goddess and the torment of the celestial gods.]

Which—even among neo-Latin poems, whereof one always hopes that they afforded more enjoyment to the writers than they do now to the reader—seems to me as frigid and dreary an effort as was ever pumped up by unlucky poet for a particular occasion. The bow-and-arrow stanza is a pretty conceit enough, but I remember nothing very striking—Latin or Italian—in the whole book, even though Bernardo Tasso contributed seven sonnets, and his more famous son four. (Torquato Tasso was then a boy of sixteen, pursuing his studies under the direction of his father, Secretary to the Venetian Academy.) No doubt the feeling which inspired many of the verses was real enough, but too often the grotesque bombast and extravagance of bad taste betray an obvious insincerity.

Irene's ardour was fired by the example of a lady, whose name is only given as "Campaspe" (which may have been an "academic" designation, like the "Arténice" of Madame de Rambouillet), and who seems to have been an accomplished amateur artist. She at once began to take lessons, and was so absorbed in her new pursuit as scarcely to allow herself time for food or sleep. Atanagi suggests that the extraordinarily rapid progress she made (a progress, alas! not always to be ensured by the most assiduous application) may have been partly due to her great skill in embroidery—which implies a trained colour-sense, as well as a practised eye and hand, and, probably, a certain degree of artistic faculty to begin with. The

extent of the tuition she received from Titian is not easy to determine. He was a friend of her parents (indeed, her mother had stood godmother to one of his children), and had gone to stay at Spilimbergo soon after the Lady Giulia's marriage. He had been settled at Venice for many years, and it is probable that the members of the Ponte family had "the run of his studio." Irene may have painted there under his direction, or she may only have received occasional hints, and had her work "touched up" here and there, when the old man visited her grandfather's house. It is scarcely probable that an artist of his age and standing would have gone out to give regular lessons. Be that as it may, the amount of work she accomplished within the short space of, probably, a year or, at most, two, is truly surprising, unless, indeed, the Master gave her more help than we should consider strictly legitimate. Three of her pictures are preserved at Udine in the palace of the Counts of Maniago—a family connected with that of Spilimbergo. The subjects of these three canvases are somewhat ambitious for a beginner—"The Flight into Egypt," "Noah entering the Ark," and "The Deluge"—the latter described by a German authority as "*ein figurenreiches Bild*"—as it well might be. It is implied that she painted other pictures, but what they were, or whether any of them are extant, I have been unable to ascertain.

She might well, in her way, be claimed as a champion of the "women's cause," for her efforts seem to a great extent to have been inspired by a determination to prove that women may excel in art as well as men, if they only have the opportunity and will take the trouble. We are told that, having seen a portrait of Sofonisba Anguisciola, painted by that artist herself, and presented to Philip II., "and hearing marvellous praises of her in the art of painting, moved by generous emulation, her whole soul was kindled by a burning desire to equal that noble and skilful damsel" (*quella nobile e valorosa donzella*).

But her artistic career was cut short—shorter than that of the hapless Marie Bashkirtseff, whom she resembled so little save in talent. She died, after a short illness, in December 1559. Probably the overwork and nervous strain of the last few months had told on her constitution and weakened her power of resistance, if, indeed, they did not directly bring on the fever to which she succumbed. Very few particulars are given, and those, as usual, enveloped in a cloud of vague rhetoric; but we gather that, from the beginning of her illness, she had no hope of recovery, and that she faced death with courage if not with indifference. This may, as has been

suggested, point to the despondent apathy of utter nerve-exhaustion—which seems strange in the case of such a bright, sane, well-balanced creature as the memoir—so far as we can gather from it any definite outlines at all—has presented to us. But then she was young, and had loved art, not wisely, but too well; and it is not every temperament that can afford to pay the price of such a passion as that. Or, again, the thought suggests itself—is the whole treatment of the subject as conventional as the imagery of the sonnets and elegiacs—the lyres and laurels—the gods and goddesses and assumptions into clouds of glory? Was this model of all the virtues—this paragon of beauty and intellect, prudence, and self-control—really a self-tormented, palpitating, anxious-hearted woman—racked by discordant yearnings, at odds with life, and glad to escape from its insoluble problems—a woman of the kind now called “modern”—as if introspection and the artistic temperament were not of all ages? Yet their manifestations differ with the times, and Irene has not left a diary. But after all the “malady of thought,” with its tendency to morbid analysis and self-criticism, belongs rather to the North than to the South.

We can well believe that the scanty notices of her last days which Atanagi has seen fit to set down were coloured by the prevailing tone of thought. In those days the force of the Renaissance had not yet spent itself; people thought in Latin, and tried to shape their lives by classical precedents; and Irene's biographer probably attributed to her such philosophic Stoicism as he considered appropriate to the occasion. He has not recorded anything of what she actually said; probably had he done so we should have had a glimpse of something more tenderly human and touching than the paragon he was trying to depict.

It was Dolce who, in a sonnet addressed to Titian, asked the “divine painter” to “collect all his strength and present to the world the portrait of the heroine.” The result was the picture described in Crowe and Cavalcaselle's “Life of Titian,” and still preserved in the house of her kinsman at Maniago. According to that authority it scarcely justifies the praises bestowed by contemporaries on Irene's beauty; but it is only fair to remember that it was painted from memory, and the canvas has been much injured by time and restorers. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's description is as follows (“Life of Titian,” vol. ii. pp. 800 *et seq.*):—“Irene is represented almost at full length and large as life, in a portico, from which a view of a beautiful landscape is seen, with a shepherd tending his flock and a unicorn to indicate the lady's maiden condition. Her head is

turned to the left, showing auburn hair tied with a string of pearls. Round her throat is a necklace of the same. Her waist is bound with a chain girdle, and over her bodice of red stuff a jacket of red damask silk is embroidered with gold, and fringed at the neck, with a high-standing muslin collar. A band hanging from the shoulders and passing beneath one arm is held in the right hand, while the left is made to grasp a laurel crown, and '*Si fata tulissent*' is engraved on the plinth of a pillar. The likeness of Emilia—done, it is clear, at the same time as that of her sister—is in the same form and costume, but turned to the right, the distance being a storm at sea and a galley labouring on the waves, all of which is displayed through an opening in the room in which Emilia is standing. One can see that the idea which these two portraits embody is that of Irene going in peace from the world in which her sister is left to encounter the storms and passions of life. Both portraits are rubbed down and opaque from retouching: both are on canvas and of life-size. A copy on canvas of the 'Irene,' seen to the waist, is in the house of Signor Gatorno, at San Vito del Tagliamento. It is an old picture of the sixteenth century, but not by Titian; the surface is injured by stippling and tinting."

In vague and fulsome panegyrics, such as the book we have been considering, one does not expect much precision of detail when it comes to descriptions of personal appearance. Accordingly, we find that Atanagi gives us very little information to supplement the ill-used portrait at Maniago. He tells us that she was of middle height, with a well-proportioned and graceful figure. He dilates on the beauty of her eyes, which were large and bright (he does not mention their colour), set off by long lashes, and full of expression, "insomuch that it was often said to her that she had witchcraft in her eyes." Also she had a beautiful mouth and a wonderful sweetness in her smile. Not very distinctive all this.

The sonnets repeatedly speak of golden hair, or *biondi capelli*; the portrait, as we have seen, gives her auburn. Probably it was "Venetian red," and the eyes that go with such hair are dark—usually a kind of tawny red-brown. Agnolo Firenzuola, in that quaint old book the "*Discorso della perfetta Bellezza d'una Donna*," speaks of the combination of dark eyes and fair or red hair as the favourite type of beauty in his day; and adds that, though some people may admire blue eyes, the preference is given by most to "*tanè oscuro*." *Tanè* is explained as a colour "tra il rosso e il nero," so perhaps may best be translated tawny—and there are eyes of a peculiar dark velvety red brown which suit the epithet exactly. The

type is that of O. W. Holmes's "positive or leonine blonde," as distinguished from the faded or negative blonde of exhausted vitality. Yet—if Irene resembled the former—why did her vital force give out so suddenly and completely? This is only one of the many questions that can never be answered now.

The reader will have had quite enough of the Latin elegiacs ; let us give, in conclusion, one of the sonnets as an amply sufficient sample of the whole. It is by Bernardo Tasso.

La bella Irene è morta, è morta Irene,  
 E tu non piagni (ahi ! alma alpestre e dura)  
 La dispietata nostra aspra ventura  
 Che priva ha 'l mondo di sì caro bene :  
 Lei nò, ch' alzata a volo ; e le terrene  
 Gioie sprezzando, quasi ignobil cura,  
 Salita è in ciel ; e saggia, e casta, e pura,  
 Fra gli angeli più belli il seggio tiene :  
 Ivi a quel suon, chi quà giù l' onde e i venti  
 Infiammò d' honestate e di valore,  
 L' alti lodi di Dio soave canta :  
 E col pennello illustre, onde si vanta  
 Apelle e Zeusi, pingè il suo Fattore :  
 Quando tanta virtù vedran le genti ?

To which I append a tentative metrical version, in which no attempt has been made to disguise the turgid bad taste of the original :—

Dead is Irene,—fair Irene lies  
 Dead,—and thou weepst not, O stubborn soul,  
 The ruthless fate which, passing our control,  
 Has robbed the world of this, so dear a prize ;—  
 But weep not her, whose soaring spirit flies,  
 Scorning of earthly joys the meagre dole,  
 And, wise and pure, her place upon the roll  
 Of fairest Angels holds in Paradise.  
 There, to that sound, which here below, inspired  
 E'en winds and waves with virtue and with worth,  
 She of the Highest sweetly sings the praise,  
 Or *paints her Maker* (!)—with the art that fired  
 Apelles and Zeuxis in the olden days—  
 When shall her virtue's like be seen on earth ?

A. WERNER.

## BEAU BRUMMELL'S SUCCESSOR.

### I.

BEAU BRUMMELL'S successor in the world of fashion, Alfred d'Orsay, is entitled to a niche in history. Among the half-forgotten notorieties whose little fitful gleam of brilliance flashed through society just half a century ago, none, surely, is more worthy of resuscitation. Half charlatan, half genius, through the merits of sheer impudence he outdistanced all competitors. Both Napoleon and Wellington sat to him for statuettes or portraits; Lamartine composed a set of verses in his honour; to him Dumas inscribed his *Memoirs*, Bulwer and Disraeli each a volume. Among his more intimate friends he numbered Byron, Landor, Dickens, Captain Marryat. Politicians, poets, painters flocked about his *vis-à-vis* when he appeared in public. As *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, his commands were law; he made Lord Chesterfield, the dandy of the day, for an entire season clothe himself in blue—blue cravat, blue coat, blue waistcoat. His accomplishments could not be counted on the fingers of two hands. *Inter alia*, he was an exquisite of the first water; an unrivalled humbug; an artist of ability; a noted wit and *raconteur*; an admirable rider; a keen sportsman; a capital boxer for an amateur; a good swimmer; an excellent swordsman; a famous shot; a celebrated racquet player; a discriminating collector of classical rarities, "far gone in medals, lamps, idols, prints, and all the small commodities of antiquity."

"He was the model," wrote Charles Mathews, "of all that could be conceived of noble demeanour and youthful candour; handsome beyond all question; accomplished to the last degree; highly educated and of great literary acquirements, with a gaiety of heart and cheerfulness of mind that spread happiness on all around. His conversation was brilliant and engaging, as well as clever and instructive. He was, moreover, the best dancer, fencer, swimmer, dresser; the best shot, the best horseman, the best draughtsman of his age. Possessed of every attribute that could render his society desirable, I am sure I do not go too far in pronouncing him the perfection of a youthful nobleman."



Such was the aspiring young French officer who undertook to conquer the exclusive *coleries* of two great capitals. When in November 1822 he casually struck up an acquaintance with the Blessingtons, no one could possibly have foretold the future consequences of that chance *rencontre*. At the time he was no more than a *sous-lieutenant*, quartered with his regiment at Valence on the Rhône. His previous existence had given little hint of the great eminence which lay in store. Born in Paris on September 4, 1801, he was the son of Albert, Count d'Orsay, general in the Grand Army of the Empire, whom Napoleon had once been pleased to single out for distinction on the ground that he was *aussi brave que beau*. His mother was one Baronne de Franquemont, a daughter of the King of Würtemberg by a marriage which, if not good in law, may yet have been so in religion. A sarcastic chronicler informs us of the reason for her Gallic rank: in those days German monarchs were in the custom of bestowing gratuitous French titles upon their mansions, horses, dogs—and bastards.

As a boy, Count Alfred d'Orsay, beyond being distinguished for his Herculean strength, and for a certain distinction in his dress and manner, does not seem to have been especially remarkable. Even when he visited England during the festivities attendant on the coronation of the "First Gentleman in Europe," he created no greater sensation than a dozen other fashionable youngsters of the day. Suddenly, soon after his return to France, chance smiled upon him. He had already met in London that most captivating of blue-stockings, Margaret, Countess of Blessington, known to fame as the "most gorgeous." She it was whose unexpected advent changed the sluggish current of his life and definitely determined his vocation. The story goes that the lady, happening to descend from her chariot at the door of the inn where d'Orsay was dining with his comrades, fell beneath the fascination of his beauty, and hurriedly renewed the brief acquaintance of the year before by inviting him to share the delicacies of her amply furnished table. Be this as it may, the handsome officer, with praiseworthy discernment, sought for and secured an invitation to join the Countess and her foolish husband on a Continental tour. With this end in view, he did not hesitate to send in his papers and resign his commission, albeit the army was under immediate orders to invade Spain, an *acte de trahison* for which his countrymen never quite accorded him forgiveness.

In the beginning of 1823 the Blessingtons, with d'Orsay in their tow, set out for Italy, travelling with becoming dignity and leisure, through the South of France and Switzerland. The undertaking

was a serious one, not lightly to be scoffed at. Lord Byron himself, according to Medwin, when he arrived in Florence, accompanied by Rogers, had with him as escort no fewer than eight servants and five horses, nine cats, three peacocks, a mastiff and a bulldog, two monkeys, and some hens. If the Blessingtons made no attempt to rival this menagerie, their travelling train was almost as alarming in proportions. We read of the "capacious *fourgons*," stuffed with sofas, bedsteads, looking-glasses, easy-chairs; of "canvas sacks of silver given to the courier;" of a monster retinue of cooks, large enough to satisfy the needs of a brigade, under the sway of a *chef de cuisine* who had once been in the service of an emperor. Small wonder is it that, as the long procession rumbled down the Rue de Rivoli, Lady Blessington was "deeply mortified" at overhearing an astounded passer-by call out: "Ce n'est pas une famille qui se met en route; c'est un régiment qui part pour la guerre! Que de choses il faut à ces Anglais pour qu'ils soient contents!"

Eight months' triumphal progress, and Genoa was reached. Here the party paused to wait upon Lord Byron. That great man had now completed his career as a poet, and, preparatory to entering upon his new and final rôle of hero, was tranquilly resting for a while upon his laurels in the Casa Saluzzi at Albaro. He received his visitors with unusual cordiality.

"'You must have thought me quite as ill-bred and savage as fame reports,'" said Byron, bowing very low, "'in having permitted your ladyship to remain a quarter of an hour at my gate; but my old friend, Lord Blessington, is to blame, for I only heard a minute ago that I was so highly honoured. I shall think you do not pardon this apparent rudeness unless you enter my abode, which I entreat you will do'—and he offered his hand to assist me to descend from the carriage."

Much was he struck with the appearance of Count d'Orsay. "He has all the air of a *cupidon déchainé*," he proclaimed. Throughout his conversation he continually censured his own country. His friends told him that "le roi Alfred," as he christened the young dandy, had, when in London, kept a journal in which he satirised the follies of society. At once the poet seized upon the manuscript, eagerly offered and as eagerly accepted. In its lively delineation of manners Byron declared it unequalled, save by Grammont's Memoirs. "It is," he wrote, "an extraordinary production and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths

generally are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction—I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least, I won't say so, whatever I may think."

Posterity has been spared the task of passing criticism upon this valuable literary effort. Acting on the advice of friends, its author, no doubt judiciously, destroyed it soon after his second coming to this country. His object in writing it had already been obtained. Through the merits of Byron's laudatory notice, he was henceforth secure of a reputation which, without the necessity for again putting pen to paper, clung to him for the remainder of his days.

Before leaving Genoa, d'Orsay vouchsafed another proof of his amazing versatility by executing a full-length crayon portrait of the poet, which enjoys distinction from the fact of its being the last sketch made of Byron before his death at Missolonghi in the April of the following year. The drawing is one of a long series of similar achievements due to the facile pencil of the artist. Not long afterwards a stroke of fortune came to him. To his other characters was shortly to be added that of husband. Lady Blessington, unable to brook the bitter prospect of a parting from her faithful follower and friend, hit upon an expedient which would keep him permanently near her. Ere many days were passed, she had succeeded in persuading her credulous husband to draw up a will in d'Orsay's favour, making him sole heir to all his Dublin property on condition of his marriage with one of the Blessington daughters, "whether it be Mary (baptized Emily) Rosalie Hamilton or Harriet Anne Jane Frances." Which of the daughters was to be selected as the victim was apparently a matter of indifference; the bridegroom had never seen either, and could not but be indifferent to both. A man of delicate susceptibilities would not have found himself at ease in the predicament; Count d'Orsay boasted no such timorous scruples. At Naples, in the year of grace 1827, his marriage was celebrated with Lady Harriet Gardiner by the chaplain of the British Embassy; the girl of sixteen was brought over from Ireland for the wedding, meekly acquiescent.

The marriage, as we all know, was not a happy one, and the couple early separated. Jekyll, in one of his letters, has an uncomfortable picture of the "pretty melancholy comtesse" gliding into the drawing-room at the conclusion of one of those exquisite *petits soupers*, at which she had not been present, and then retiring to "nurse her influenza." "What a *ménage* is that of Lady Blessington!" says a writer in the *London Age*; "it would create strange sensations were it not for one fair flower that still blooms under the shade of the

upas. Can it be conceived in England that Mr. Alfred d'Orsay has publicly detailed to what degree he carries his apathy for his pretty interesting wife? This young gentleman, Lady Blessington, and the virgin wife of sweet sixteen all live together."

The lady's future history need not detain us. On September 1, 1852, within a month of her first husband's death, she married the Hon. Charles Spencer Cowper. Eventually she became extremely devout, adopted a semi-religious garb, and devoted herself to the foundation of an orphanage. Her connection with Count d'Orsay practically terminated with the beginning of her wedded life.

For two years yet, the faithless husband roamed the length of Italy with his protectors, revelling in their luxurious extravagance. No expense was too great for them, no luxury forbidden. At Rome the furniture of their abode, the Palazzo Negroni, failed to satisfy their English sense of comfort; the entire building was re-decorated at majestic cost. For a house occupied but for a term of months they paid twelve thousand pounds.

Their time was taken up with entertaining or with being entertained. Now it was Prince Borghese who dined with them, a noble Roman, remarkable for his obesity, the number and size of his gold rings, and the circumstance that he had chosen for his wife Napoleon's sister Pauline, *la petite et mignonne*. Or, again, they were conducted by night to the observatory at Capo di Monte under the guidance of Herschell the astronomer, and viewed the stars; or ascended Vesuvius and spent a day at Pompeii with Sir William Gell. Among their guests were Millingen the antiquarian, who "initiated them into the mysteries of numismatics;" Charles Mathews the younger, admirable in his impromptu sketches; the Frenchman Lamartine, "who dresses so perfectly like a gentleman that one would never suspect him to be a poet;" Landor, happy only when with children, animals, or flowers; Lord John Russell, reticent and awkward; Hallam the historian; Jerome Buonaparte, ex-ruler of Westphalia. Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon, received them, attended by her chaplain, *dame de compagnie*, and suite; "from her lips fell many kind and flattering things." She wept as she spoke of her great son.

Finally, having drained to the dregs all the delights which Italy with its vast palaces and petty princes had to offer, the Blessingtons transferred the sphere of their magnificence to Paris.

The heads of the Parisians were quickly turned by such a spectacle. Count d'Orsay was not slow to make his profit. In a few weeks he had carried everything before him. In that society where

dress was a science and clothes one of the weighty facts of life, the handsome dandy, with his sunny impudence, achieved a conquest. Even brute mobs quailed in presence of his blandishments. Rumour relates that during the disturbances of 1830 the Beau encountered one fine afternoon a raging band of rioters crying out, "Kill, kill." Far from attempting to tear him in pieces, no sooner did they catch sight of the familiar form than the air was rent with shouts of "Vive d'Orsay ! vive les Blessington !"

In a word, this elegant adventurer had blossomed into fame. Whether at the opera witnessing the *début* of the dancer Taglioni, or at a grand review held in the Champ de Mars, or in the drawing-rooms of the *noblesse*, he always claimed the chief share of attention, always prominently kept himself before the public. Says the Paris correspondent of the *Age*, writing on September 24, 1829, "Count d'Orsay with his pretty pink and white face drives about *à la* Petersham, with a cocked-up hat and a long-tailed cream-coloured horse. He says he will have seventeen thousand a year to spend; others say seventeen hundred. He and my lady go on as usual."

Vain all the toils of man ! The day of reckoning was nearer than they thought. The Earl of Blessington was struck down by an ap. plectic seizure ; two days later he was dead. The widow professed herself disconsolate. "Nothing can equal the grief of poor Lady Blessington," writes her sister to Walter Savage Landor ; "in fact, she is so ill that we are quite uneasy about her."

Not without reason was the widow prostrate. Her husband's loss was irreparable, as was shown by an examination of his will. All that remained of the vast sums which had been squandered was a miserable annuity of two thousand pounds a year.

Business matters had to be attended to, for everything was in confusion ; and the inconvenience of remaining in Paris became evident. In November 1830 Lady Blessington and Count d'Orsay crossed the Channel to commence a new existence. "Adieu, Paris," she writes in her diary ; "two years and a half ago I entered you with gladness and the future looked bright : I leave you with altered feelings, for the present is cheerless, and the future clouded."

## II.

In the last days of October 1830 there passed through Paris an English gentleman, haggard, broken-down, but with an undefinable air of distinction still lingering about his person, on his way to take up the paltry consulship at Caen to which the influence of friends

had recently procured his nomination. As he traversed the well-known streets, his cheeks regained their colour and his eyes their fire ; the shop windows were still full of gewgaws, still unchanged. By degrees his ancient self came back to him—he tripped from jeweller to jeweller ; unconsciously he fell into his old accustomed pose, his right knee slightly bent, one foot advanced, his head turned to one side, his chin most supercilious on his stock, the gloved fingers of his hand caught lightly in his waistcoat, altogether *très dégagé*. With the attitude returned reflection, and his thoughts began to wander to that ideal snuffbox which, now as in the years gone by, he always coveted. Presently he strolled into a shop ; much study and discrimination went to the choosing ; at last he gave an order for a *tabatière*, to be made to a selected pattern. The price, he added tremulously, must not exceed four thousand francs, about one hundred and sixty pounds of English money. His total annual income at the moment did not amount to more than eighty pounds. The action was in keeping with his character, for the traveller was George Bryan Brummell.

Meanwhile, only a street or two away, the great house in the Rue Matignon was being cleared of its contents. Trunks, bandboxes, cases lay about the courtyard and overflowed on to the pavement. A crowd of footmen loitered on the steps, making confusion worse confounded. Everywhere was bustle and disorder. Count Alfred d'Orsay was on the road to England with the widowed Lady Blessington.

In the midst of all this mighty preparation a humble chaise drove by unnoticed, posting to the consulate at Caen.

One wonders if they met—Beau d'Orsay and Beau Brummell—the contemptuous young dandy smiling at his faded predecessor across some gilded *salon* ; or if their many friends in common spared the fallen monarch that indignity.

A writer, who was himself an exquisite, tells us of the reception of Count d'Orsay in this country : “The youth of St. James's gave him a wonderful welcome. The flight of Mr. Brummell had left them as sheep without a shepherd. They had even cried out against the inscrutable decrees of fashion and curtailed the height of their stocks. And, lo ! here, ambling down the Mall with tasselled cane, laughing in the window at White's, or in Fop's Alley posturing, here with the devil in his eyes and all the graces at his elbow, was d'Orsay, the prince paramount, who should dominate London, and should guard life from monotony by the daring of his whims.”

First at Seamore Place, then at Gore House—once the residence

of William Wilberforce of pious memory—Lady Blessington and her friend electrified society. Jekyll describes their dwelling as “a *bijou*, or, as Sir W. Curtis’s lady said, a perfect *bougie*.” Thither hastened the *élite* of England; in the reception rooms with their frescoed ceilings, their chandeliers of crystal and silver, their oriental embroideries, their priceless pictures, Whigs for a while forgot their hatred of Tories, men of letters rubbed shoulders with the clubbites and the bucks. Lord Chesterfield was there, who passed his life in imitation of Count d’Orsay. Quite as tall, almost as good looking, with his satin-lined coat thrown open in the same style of flowing grandeur, and revealing a breastplate of starched cambric scarcely less broad and brilliant, it was no wonder that the uninitiated were misled by the resemblance; he was always dressed by the same tailor, and it was his pride that his *vis-à-vis* was constantly mistaken for his model’s equipage. Byron’s ideal, Countess Guiccioli, put in an appearance, harsh in voice, thick-set, and *désenchantante*. To gaze at her was to believe the currently accepted story, that she sat down to sing at some great house in London, and, after precluding with much pretension, suddenly stopped, placed both hands behind her in a convulsive effort to lessen some unseen pressure in the region of her waist, and cried, “Dio buono! io troppo mangiato!”—Good God! I’ve eaten too much!

Among the company was L. E. L., then celebrated as a poetess—“the very personification of Brompton,” so Disraeli termed her—“in pink satin dress, white shoes, red cheeks, snub nose, and hair dressed *à la* Sappho.” James Smith, of “Rejected Addresses” notoriety, limped up and down upon his crutches, his little black eyes gleaming all the while with wit and fun. Near him stood Landor on a chance visit from his home at Bath. “If,” he writes, “you should not have left London at the beginning of May, do not be shocked at hearing that a carriage is come to your door with a fierce-looking old man in it.” Tramping moodily about the room was Prince Louis Napoleon, future Emperor of the French, heavy-lidded, pallid-faced, immersed in stratagems and spoils, his throne rarely absent from his thoughts. Blunt, hearty-mannered Captain Marryat came in; the author of “Pelham,” with his brother, followed close behind; or, again, such men as the actor-manager Macready, Barry Cornwall, Harrison Ainsworth, Albany Fonblanque, and Maclise. Every day the circle widened, became richer in variety, a common meeting-ground for all who were distinguished, talented, or witty. Side by side were to be seen a German highness, a Russian prince, a French marquis, an Italian duke. And, observed of all observers, on an ottoman in a

studied attitude of negligence, the central figure of a brilliant throng, with a nod and *mot* for every one who passed, lounged the hero of the moment, Alfred d'Orsay, "very splendid, but undefinable. He seemed showily dressed till you looked to particulars, and then it seemed only a simple thing fitted to a very magnificent person."

One afternoon he strolled into the studio of a brother painter—Haydon: white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, daintily curved hat, gloves primrose in tint, skinlike in tightness, smelling fragrantly of *eau de jasmin*. With gracious condescension in this pride of dandyism, he caught up a "nasty dirty hogtoot," and immortalised a portrait of the great Duke's charger, Copenhagen, by deftly altering the sky. "A complete young Adonis," Haydon calls him, "not made up at all. He bounced into his cab and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus."

This was in 1839. Ten years later, *ce jeune cupidon* was fleeing from the country in the dead of night, taking with him but one valet and but one portmanteau. Gore House was occupied by bailiffs, Jews, and brokers; its entrance was as the entrance to a fair. Phillips, the auctioneer, sat in the drawing-room; dealers and sight-seers thronged the magnificent apartments. It was a spectacle that brought tears to the eyes of William Makepeace Thackeray, as François Avillon, one of Lady Blessington's servants, wrote to his mistress.

The tragedy of the *finale* was inevitable. An income of two thousand pounds a year, aided by the sums which d'Orsay contrived to borrow upon the security of the estates in Dublin—all this was but a single raindrop in the sea of debt which soon encompassed them. Many and various were the expedients to which the Beau and his fair friend resorted in the attempt to keep their creditors at bay. His was a constant figure at the gaming tables, and he was known to Ephraim Bond—ex-prizefighter and prince of moneylenders—immortalised by Disraeli, under the name of Mr. Bond Sharpe, in his "Henrietta Temple."

By writing and by painting they deferred the end. To Lady Blessington are due those erstwhile famous novels of high life: "The Follies of Fashion, or the Beau Monde of London," "The Victims of Society," "The Belle of the Season," and "Grace Cassidy." From her originating spirit sprang the well-known Books of Beauty, charming of their kind, which for many years remained in vogue.

On his side d'Orsay early turned his talents to account, and his studio became the fashionable lounge. His portraits, one hundred and twenty-five in number, were published by Mitchell, of Bond



Street, and include almost every one of note: Carlyle, Disraeli, Countess Guiccioli, Landor, Dickens, Theodore Hook, Napoleon the Third, Monckton Milnes, Landseer, Marryat, and Eugène Sue. "At last," exclaimed the Iron Duke, "I have been painted like a gentleman. I'll never sit to any one else."

There still exists a curious series of letters, which throws some light upon Count d'Orsay's methods at this time. "Kindly send me," he writes to the banker Moritz Feist, "one dozen pair of gloves, *couleur feuille morte*, such as may be bought from the Tyrolean sellers. *Je vous en remettrai le montant.*" The Frankfort banker sent the gloves, but on conditions: he was anxious to advertise a new Rhine wine, in which he was financially concerned. Count d'Orsay expressed his willingness to act as tout. "I have received *ce fameux vin*," he replies, "and it has already met with the approval of Prince Napoleon, Solyman Pasha, and Ouvrard, the Napoleon of finance. Its success is guaranteed." And again: "Here, *mon cher Feist*, are two letters, one for Monsieur Eugène Sue, the other for M. le Comte de la Tour du Pin, *qui recommanderont vos vins aux vrais amateurs.*"

"Et les pauvres gants feuille morte," adds, pathetically, a biographer, "étaient depuis longtemps déchirés à Londres, que le vin rapportait encore à Francfort de petits bénéfices!"

For a long time the tradesmen with whom he dealt refrained from sending him their bills, lest he might withdraw his patronage and lose them other custom. In this connection it is said that his tailors, before delivering his clothes, were accustomed to slip a roll of banknotes into the pockets. Once, for some reason, this pleasant practice was omitted. D'Orsay returned the garments to the makers with a politely worded note: "The lining has been forgotten. Please to rectify the error."

By such strange makeshifts did the Beau succeed in keeping his head above water. Yet his popularity never, for one moment, waned. Albany Fonblanque has left on record that "he could be wittier with kindness than the rest of the world with malice;" and his generosity was proverbial. Were a friend in distress, he would scrape together fifty pounds, stake the whole with unruffled ease upon a single *coup* at Crockford's, and, as Disraeli puts it: "*Mou ami*,—Best joke in the world. I broke Crocky's bank three times. Of course; I told you so. Directly I am awake, I will send you the three thousand, and I will lend you the rest until your marriage."

This was the manner of the man; he could never be anything but popular. The leader of the dandies, they copied the cut of his

coat, the style of his cravats, the fashion of his canes; while bootmakers, tailors, and glovers dubbed their wares with his name, and ensured a ready sale. The scandal of his connection with the noble hostess of Gore House gave him "a certain piquant interest"; and the ladies, who would have perished rather than be seen with Lady Blessington, almost fought with one another in the desire to secure his company. "We send back our dearest d'Orsay," Disraeli wrote to Lady Blessington, when the Count had been staying with him at Bradenham, "with some of the booty of yesterday's sport as our homage to you. His visit has been very short but very charming, and everybody here loves him as much as you and I do." Never did dandy create a greater sensation in society.

Meanwhile, difficulties began to flock about him. He lived in continual danger of arrest; his appearance in public, except by night, became impracticable; his exercise ground was limited to the spacious gardens of Gore House. That mansion was as in a state of siege, under lock and ward. At the gates a burly janitor cross-examined all intruders. Within, Lady Blessington and Alfred d'Orsay sat in daily council, casting and re-casting their accounts. At this crisis, we are told, some efforts were made by him to pass through the bankruptcy court, but these had to be abandoned owing to the impossibility of identifying him with either commercial or agricultural pursuits. His debts amounted to the respectable total of £120,000, which sum was mainly due to London tradesmen. On her side, Lady Blessington was in no better plight. The sale of her novels, of her "Idler in Italy and France," of her "Conversations with Lord Byron," had not attained to expectation; Heath, the publisher and proprietor of the "Book of Beauty," died insolvent; famine and distress in Ireland wrought havoc until the payment even of her jointure was uncertain.

The crash came in 1849. A sheriff's officer penetrated into the sanctuary in the guise of a pastry-cook's boy. "Bah!" exclaimed Beau d'Orsay as carelessly as ever. Escaping from the clutches of the myrmidon by miracle, before day dawned he was upon the road to Paris. Lady Blessington soon joined him.

"Are you going to stay long in France?" inquired the recently elected head of the Republic, as their carriages stopped side by side in a crowded thoroughfare. "I don't know," was the reply. "*Are you?*"

The affront was not forgotten. The President had little in common with the prisoner of Ham whom d'Orsay had befriended. He received the fugitives with courtesy, but with little else.

The rest is quickly told. With the assistance of the Countess Guiccioli, now married to the wealthy Marquis de Boissy (who proud of his wife's past history, was wont to introduce her to his friends as "madame la marquise de Boissy, ma femme, ci-devant maîtresse de Lord Byron"), Lady Blessington installed herself in suitable *appartements*. Count d'Orsay hired an immense studio attached to the house of M. Gerdin, the marine painter. Unabashed by his reverses and the marked ingratitude of Prince Louis Napoleon, he fitted up this building with his own works of art, and strove to regain somewhat of his former position in the literary and artistic world. The attempt was beyond his power, and was only half-successful; in the moment of misfortune his countrymen recalled to mind his traitorous desertion of their standard in November 1822.

Moreover, the new life, with its want of opportunities, was destined to be unexpectedly embittered. Ere a year had run its course the "most gorgeous" Lady Blessington was dead—not without a slight suspicion of premeditation. The blow was fatal. "In losing her," cried Alfred d'Orsay, "I have lost everything on earth, for she was to me a mother, a dear mother, a true and loving mother."

The end came three years afterwards. Induced to relent from his severity, the President appointed d'Orsay Director of Fine Arts. The offer came too late. In all respects the Beau was now an altered man; his gaiety was gone; his love of dress departed; and disease had taken hold of him. Wrote Émile Girardin in *La Presse* of August 5, 1852, "Le comte d'Orsay est mort ce matin à trois heures. La mort a été inexorable, mais elle a été juste. Elle ne l'a pas traité en homme vulgaire; elle ne l'a pas pris; elle l'a choisi."

To-day Count d'Orsay is forgotten, at one with the forgotten dandies of the past. He deserves a better fate. Wayward, excessive creature though he was, he almost had in him the elements of greatness. Indeed, we cannot judge him by the common moral standard of the Victorian age; and it were unjust to class him with the mere Brummells, Mildmayes, Alvanleys, or Pierreponts. Had he not been an exquisite, his name would have stood more chance of preservation. His dandyism was his destruction. Consider his words spoken on the eve of some duel: "If I were to wound him in the face, it would not much matter. If he were to wound me, *ce serait vraiment dommage.*" The saying illustrates the story of his life.

Perhaps, after all, Barbey d'Aurévilly was not far wrong when he declared, "La vanité, c'est un sentiment contre lequel tout le monde est impitoyable."

*BEX.*<sup>1</sup>*AN AUTUMN FAREWELL.*

**S**WEET BEX! Once more 'tis mine to feast my eyes  
 Upon thy Autumn charms ; to sit and gaze  
 Silent—but for the cow-bells' dreamy chime—  
 Across thy valley to the grassy slopes  
 Which, gently undulating, upward rise  
 To where the mountain heights, rugged and stern,  
 Uplift their buttressed summits to the sky.  
 Eastward, Trient's eternal glacier shines,  
 A billowy sea of glistening white ; save when,  
 At dawn, touched by the sun, it glows awhile  
 Burnished with gold ; or when, at eventide,  
 A rosy flush suffuses it, ere Night  
 Chills the crisp air, and hangs her myriad lamps.  
 On this side Rhone, the solitary peak  
 Of Morcles from the craggy ridge confronts  
 The rival Dent du Midi. Lovely Dent !  
 Supremely lovely when the sinking sun  
 Falls on thy woods of chestnut, beech and larch,  
 O'er which dark pines in serried squadrons climb  
 The higher pastures, where, in chalets brown,  
 Through all the summer day the rich milk seethes  
 In caldrons huge slung over ruddy fires.

Crowning a wooded hill, the ruined tower  
 Of legendary Duin overlooks  
 The fertile plain that stretches from the gap  
 Where St. Maurice's ancient church and fort  
 Peer o'er Rhone's bridge to Leman's crescent lake.  
 Adown the village, quaintly picturesque,  
 Rushes the Avançon, whose bouldered stream

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced *Bay*.

From the Diablerets its course has run  
 By mossy banks and overhanging cliffs ;  
 Now, almost hidden, hemmed in deep ravines  
 Twixt smooth sheer rocks ; now, tossing silvery foam  
 On which the sunlight through the branches gleams ;  
 Now, resting peacefully in glassy pools.

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

I close my eyes upon the wide expanse,  
 And let the balmy air recall the time  
 When Spring in robe of tender green, her breath  
 The breath of flowers, and her voice the voice  
 Of birds, had melted with her smile the snows,  
 And loosed the earth from Winter's icy grasp.  
 Here, 'neath my feet, where the gnarled beech-roots trail,  
 Wood-sorrel and the frail anemone  
 Seek the cool shade. Hard by, a sunny bank  
 Glistens with periwinkle ; and, below,  
 The meadow is a woof of broidery.  
 Graceful Narcissus from his chalice white  
 Pours sweetest odours on the gentle breeze ;  
 And daffodils in yellow bunches rise  
 On emerald stalks. Pale blue campanulas  
 And purple columbines sway their tall bells.  
 Globe-flowers put to shame the goldsmith's craft ;  
 And meek forget-me-nots with wistful eyes  
 Speak, as of old, of loved ones far away.

. . . . .

I wander upward through a belt of pines  
 To where the azure gentian gems the grass  
 With tiny stars, and the red Alpine rose  
 Braves the keen air. Here, not in vain, I seek  
 The soldanella, Ruskin's favourite flower,  
 And leave it, for the master's sake, unculled.  
 Then, 'neath a ledge of lichen-speckled rock,  
 I lay me down upon the springy turf,  
 And listen to the bubbling rill, and watch  
 The goats crop honeysuckle, while their herd  
 Basks in the sun and peels his hazel wand.  
 The dusty bees, lured by the fragrant thyme,  
 Rife its tiny nectaries, and ease  
 Their fervent toil with their deep labour-song.

Gay butterflies "in silent ecstasy"  
 Open and shut their languid wings, or float  
 In desultory mood from flower to flower.  
 Beneath the grass the green cicada lurks  
 And twangs his ceaseless note ; as well content  
 With his shrill lyre as is the speckled thrush  
 On yonder tree-top with his dulcet flute.

A foot-fall : and from my day-dream I wake.  
 Spring, with her flowers and her songs, has fled ;  
 And, fluttering through the air, the auburn leaves  
 Fall on the path with bursting beech-mast strewn.  
 No longer does the sun dart his bright shafts  
 Through the tall trees. The valley lies in shade ;  
 And in the glowing West the fleecy clouds,  
 Dyed deepest crimson, on the saffron sky  
 Rest motionless. Nought else the ravished sight  
 Beholds, until the slowly changing hues  
 Fade into grey, and the dim stars appear.

And so, sweet Bex, upon thy varied scenes—  
 Mountain and forest, vineyard, smiling plain,  
 Chalet and village spire, and Duin's tower—  
 Night's curtain falls. And though once more my eyes  
 Will ope upon thy valley when the dawn  
 Lifts the thin veil, 'twill not be mine to see  
 To-morrow's sun sink 'neath the western ridge,  
 And dome with gold the spreading walnut trees  
 Adown whose aisles I take this farewell walk.—  
 But Memory will bring back these Autumn days,  
 And deck again thy vines with amber grapes,  
 And load the chestnut trees with bristling fruit,  
 And shake the dark brown nuts from the smooth beech.  
 The changeless Alps again shall raise their peaks  
 Above the lofty pines. From upland slopes  
 The tuneful cow-bells, mingling with the sound  
 Of murmuring Avançon, shall soothe again  
 My ear, when, far from this loved spot, I muse  
 Upon the past, while the still hours glide by.

## TABLE TALK.

### THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE.

THE most intelligent and helpful criticism upon Shakespeare that has yet seen the light has been given us within the last few months by Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. George Wyndham, and the Right Hon. Judge Madden. So far as is possible in the limited space at my command, I have sought to keep my readers *au fait* with what is being done, and have set before them the discoveries and decisions of each and all of these scholars. That any important results will attend further research among our national treasures in public or private hands is scarcely probable. That it is not impossible is shown in the fact that the present year has brought us new light upon Marlowe, next to Shakespeare the greatest poet of Tudor times, a man presumably Shakespeare's friend and avowedly his model. We are now able to judge on what precise authority Marlowe incurred the charge of infidelity, a charge in which Thomas Kyd was also involved, and from which Shakespeare was barely exempt. The evidence in question, I may say, would not in modern days be held adequate to support any such arraignment. We were then, however, in the days in which what was considered heterodoxy was accorded a long rope and a short shrift, when the Inquisition was busy in Spain, and when the fires in Smithfield were almost within sight and the tocsin of St. Bartholomew almost within hearing. Less than half a century distant were these days from the time when Dolet was burnt at the stake for a slight accentuation of a translated phrase attributed to Plato.

### JUDGE MADDEN ON SHAKESPEARE.

IT is from external evidence that the latest conclusions concerning Shakespeare are drawn. I have been the favoured recipient from Judge Madden of a lecture he delivered during the past year, before the Royal Institution, of Great Britain, on the

subject of the "Early Life and Work of Shakespeare." So full of instruction is this, and so admirably condensed is the style, that I should despair of giving in less space than the writer himself employs a notion of its arguments. With a few points in it, however, I may deal for the advantage of my readers. Beginning with the assertion that there was in the year 1592 "a moderate actor and a struggling dramatist named William Shakespeare," the writer points out that had the fate subsequently to overtake his great master, Marlowe—death in a tavern brawl—befallen this man, the world would have been deprived of "Hamlet," "Othello," and "As You Like It." It is conceivable even that had the works Shakespeare had then written been printed, it might have been left for "an unheeded critic" [to discover in a forgotten volume some of the finest poetry in the English language. Of Shakespeare at that time it is the fashion to say that we know nothing. Not unsuccessfully, Judge Madden strives to show that much has been and may be done in the realization "of a personality at once the most attractive and the most elusive." The well-known utterances concerning Shakespeare of Greene, Chettle, and Jonson, with, it may be, Nash, are brought forward afresh. The influences upon the poet of Ovid, his knowledge of classical literature generally, his employment of legal phraseology and other similar matters, are dealt with before the writer comes to the point to which he has previously drawn attention, that of Shakespeare's unprecedented knowledge of field sports.

#### WHAT WE KNOW CONCERNING SHAKESPEARE.

THIS portion of his argument Judge Madden prefaces by quoting the opinion of Mr. Bagehot concerning the hare hunt in "Venus and Adonis." This utterance is to the effect "that it is idle to say that we know nothing of its author, for we know that he has been after a hare." Accepting this concise, simple and inopprobrious statement one perceives how much more we know if we take the trouble to reckon up our possessions. He who runs may read how Shakespeare wandered in the woods at Arden, how he stretched himself beside the brook as it made "sweet music with the enamelled stones," how he watched or participated in the struggle of the wrestlers, and a thousand things more. So unequalled is Shakespeare's knowledge of woodcraft, that the references to field-sports, horses and horsemanship are in mere number without parallel in literature. No less characteristic and distinctive than numerous are they. Carrying out the canon of Mr. Bagehot, Judge



Madden insists that we know a good deal of the man whose thoughts for ever run on horse, hound, hawk, and deer. Epitomising what he has previously said, he affirms, "We know that many years of his early life must have been spent in the pursuit of sport," and from local allusions "we should infer that those years had been spent not far from Gloucestershire or from Cotswold." These discoveries are "in perfect accord" with the Shakespeare of tradition, and also with the testimony of the early works.

THE SHAKESPEARE OF STRATFORD AND THE  
SHAKESPEARE OF "HAMLET."

THE remainder of Judge Madden's brilliant paper is devoted to the task of establishing that the young Shakespeare, whom he has thus, to use a French phrase, "reconstituted," is the Shakespeare of "Hamlet" and "Lear." Those who hold with John Bright that "any man who believes that William Shakespeare of Stratford wrote 'Hamlet' or 'Lear' is a fool," forget that it is not William Shakespeare of Stratford by whom these plays were written. "They were the work of one who was linked to the man of Stratford no doubt by the tie of personal identity, but separated from him in a much more real sense by some twenty years of thought, work, study, observation of men and manners, and (for aught we know) of sin, suffering, and remorse in this world (London)." The writer holds that the identity of the two Shakespeares is still likely to be questioned, and lives "in daily expectation" of hearing it disputed. I think otherwise. There will be no serious question. Faddists and fanatics may attribute Shakespeare's works to Bacon or Raleigh or Sidney, or any one else they please. Sensible folk will, however, leave untouched the ravings of lunacy. Allowing for difference in degree and in kind, the Shakespeare of "Venus and Adonis" is no further from that of "Hamlet" than is the Keats of "Endymion" from that of the "Ode to the Grecian Urn" or the "Belle Dame sans Merci," or the Byron of "Hours of Idleness" from the Byron of the "Don Juan."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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*ALL IN ONE DAY.*

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

They parted in the hall—  
A word, and she had gone—  
The waltz's dying call  
Was winding, winding on.  
“Parting,” she said, “is pain—  
We go our different ways,  
But we may meet again  
One of these days—these days !”

**M**R. HENRY WARD had just driven up to the station of the Chatham and Dover Company to take the nine o'clock morning train to Dover. There was the usual crowd of goers-abroad, the rush for places. Mr. Ward had no trouble, for “RESERVED” was pasted on the window of his carriage. So he took his seat tranquilly, and began to read his newspaper. A tall, compact man was he, well made, somewhat hardened by exercise and travel, thoughtful and grave, and with a generally amiable face. His age, as in the case of most people of his kind, was a secret best known to himself; we might give him fifty or thereabouts—under or over; a tolerant admiring matron would not hear of anything above fifty, a contemporary of his own sex would give him “sixty to a day.” But he was young in bearing, voice, manner, alertness, and general sympathy with his fellows. What was he? Well, a man of fortune, a squire, fond of travel and long travel, fonder of books and of the fine library at the family place of “all the Wards.”

He was unmarried and had few kith or kin. There was the usual story, true or invented, of an early disappointment—some one he fancied had married a friend of his—the better for him and the worse for the friend, cynical folks said. However, that was a very stale tale now. It was encouraging for the other passengers, at any rate, to see so tranquil and composed a man, who went into the compartment as though he were going into a room in his own house. This was Henry Ward, Esquire, of High Warden.

The train was very full, swarming over with living things, nervously fluttering in and out and about it. Guards were going up and down and hunting vainly a stray place here and there, ironically bidding people "Take your seats!" who had no seats to take.

Suddenly, at the last moment, poured out of the booking-office a large agitated group or train—mother, daughter, and young man—brother, perhaps—a great barrow of trunks trundling on before them. The train was really about to go, the engine-driver's hand on the whistle. In their agitation they plunged at this door and that: porters, station-master, all with quick, habitual glances took stock of every compartment, the group fluttering behind them like frightened birds.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried the lady in charge. "My dear Cecy, we shall be left!"

The occupant of the reserved compartment had now roused himself and was standing up looking out from the window, as if indifferent to the confusion of the party. But suddenly, as the young girl passed by, he seemed to start and looked eagerly after her. The lady distractedly turned back, still rushing desperately at this door and that. "Oh, we shall all be left behind, I see that!" she cried out once more. The young fellow in attendance was hurrying about in a very purposeless fashion.

"There is no room," he said. "It's no use; we'd better wait for the next train. We ought to have come sooner," &c. &c.

"Wait for the next train!" cried the lady with contempt. "Is *that* all you have to say? Make them put on another carriage; sit yourself, and don't be put upon by them."

"But they won't do it," he said helplessly. "I told the station-master——"

"You told him—*make* him, I tell you!"

But the gentleman had now opened the door and jumped out. He took the command in a moment.

"Get in here!" he said; "don't lose a moment—there's plenty of room, let me assure you."

He promptly took some of the bags, &c., in his hand, and in a moment had the whole party seated in his carriage; the relieved guard sounded his whistle; then "Right away!" and the heavily-laden train rumbled out of the station.

The lady, though much flurried, or "flustered" as she would have said, seemed a prodigious talker; all her dress was what is called "bundled" on her. A something compounded of a veil and wirework was tied on her head, while a shawl and cloak were wrapped about her "anyhow and anyhow."

"Well, well," she began at once, "what a business *that* was! I am sure, sir, we are infinitely indebted to you: most gentlemanly of you, and thoughtful, to let us come in, though," she added with a roguish glance of her eye, "I ain't so sure, but that if we and that stupid station-master had only found you out, we'd have invaded you all the same, nilly, willy."

"Oh, mamma dear, how *can* you?" came from the young lady.

"How can I, of course I can, Cecy! and d'ye think Mr.—I am sure he will forgive me not knowing his name, for how could I in the short time and hurry——"

"Ward, madam," said he quietly, "that is my name."

"Oh, indeed," said she, "well, it's a good stock—the Gloucestershire Wards, eh?"

"The same, madam."

"Not High Warden?"

"That is my place——"

"Oh, indeed, sir," said the lady with profound respect. "My poor husband, we were going to join him, you know, at the baths at Homburg—sad invalid; but they do him no good, though he goes regularly—well, I am certain he knows you and all about you. Jennings is *our* name. I'm Lady Jennings, and this is Cecy, my daughter"—she said nothing of her young man—"Mr. Ward. There, now, we're both regularly introduced."

The young girl, who was about twenty, was looking with dancing eyes every now and again at the man of power and reserve forces. He did not seem much to note her voluble mother, whose chatter he felt was not so much intended for him as for giving ease and comfort to herself.

Cecy here deserves a word, for she was a pale, rather elegant creature; small, and with a transparent complexion, one of those sympathetic natures who in a natural way imagine that every one is more or less thinking of them, and who are ever ready with a responsive smile on the least glance in their direction. A great

charm, no doubt, and ever attractive; there is nothing artificial or artful about it, for they cannot help it; "'tis their nature to," as that of birds is to chirrup and bees to hum. Cecy had much of her mamma's animation, only it was of a different sort: it was an eagerness in most things that seemed to be very genuine, and really was so during the time it lasted.

"That's my daughter Cecilia you're looking at now," said the mother. "Young as she is, Mr. Ward, you hardly guess what business she's about?"

"Now, dear mamma, please *don't* go on so."

"'Deed, and I will, miss. What's there to be ashamed of? though, indeed, on this occasion, Heaven help me, we can't go boasting of it, no, indeed. You may as well tell Mr. Ward yourself. You'll want all the friends you can get by-and-bye."

"I should be a little dull," he said, in his rather gentle voice, coming to the rescue, "if I could not guess what you mean, so Miss Cecilia need not tell me anything about it. And, of course, this gentleman is—*that* I can guess too."

"Of course you can," she said, "it's written all over him. I am sure I do not know, Cecy, what your poor father will say when we present ourselves to him with such a story; I hope it won't give him a fit. You needn't be looking at me that way, Cecy. Mr. Ward has shown that he's a gentleman, and he understands me. He's seen enough of the world to know how heart-breaking it is for parents to find the child that they have brought up with the best prospects, throwing—yes, Mr. Reginald—or Reggie—*throwing* herself away on a foolish match of this sort—I say it."

"Pray, my dear madam, you really must not be so confidential. Your daughter, I am certain, could not be thrown away under *any* circumstances. Everything will turn out for the best."

"There's not much likelihood of it in the present case," she said. "Oh dear, dear, deary me! indeed not." And she brought out her knitting, and took off her bonnet-cap-handkerchief veil—for it was compounded of all.

Reggie, a rather flat-foreheaded, soft, amiable-looking young man, after these allusions, now felt that he ought to say something.

"It's quite a shame the way they manage this railway. I'll write to the secretary and show them all up. Make a regular row!"

"I would not, if I were you," said the stranger gravely.

"Why not? You know it *is* a shame—regular mismanagement; we nearly lost the train by their stupidity."

"Hardly; I think not. They might answer that the gentleman

of the party might have contrived better, and have arranged everything for the ladies."

"There! Just what I said, didn't I, Cecy?" interposed Lady Jennings.

"You see," went on Mr. Ward, "I say 'might,' for, really, I don't know the facts—I am only putting the case. But speaking for myself in such cases, I always let bygones be bygones, especially in cases where it has ended so happily as it has done. You may consider it in this way," added he, smiling, "that it is really I who have reserved this carriage for you. I recollect once, when travelling in Germany, I was hastily put into a carriage at the very last moment just as the train was starting——"

"Oh, then *you* are late sometimes," said the young man pertly, making a point. It was clear he did not much like this "superior" gentleman.

"Oh, Reginald!" came from Cecy.

"No," he said, smiling, "it was not my fault, for it was a train passing through, and very full. As I was hurriedly thrust in I found one of the most beautiful young women I ever saw. 'Oh,' she cried in the greatest distress as we started, 'he is left behind.' 'Who?' I said. 'My husband. What shall I do?' 'Wait till the next station; he is in the back portion of the train—I am certain that he is.'

"The next station, however, was two hours off, and I must say they were ~~x~~ very pleasant ~~two~~ hours. She had the most beautiful hair, and a lovely complexion. When the station came the husband, as I expected, made his appearance, a good-humoured fellow enough. We became great friends. The day was exceedingly sultry, and the fair traveller presently took her hat off, and there tumbled down the most beautiful golden hair you ever saw. I have a suspicion the exhibition was intended for *my* benefit, and I fancy she saw my astonishment. At Strasburg we did not part company, but walked about the place, dined together, and got on exceedingly well. They wished me to stay and go on with them next day, but I had to leave by the night train, and, needless to say, never saw them again. Such little adventures—if this one can be so called—are a pleasant relief to the monotony of a railway journey. I generally meet with something of the kind every time I travel."

This was said indifferently, but somehow it seemed to leave a sort of pointed application. For a moment there was a silence, and this apparent coquette Cecy looked down. Lady Jennings looked sly—uncommonly sly.

"Nice goings on," she said, "for your wife to hear of; you didn't tell *her*?"

"Certainly not," said he, gravely. "Such things happen only to confirmed old bachelors, just to comfort them as they go along."

"Oh, I am afraid you're something of 'a lad,'" went on Lady Jennings in her roguish style. "Now I won't ask what you were whispering to the fair creature during the two hours—eh now?"

"Well, I must say she was immensely interested——"

"Ah! I knew—now we'll have it all."

"In a little basket that I had, containing sandwiches and something else. She rather astonished me in the way she performed. But she told me all her history to the minutest details—where she lived, and what she did, and all that."

"But what did she say and do?" said Cecy, immensely interested. "Do tell us the whole thing."

"Well, really I forget now—it's so long ago—every word of it. But I know she was very interesting."

"There now, Master Reggie, you take a note of that and keep your eyes open when you're travelling. That's what I do. I talk to every one. But I never tell them everything of my affairs, though I am glad enough to listen to *them*. But not a word do they get out of me."

"Oh, I say," said the young man, "that's uncommon good."

"What, sir? What d'ye say? D'ye mean that I go telling common strangers things about myself and my family? No, Mr. Ward, that's not my way. I wait till we get more intimate. That's the time for confidences."

"And a very good way," he said.

"Ah, but why do I go on chattering in this fashion, as if I were full of spirits when I ought to be well *down*—going on the errand that I am? I have given my consent, reluctantly, Mr. Ward, yes, reluctantly, *most* reluctantly—I make no secret of *that*. All the world may hear me. I'd say it to the guard at the end of the train. It's a foolish, *foolish* business, Mr. Ward, and only that my dear Cecy there has set her heart upon it——"

"Oh, mamma dear," said Cecy, half rising in her distress, "and you said a minute ago that you never talked of family matters."

"Now you hear that, Mr. Ward, that's a nice way to be reproved by my own child, and before people! But all I say is—wait!"

"Well, at any rate," said Mr. Ward, smiling, "they are a young pair, with life opening before them, and plenty of time, youth, and energy."

"They needn't congratulate themselves on that," said the lady impatiently; "what's cheaper than youth, and the time of day? My idea is there should always be twenty years between a man and his wife, even thirty's not too much."

"So as to be taken to be her grandfather," said the young man scornfully, "with every one asking who's that old man going about with her?"

"Well, and what harm, sir? I assure you I am serious, Mr. Ward. A good sensible man, none of your oiled, hairdressers' dolls, you know; some one that Cecy could look up to and *respect*—that's what I'd like her to have."

"Poor Reggie!" said Cecy, good-naturedly. "This is all very hard on you. You know I respect you, and we understand each other."

"A pair of foolish heads, one respecting the other, *that* won't do us much good. I assure you, Mr. Ward, when I was a girl I hated all young whipper-snappers with their childish talk; but when I met with a *real* man of sense, a well-saved, greyish, reserved man that had seen the world and knew things, then I was happy. Now, don't you agree with me, Mr. Ward?"

Cecy laughed with intense enjoyment, for her mother threw an immense deal of meaning into her speech.

"Well," he answered, "I also must stand up for the well-saved, experienced men, particularly as I may claim to belong to them. But there is the danger of his being *too* experienced and of his being stronger than the other side. That's not fair, you know."

"Right," said the young man, "crafty old foxes they are, every one of them."

"Well, wait, that's all I say," said Lady Jennings, "until by-and-by, and then we'll see who's right. I suppose two greater infants never set out toddling together in life. They know nothing because they've learned nothing. What was that story—a good one it was?"

"Of the boatman," he said, "at Brighton who saw the young folk rowing. 'They fears nothing,' he said, 'because they knows nothing.' But our young friend here knows a good deal, I am sure."

"My dear Mr. Ward, you never were more out in your life. How he is to support a wife I'd like to know—on nothing. And how a family—for *that's* sure to come. Now tell me this, Mr. Ward—you're a man of sense—do artists make much nowadays?"

"Oh dear, yes," he said, "no people so much. They literally coin."

"That's what I am always telling you," said the young man,



"It's the most lucrative profession going. There's no position to which an artist may not reach. Ain't I right?" turning to Mr. Ward.

"Perfectly," said that gentleman gravely. "You know you have Sergeant, and Whistler, and Carolus Duran, and Munkaczy, and so on."

To the astonishment of the party Cecy here flamed up. "That's really not fair; Whistler and Sergeant indeed! As if we thought of such a thing! I didn't suppose you would sneer at us in this way. Never you mind, poor Reggie, I believe in you all the same."

"Sneer!" he said in genuine astonishment; "not I. I never dreamed of it. Whistlers and Sergeants are too rare, and few can hope to rival them. Still," he added after a pause, "it *did* look like it, I confess. But you will believe me, won't you?"

"Of course she does," said her mother impetuously. "I am ashamed of you, Cecy, breaking out in that way to a gentleman."

"I suppose it was a bit of chaff," said the young man. "I don't mind it, I'm sure."

"I never chaff, as you call it. I really assumed that that was what you meant—that you might be encouraged by the success of those artists."

"Oh, not a bit of it! I meant that a fellow can get on in a quiet, comfortable way, enough to make a living. Portraits is what I mean to go in for. You know," and he turned to Cecy, "what the papers said of my picture of you in the Hollis Street Gallery last year?"

"Oh, yes!" she answered eagerly. "How they praised it—at least one paper did."

"It *must* have been a good likeness then," said Mr. Ward smiling. Cecy understood this perfectly and laughed with enjoyment.

"Nonsense; I couldn't see any likeness," said Lady Jennings roughly. "I'd never have known it; and as for the papers, what was that the *Pall Mall* Something said about a tea-board?"

"Oh, mamma, you're too unkind, and before Mr. Ward!"

"Unkind! That's good. Didn't I buy it, give my good money for it? Not that I wanted to buy it, but the pair of you made me."

"Come, come," said Mr. Ward, who was much entertained with all this, "we mustn't be too hard at first. And, after all, to get a place in one of the public galleries——"

"Public galleries! A room over a shop!"

The young fellow broke in indignantly. "Well, it *is* uncommon hard to be cried down in this way in a public carriage, and to have

strangers told such things of me ! Even for Cecy's sake it ain't fair to a fellow."

"Well, Mr. Ward, I speak plainly, as you see, and when I don't like a business I never sham. I do say, and I'd say it before all the passengers in the train, that I've been against the business from the beginning, and I'm against it now, and only for my poor darling child there——"

"Ah, mamma, dear, this is most distressing, going over what is all settled. You know you gave your consent."

"Under compulsion, miss. Didn't the doctors say you'd break your heart and go into the grave ? And was I going to kill my own child ? No, no ! Ah, Mr. Ward, you're a sensible man, as sensible a man as I've met for a long time. Every word you say is judicious. I wish I'd met you two months ago, and I'd have got you to talk seriously to Cecy, and put the thing properly before her eyes, I would, indeed."

There was something so truly comic in this discourse being delivered in presence of the obnoxious *fiancé*, without the slightest restraint or regard for his personal feelings, as though he were the dressing-bag reposing on the seat beside him, that Mr. Ward burst into a fit of laughter. Cecy had the same idea, and also laughed heartily, while the young man smiled ruefully.

"Poor Reginald !" she said, "they're all very rough on you."

"I wouldn't be too sure," he said to his future mother-in-law, "that this gentleman with all his sense would take your view, or that anybody would. Isn't it the most natural thing in the world that two young people should get attached ? You know you encouraged it yourself, and I was always with her, and you said nothing."

"Said nothing !" she answered excitedly, "because, sir, I couldn't dream you were nourishing such a notion. It didn't enter my head for a moment. See here, Mr. Ward, isn't it natural a young and pretty girl like Cecy should have a tail of admirers dangling after her ? But it's a wholly different thing when it comes to marriage. What I say is, marriages should be suitable, or not at all ; and Cecy, who belongs to an old family—and ours is as old as the very hills—is entitled to look high, sir. Her father and I had reckoned on a wealthy and aristocratic connection, instead of—you know, yourself, poor Reginald, you're not that sort of thing at all, though it's not your fault. I don't say it—God forbid !—but it's very worrying and disappointing altogether, for I really believe you'll both *starve*. That's what's before you !"

There was something so vivid in this picture, and it was drawn with such genuine conviction, that Cecy's face fell, and she turned to her companion with something like consternation.

The young man bit his lips and beat his hand nervously on the cushion. Perhaps it struck *him* in the same way.

Again Mr. Ward good-naturedly interposed :

"I would ask," he said, "not to distress us all—particularly your daughter—by dwelling on these matters, especially as there is no use in doing so now. I am certain everything will come right eventually; it always does. There will be some rough places at first; there always are" (Cecy shivered a little), "but that helps to make things 'shake down,' as they call it. You have been good enough to speak of my sense and experience, but I have more of the latter than of the former, and, speaking from that, can say that I have known many cases like this, a little unpromising at first, but which all came right in the end. Miss Cecy, I prophesy, will be perfectly happy, and our friend yonder, if not R.A. or P.R.A.—he would not like me to say that—will be making a competence one of these days."

Cecy gave him a grateful smile.

Now all this time the train had been flying along without stop, with many a "bang, a station; bang-bang, a double-barrelled station," as Boz used to describe it, for nearly two hours. It seemed that but a few minutes had passed. And all the time there was something highly piquant and entertaining for Mr. Ward in the little drama that was being played before him in his compartment. "These are ordinary enough people," he thought, "from whom I shall part at the end of the journey, or it may be before it is half-way done, and whom I shall never see again or wish to see again. And yet——"

Was this latter speculation exactly the case? He was obliged to confess to himself that he was so far interested that he was curious to know how the prospectively "happy pair" opposite would fare or turn out. The pretty, frail-looking Cecy opposite, with her always dancing eyes, had the whole story written on her little person: a tender, impulsive creature, the pet of the family, spoiled therefore, in a certain sense, and had to be given her way. She was not strong enough or tough enough to bear harassing emotions. As with the past, so could he forecast the future. The husband of such should be a strong staff, indulgent, firm, useful, reliable; such was certainly not the self-sufficient creature before him. On the whole, it looked as though the business would be disastrous. They would be "setting up house" for themselves; then a break-down in means for

him, a break-down in health for her, with a return to the maternal house. Then weary days, and so on to the finish. Poor Cecy! she deserved a better fate. As he read her from his corner, and he was good at such readings, he could see for a certainty that there was nothing of frivolity under those bright smilings and glances; there was almost a feverish earnestness. She had set up her idol, such as it was, or her ideal, and believed in it. She had had no other to compare it with, for, as her mother had said, she was always followed by a train of young, worshipping "whipper-snappers," profitless in every way. For the good lady fancied that any admirer "counted," no matter what his quality; "nowadays anything in trowsers does," she used to say. Reginald was of the same type, one of this meaningless group. And the little lady herself took special pride in her retinue, and had unluckily fancied, however, that this Reginald was a pearl among them all, with high and noble gifts to distinguish him. With these surroundings, her garrulous mother, and these idle retainers, her world went on in a pleasant, airy atmosphere of general nonsense. Grave or solid persons rarely found themselves in her society. There was too much fun and frolic for them, not that such would not have been appreciated by her. For in truth she was a rather serious, romantic little maiden, full of a fervent purpose and intense feeling which, however, no one gave her credit for, unless it might be the stranger with whom she had just become acquainted.

"I declare if here isn't Dover," said the matron, taking down her wired cap from the rack, &c., and "arranging" herself. "Well, I'm sure it don't seem ten minutes since—all owing to this gentleman's agreeable talk. I won't compliment you to your face, my dear sir, but you really are a very pleasant person to pass the time with. Eh, Cecy? What do *you* say?"

"Oh, mamma, how can you? How can I say it?"

"Can I? Surely you know that I'm right, and you know, Miss, you think it much more than I do. I tell you what, Mr. Ward, she's a born flirt, and though that's all over with her now, for the present, mark ye! she'd like nothing better than to keep her hand in, and practise on the first person she met, old or young, the guard, or the very porter, or the cab-driver, it's all one to her. She lives on it, so mind, I've warned you."

"Oh, for shame," said poor Cecy, colouring, and yet half pleased, "your exposing me in this way! What will Mr. Ward think of us all?"

"By the way," said Lady Jennings, stopping abruptly in her

preparations, "when do we part company? I hope not soon, Mr. Ward?"

"I have not quite fixed," he said, hesitating. "I suppose I must go on at least to Cologne."

"Oh, how lucky!" said Lady Jennings, with manifest pleasure. "Then we'll have you for a long time—I am really glad." Cecy's eyes, too, shone with pleasure, but she had noticed something, shrewd little minx, as her mother would call her, and a certain theory occurred to her. Her eyes had been resting on Mr. Ward's bag, which was beside her, with the label sticking out. Presently she stole a glance and read clearly enough: "H. Ward, Esq., Geneva," and he *said* he was going to Cologne.

We cannot imagine what a flutter this little discovery threw her into. She smiled to herself and smiled again, until her mother roused her impatiently.

"Now Cecy, wake up! Stir yourself and get the things together.

Here was now the always busy, animated scene; the rolling down through the town to the pier, the deluge of trunks tumbling on board, the crowds looking on, and the crowd on the deck, and the great sea waiting its prey. It seemed fresh, and likely to be rough; at least there were the canvas screens set up everywhere on the bulwarks of the vessel.

Lady Jennings "flustered" on board, as usual, calling for the stewardess, and, as usual, not being attended to.

"Now, Reginald, do you put yourself forward and be of use. Make them give you a good cabin. A *good* one, mind! But there, you're no use. Cecy, you go and speak to the captain and talk him over—he'll give it to *you*, never fear."

"Then let Miss Cecy apply to me and talk me over, for I have one secured—it's too late to get another. Well, pray begin the talking me over. No? Give me your bag, and I'll show the way."

Lady Jennings was delighted. "Oh, I declare, you're an invaluable man. What should we do without you? Go, Cecy, at once with Mr. Ward."

Cecy did as she was told, and followed demurely, her eyes cast down, nun-like, her mother rustling after with Reggie.

"Here is Miss Cecy's cabin," he said. "I am sure she will let you share it if I ask her——"

"Ha! ha! 'Pon my word, Cecy turns out to be a great lady here. Nice thing for a mother to be dependent on her own child for a share in *her* cabin! Where's that Reggie now? I want the stewardess to settle me. Oh, he's no good at all."

Reggie presently appeared at the door, rather white and uncomfortable.

"Well, what's the matter with you now?" said his future mother-in-law.

"Nothing, but they say it will be a rough passage—I'm going to lie down."

"Well, do so, in Heaven's name! I'll do the same. Cecy's the only one that defies the elements."

"Oh yes," said she, "I love these blowing days and the being tossed about," and her delicate cheeks already showed a faint rosy tint, fanned by the fresh sea air—an odd contrast to the unhealthy hue of the youth beside her.

"Reggie, dear," she said softly, "I would advise you to lie down, and at once."

"And," added Mr. Ward, "first get yourself a stiff tumbler from the steward; it will do you good."

The youth looked at him suspiciously. "No, thank you," he said, "I'd rather not. That's being too good-natured."

"Well, I am going to do so myself," said Mr. Ward, good-humouredly, and so he did go.

Now the vessel had got out to sea, and here was the first lurch so violent, and with such a drenching wave, that all poor, weak-stomached folk on board fancied they were going to the bottom. But Mr. Ward, arrayed in his flowing ulster, enjoyed the prospect and walked about on the bridge. He knew, or came to know the captain, and also one or two other acquaintances; so presently there was a pleasant party aloft lighting their cigars and enjoying the fresh day—for it was no more than that, though below in the various "chambers of horror" for many it was an agonising voyage. If they could have seen this group of easy-going indifferent persons, it would have inflamed their sufferings.

Mr. Ward was expounding something to the captain, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence—

"There's a foolish young creature," said the captain, following his eyes; "she will get a fall."

But Mr. Ward had descended rapidly, and found Cecy holding on to the shrouds, hesitating to advance, her dancing eyes looking out merrily from within the large hood of her waterproof.

"Now, what are you doing?" he said; "you will fall and be swept overboard, and what should we do then?"

She laughed merrily. Then looking at the waves, she said,

"Aren't they *splendid*? There we go again! Oh, how I love it! It's like being on a spirited horse."

"Yes," he said, "but all the time you will be drenched through and through. Come, and I'll find you a sheltered place where you can see the show comfortably." She took his arm, and, with many short runs and plunges, they made their way to the after portion of the vessel, where there was a comfortable retreat.

"Now, you will do well there, won't you?" he said, wrapping her up. "I have more rugs, if you want them. I wish I could fetch your Reggie, and then it would be perfect."

She laughed. "Ah, poor Reggie! he's very uncomfortable at this moment. I sha'n't be here long, for mamma will want me, so do sit down and let us talk a bit."

Mr. Ward did sit down, and did talk a bit.

"It's very odd, this meeting of ours," he said.

"Isn't it?" she said naturally. "Seems like an old friendship and a new meeting; and yet, you know, it's little more than a couple of hours. As mamma said, How they flew by!"

"That was only," he said, "because there was interest on both sides, a little on your side, and a good deal on mine. But how lucky that I happened to be looking out of the carriage at your distress, instead of being absorbed in the *Times*!"

"Yes," she said; "still, I noticed you let us go by a couple of times before you relented."

"Oh!" he said quickly, "you really noticed that?"

"Yes," she answered, "and it seemed to me as if you had suddenly changed your mind."

"So I did; you are very sharp!"

"And why did you?"

"Because—but I won't tell you now."

"Oh do, you must, I beg of you——"

"No, no now—it's too rough—except that it was something connected with you."

Cecy began to smile and flutter in her usual way, but he went on gravely:

"I really thought, for the moment, that you were somebody else. It was startling, and I almost called out; then I saw——"

"Oh, I see," she said, a little disappointed, "that was it, you committed yourself, and could not go back."

"No, it wasn't that exactly."

"But I am curious about this person. Tell me about my likeness."

"No, no, no," he said, "it's a long uninteresting story. I want to hear about *you* and your Reggie, though indeed your mamma," he added, smiling, "has told me everything."

"Oh indeed! I wish mamma would *not*," she said vehemently, "though I think you wouldn't"—these little ellipses were quite intelligible—"she never means half what she says."

"Your mother does not seem very hopeful of the business."

"Oh, but mamma is always that way—she takes the gloomiest views; the next moment she'll be all the other way."

"But is it as she says?" he asked. "I mean she has not exaggerated about his prospects?"

"Well," she hesitated, "I suppose not. Tell me now, what do you *really* think? You are such a man of the world, as mamma says, and know how to judge. Surely it's not so foolish as she says? I mean there's nothing so ridiculous or out of the way in two young persons that like each other and all that——"

"Be sure," he said, "it's the commonest thing—too common, perhaps. I have known many instances."

"That's what I say to her. It's not a nine days' wonder, and, as you said, it generally comes right, doesn't it?"

The little wistful face was turned to him waiting his answer.

"You should tell me more about it. How it began and went on, what you think *he* thinks. But even after all that, the probability would be that I should not give you a real opinion, but only one that I thought would be agreeable to you."

"Oh, you wouldn't do that," she said reproachfully.

"Why not? This sort of truth-tellers is odious, and you would only dislike me, and I should dislike that. I would not like to distress or depress you."

She looked at him seriously. "Then I see you *have* that opinion? But you don't mean it?"

"Can I help it, if I have?" he said sadly. "I have learned the world too well, to my cost, and what I foresee generally turns out—as I foresee. You believe tenderly in your Reginald—and that is much."

"Indeed I do," she said fervently. "The pity is you don't know him or see him as I do; neither does mamma. You can't imagine all we have gone through—she loves, adores me; but all our wise relatives and friends have been at her, warning and prophesying ruin and destruction. Still nothing has shaken him. What could he gain by marrying me? I shall only be a burden. I say again, he seems undecided, and not very bold in society, but that is only



before mamma. He does very well with others. For my sake he lets mamma treat him as she likes, but he is very persevering, and is certain to succeed. He has it in him, as he says."

Mr. Ward could not help smiling at this fond delusion.

"As to his perseverance, you may be right; but to be a great artist——" and he shook his head.

She looked at him with some misgiving.

"Of course you have some fortune?" he said after a pause.

She laughed. "I," she cried, "not a penny! That is, I believe they talk of making out a few thousand pounds, but it will pinch papa and mamma. You know I have four brothers."

"And your artist, what has he?"

"He has his profession," she said with a smile.

"Good Heavens!" he said with a genuine start. "Why it's folly; it will end disastrously!"

She looked at him, scared. "You don't encourage me?" she said.

"Why, what are you to live on? What will supply the comforts you are accustomed to? It will be wretchedness, misery, squalor to a certainty. Has no one put this old, old story before you? Or have you made up your mind to it, that your life shall be one long, weary act of repentance?"

"You do frighten me so. Mamma has said so, of course, but she says that of everything."

"Never mind what she, or even I, say to you, but think of it for yourself. Rent comes round, taxes come round, butchers, bakers, doctors, everything comes round, and they are to be paid out of nothing! Your father and mother in due course will disappear from the scene, and who will help then? Forgive me," he said, with a sudden change from this severity of tone, "but when you see an interesting creature on the brink, and bent on flinging herself down, it would be cruel not to speak and warn. If you listen in time, it may be that you will one day bless the Providence that sent you into my carriage at Victoria Station."

The tears were in her eyes. "Oh, don't be so unkind," she faltered.

"Cruel to be kind," he said. "Mind I am saying what I *know*. It seems strange that you should be going to repeat what I have seen—and never forgotten—years ago. Once on a time I knew a young pair, who were bent on doing exactly what you both are bent on doing now. The young man, who was a younger son with good prospects, met with a young girl to whom he became deeply attached—a clergyman's daughter. His father, a cold, hard man,

with no tolerance for romance, forbade the banns. The son did all he could to win his consent, and failing, married the young girl. The father, without open anger, cast him off, and refused to give him the slightest means of support. What did the pair care? He would work for the girl he loved, be independent and win an honourable existence. She too, would sew, and mend and work, and all that—and she really meant it, for she was a fervent character. But, after a time, money and work all failed, then came mean and meaner lodgings. All began to go down—down. Then set in the squalor and miseries of struggle, of privation. Bad enough all this, but not the worst. You can guess?"

"No," she said wonderingly.

"She grew more wasted and more and more dispirited. One day, to his utter astonishment, the scales seemed to have fallen of a sudden from her eyes. As he entered from without to once more tell his hopeless tale of failure, she said:

"'And now I hope you are proud of your work! What made you bring me into all this misery? Couldn't you have left me as I was, with your false stories of love supporting everything and through everything. Oh, I could hate you!' which cruel stab, for truth it was, went straight through my very heart——"

"Your heart?" she cried.

"Well, his or mine, for he was my dearest friend. But the point is, that from that moment all love was gone."

She looked at him fixedly for some moments: "That is awful—an awful story," she said at last. "I see it all before me, and I don't want to see it." And she covered her face with her hands. After a pause Cecy came back to the subject:

"Tell me the rest, do! It's not concluded, I am certain."

"I should like to do so," he said hesitating; "but it would be too painful for you to listen. Perhaps I may before this journey ends."

"No, no, now," cried Cecy. "There will be no opportunity."

"Well," he said, "if you desire it——"

At this critical moment a yellowish greenish face was beside them, peering curiously, and a voice, as it were, awoke the pair:

"Cecy, how can you stay in this exposed place, and your chest so delicate?—your mother must want you. What are you doing here?"

He looked distrustful, and even hostile, and spoke sharply.

"Lady Jennings is likely to be asleep," said Mr. Ward; "you might disturb her."

"Oh, not at all," he said sharply. "Here, take my arm, Cecy." She rose at once and did as she was directed.

"You look quite ill, Reggie," she said.

"Ill I have been," he said, "and am—and probably *shall be*. But nobody minds that. Come along!"

Mr. Ward followed.

"You will tell me the rest by-and-bye," she said eagerly. "I am longing to hear it all; it's like a novel, Reginald" (not "Reggie" observe), "so interesting and so terrible too."

"I was telling Miss Jennings a story," he said to the young man, "and had just come to the most interesting passage——"

In the same hard way he looked from one to the other.

"I don't care, I am sure," he said, "and don't wish to interrupt your confidences." Here they were at the cabin door.

"What made you disturb me?" cried Lady Jennings roughly. "I was in such a comfortable sleep! Oh, go away and leave me alone. What made you do it, Cecy?" And Lady Jennings tried to resume her interrupted slumbers.

Mr. Ward had once more mounted to the bridge to enjoy the blow. Later, looking down from his eyrie, he saw the pair below, seated, Reggie, with his green face, apparently excited and expostulatory, she, at first very quiet, and trying to soothe him, then stamping her little foot on the deck. It presently looked like a passionate and very heated discussion. Suddenly she looked and caught Mr. Ward's eye and—smiled, and all was quiet again.

The young man turned away impatiently.

Well, here was now the sad-looking, slate-coloured, Ostend drawing near, with its low-lying tiled houses and lattice-work piers. Then followed the disembarking, Lady Jennings being brought ashore with all her innumerable packages, some forgotten and having to be sent back for. Behind her there was a perfect train of useful but rapacious cabin boys, sailors and general sutlers, who carry bags, slung round them, for the passengers' behoof, who are often helpless at such moments. The international train was waiting, bound for Switzerland, France, Germany, and other regions, and presently the party were again in a carriage and speeding along to Brussels.

The shadows of evening were now beginning to fall, and the pleasant talk went on: Lady Jennings was drowsy, Reginald strangely changed, moody, and even sullen. Our heroine, however, was more brilliant than ever and more than confidential with her new friend. What were they talking about?

"How many hours is it since we started?" said Mr. Ward; "it's a

long day, and yet it seems to have flown since that first lucky moment when I saw you from the carriage window," and so on. In these long stretches of railway travel, when we pass from land to sea, from sea to land, from one country, how long seems the day, how crowded the events and details that succeed each other! Hackneyed and familiar as the process has now become, no one with a feeling for romance and dramatic tone can be insensible to the sense of novelty and original sensation as he goes along. Our little heroine felt it all to the utmost, and her dancing eyes turned from one object to another with a flutter of enjoyment. It had indeed been a wonderfully happy and exciting day, a sort of play, with various objects they were flying past as scenery. All through the long day she had been somehow intensely interested in something. Was it because here was almost the first time she had found herself dealt with *seriously*, as a character, whose thoughts and words were of importance to some one else, and thought of value? No one, hitherto, had made much account of her, or considered her much more than a pleasing child that prattled, and was indeed truly engaging; but here was this grave and thoughtful being, their day-long friend, whom she now seemed to have known for months, and to whom she felt so strange an attraction as she listened. Not for a moment during that fitful day had he been dull or "stupid." And the curious thing was that Reginald, her once adored "Reggie," seemed, as it were, to be losing all his gay and dazzling plumage, and to be becoming rapidly flat, feeble, and dreadfully prosaic. All the hero seemed to be rubbed away, his colours washed out.

Nor must it be supposed that this grand Mr. Ward was one of your wise men, "full of general information," who are willing to expound difficult matters to young ladies who are less interested in such things than they appear to be. Such superior persons are more or less bores, they have not that pleasant "light comedy" touch which is welcome and makes talk irresponsible. There was a quiet *persiflage* in all he said, and he had the art of making his hearers talk naturally and unaffectedly. But with Cecy, so it seemed to her at least, there was ever a sort of sad current in his talk, addressed to her alone, intelligible to her though not to the rest. This seemed strange enough to her. There were warnings, moral, "double intentions," allusions, which made her wonder how it was contrived. Whatever was the intention or result, the system imparted a novel piquancy and interest. The lover, now grown completely silent, looked on at each speech, turning his eyes from one to the other.

From Ostend to Brussels was a stretch of an hour and a half or so—for this was before the era of corridor trains. It was now darkening, and they flew past large clusters of lamps, which they knew to be Bruges, then by Ghent, then by Alost with its quaint steeple. Here was Brussels, a great blaze of lights, and where there was to be a stay of half an hour or so.

Dinner, suggested Mr. Ward: a nice, snug little "picnic" sort of thing, at a little table in the restaurant, without any fuss or elaboration. They would be at Cologne by eleven o'clock, and thus bring the long day to an end. All this gave Cecy intense delight. For long after she often recalled the excitement and enjoyment of that pleasant little banquet. Somehow the usual *Sturm und Drang* which her mother always introduced into their travel, making it a tremendous and anxious time, had vanished. It was all amusing, and like a pleasure party, just as life itself ought to be for her. That thought, however, seemed to awaken her to what was now before her. How odd it was that with her Reggie she had never felt this feeling of confidence and reliance! He had been very dear to her—once, that is, he had—but she had never at any time been able to "look up to him." That was very odd, and curious. It was unfortunate for that young fellow, in this delicately poised state of affairs, that he should not have shown himself to any advantage. He scarcely spoke at all, but seemed to descend, to grow worse and worse, save now and again to grumble, and declare that the food, wine, &c., was detestable—utter "rot."

"My young friend," said Mr. Ward, who treated him with the most good-humoured good-nature, "would you believe this? Never in the whole course of my life has that word come from my lips, and it never shall. I should always be afraid of its being associated with me personally. There are plenty of nicer words—but no, I won't say it—"

"Yes, yes," said Cecy eagerly. "I have often told him that he has a regular stock of those odious things."

"Quite right, Cecy," said her mother, in a drowsy way, "you should put him under Mr. Ward, and get him regularly re-educated."

Cecy's roguish eyes danced about at this notion, and with that irrepressible delight which she never concealed, "Oh, but would Mr. Ward do it for me?"

Her mother, who never could resist an opening for what she called "rallying" folk, here gave a very palpable wink at Mr. Ward.

"Oh, you're his particular friend, Cecy. He'll do it for you—we must come to you when we want anything done."

"I shall be always glad," he said gravely, "to help Miss Cecilia in any of her plans."

"What *is* it you are all talking about?" said the young man pettishly. "Who do you want to re-educate? Not me, I can tell you. What does it mean, this way you have been going at me all day? You pick up this—this gentleman—that you never saw before, and you take everything he says for gospel."

"Come, come, sir," said Lady Jennings angrily, "none of that to me! Don't forget yourself. If you can't behave with propriety here, you had better go out and take a walk up and down the platform. D'ye hear? Go out, sir!"

The young man pushed back his chair angrily, and with a very angry look at Cecy, did exactly as he was told, and left the restaurant. Lady Jennings winked again at Mr. Ward. "That's the way I keep him in order," she said; "cock him up, indeed, with his airs and loftiness! And we actually going to get my poor husband's consent to his proposals. I never saw the like. If he were indeed a man of substance, with anything more than the suit of clothes on his back, he might take on in that way. But now, Cecy, didn't I say so always, that he'd show himself in his true colours, sooner or later?"

Cecy looked a little uneasy. "I am afraid he is a little angry. I suppose he thinks we have neglected him to-day. And, indeed, I begin to think we *have* been treating him rather badly."

"Serve him right," said Lady Jennings; "who cares what he thinks? I tell you what, Mr. Ward, no child of mine shall be treated disrespectfully before me. I'll protect her so long as she is with me. After that, she may do as she pleases. But all I say is this, Mr. Ward. What do you think of a lover of that kind, who could treat Cecy's mother in that style? Or, what do you think of it, Mr. Ward, being a man that knows the world, as a prognostic of my darling Cecy's happiness?"

"Well, as you ask me," said Mr. Ward, "I must own that I take Miss Cecy's view that we *have* rather overlooked him all day. We are all more or less guilty, but I may be the worst."

"Pon my word you are, you and Cecy. It's between you, but she's the ringleader. But how can it be helped when the poor creature's a perfect cypher, as I have always said? And how is he to support a wife and family without being able to open his mouth properly? that's also what I have always said."

"I think," said Mr. Ward, "I'd better go and bring him back, and smooth it over. Shall I tell him you sent for him?" he added, turning to Cecy.

"Certainly—that is—if you like," said Cecy, rather guardedly.

"Oh! leave him to me," said her ladyship. "I'll go and call him well over the coals." And with a fresh exquisitely knowing wink, this time at Cecy, she rose hastily and went out on the platform after the truant Reggie, leaving the pair together.

Now, during the last couple of hours a bold and daring *coup* had been fermenting in the worthy lady's brain. All about Mr. Ward and his family had been slowly coming back on her. He was a most desirable person indeed. Strike, strike while the iron's warm, she said to herself. Reggie's rudeness to herself would be a good excuse. The obvious change in Cecy, going on palpably before her eyes, was even more significant, and it came to her that if she could only *brusquer* the situation and bring these inflammable elements into collision she might blow up the whole business before they reached Cologne. It was with this view that she had purposely suggested the young man's leaving the table.

"And haven't I every right?" she said, as she came on the platform. "Isn't all fair in war, and in love, too, where my child's concerned? Wasn't I against it from the first, and didn't I always tell the fellow I'd frustrate his knavish tricks any way I could? And so I will!"

She saw the young man a short way off, and was presently "giving it to him right well," for "exposing them all in that way before a stranger. I tell you what it is, sir, I'll just throw up the whole business on the spot and take my ticket back to London. Insulting me and Cecy before a friend of ours, that highly gentlemanlike man! I couldn't tell you how shocked he was, and what he thought of your behaviour." An artful speech that was literally true. But the young man had had time to meditate in the darkness and began to see his danger. He faltered out some excuses.

"Oh, that's all very well now, but the mischief is done, I can tell you. Cecy sees through you. You've opened her eyes for her, my lad, what I, with all my trouble, couldn't do. I doubt if you'll be able to patch it up after this. And who could blame her, with the holy show you made of yourself all day long before that clever man, who turned you inside out before her? That's what I have always said of Cecy, she likes and admires cleverness, and she thought you had it, with your paints and things! But you haven't. I tell you, again, she's found you out, and all your brushes and daubings won't put Roly-poly on the wall again."

"I'd like to kill that fellow," said the young fellow fiercely, "I would——"

"Would you now?" she said sneeringly. "Take care he doesn't kill you if you try that on. You know he's your master in every way. He's shown *that* to us all. Ah, my lad, all through this business you thought you could snap your fingers at me! And to drag me about over the Continent in this way—though you *didn't* do it; it was all for my child's sake and her health, nothing else. But now it's my turn, so look out!"

Perfectly beside himself at these taunts, the young fellow rushed away from her, and made for the refreshment room. Passing through the glass doors, he came before the pair again, who were deeply absorbed. Mr. Ward was stooping forward, speaking in a low voice, while Cecy's eyes, no longer dancing and roving about, were fixed earnestly and devotedly upon him. Reggie gave a loud groan and hurried up to them.

"Come, that's right!" said the unperturbed Mr. Ward. "I have been paving the way for you and pleading your cause. I think I may say he's forgiven. May I not?"

"Oh, yes, of course," said Cecy, a little impatiently, "but he must promise to behave better——"

"I'll promise you anything, Cecy, if this gentleman will promise to leave us alone for the future."

Cecy bounded up. "Well, after that, so *that's* how you take our good-nature. We're to make terms with you. I suppose it's *you* that are to forgive, not we, and that after what you said to mamma."

"Oh, Cecy, don't speak to me like that; you never did so before."

"Well, you do try one so. See, even now you are not going on like a man. You won't cry, I suppose?"

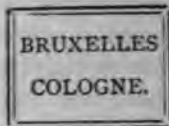
"Oh, to think of all this happening since this morning, when I was so happy. It's like as if an evil spirit had come in among us and made the change."

"Ah! are you goin' mad?" said Lady Jennings, who had been listening, bursting into a genuine laugh; "what a ridiculous boy you are. I declare I'm ashamed of it all. There now, the train's agoin' to go. So there now, Cecy, attend to business, and you, sir, make yourself useful and get our things together. Your lordship can do *that*, I suppose?" Cecy dutifully did as she was told, and followed her mamma demurely.

They came to the platform, but found the train had not yet come up. Some one near said it was on the next line,



where another train was, with the usual queer board, on which was inscribed :



"Come along, mamma, we shall be late," cried the impulsive Cecy, leading the way and tripping across. There was a great crowd, craning their necks forward, looking out for their particular train. As usual there was no raised platform. There was a rumbling sound in the distance.

"Come along, mamma !" cried Cecy, still beckoning, "here it is."

Suddenly the young man called out : "For Heaven's sake, Cecy, take care—come back, you'll be run over !" The rumbling came closer, the next moment the heaving train was rolling past, and Cecy was standing safely beside her mother.

She had been snatched up by some one and set down, in a perfect whirl, on safe ground. It was all done in a second.

The escape was so narrow that there had been a general cry, and the station-master in very angry tones came up and gave her a rebuke. She needed it not, for she was well conscious of the danger. Her beautiful form swayed with terror and agitation. She seemed to be faltering, and likely to fall on the platform.

"Look up, Cecy, don't be afraid. You are safe !" said the young man.

"Where was I? Some one saved me !" she murmured. "Ah, you ! poor Reggie ! How good of you !"

Lady Jennings was beside herself, making a scene, and of no use. Again the station-master and good-natured women clustered round.

"She will faint, *la pauvre*. Try this ! Here is a saloon where you can lay her down. Now then, *montez, montez, tous ! En voiture, messieurs ! En voiture !*" And so the express, somewhat delayed, sped out of the station without the party.

Cecy, delicate as she was, had too much spirit and go to give way under a fright, and soon rallied herself.

"Ah ! there you are yourself again," said her lover.

"Ah, dear good Reggie ! And it was you !" she said again, and took his hand affectionately.

"Yes," he said somewhat nervously, "I called out to you, you recollect, and gave warning just in time."

"What !" said Lady Jennings, "isn't that like him? Why, you

poor caitiff creature! do you want to take the credit from another?"

Mr. Ward smiled. "Well, he certainly did call out in time."

"What, then, it wasn't *you*?" said Cecy, dropping his hand. "And who—some one carried me—it was all in a flash."

"My dear Cecy, don't you know? It was this good, brave Mr. Ward who saved your life. As the station-master said, 'it was touch and go.' Oh! that moment I felt the life go out of me! Oh! my darling, I have you still," and she drew her over and fondly embraced her. "And I might not but for you, sir. God bless you for ever for it."

There was something very genuine and touching in this burst.

"No, no, you make too much of it," said Mr. Ward gaily; "we all had our share."

"I declare I cannot see how you make that out. The gentleman there that stood looking on while his lady was going to be run over! How chivalrous, eh? Cecy, what do you say to that?"

"I declare, on my solemn word of honour, I no more knew the train was so close, and I was so confused and taken back——"

"Deed you were, and you *kept* back too, careful of your skin. Well, Cecy, what do you think of your hero now?"

"I could go down on my knees to thank him. Never, never, never shall I forget it."

"Oh, do you hear that, Mr. Ward? That's good! She thought I meant you. But you *are* a hero, and a regular one. But really, Reginald, seriously now, after this business, how can you decently hold up your head? I know when I was a girl for a man to show the white feather was fatal."

Poor Reggie groaned.

"Oh, pray, Lady Jennings, spare him," said Mr. Ward. "It's really not as you put it. It is not every one that can be prompt and ready on the instant."

"As you were. Exactly!"

"Well, it's only a matter of temperament or habit. So I must make it a particular request, and I beg Miss Cecy to second me—for now I am entitled to ask for something—that it will not be alluded to *any* more. I believe it to be exactly as he says, that he did not seize the moment where moments were all important."

"Yes, mamma, do leave it alone. Poor Reggie, you couldn't help it."

"My dearest child," said her mother, "you look white and worn,

and no wonder, from the shock. So lie down here on this good sofa and try to take a sleep. It will do you good."

Cecy was as her mother described her, and, nothing loth, did as she was directed. In a few moments she was fast asleep, her pretty, bow-shaped mouth partly open and breathing forth soft airs. She was one of those who look prettier asleep than when awake. The young man, quite cowed, and possibly in despair, gathered himself up in a corner like an angry dog. Lady Jennings, perfectly awake, now gathered her energies together for the opportunity so happily presented.

"I begin to think, Mr. Ward, it was a *perfect Providence* that sent us into your carriage this morning! Look at all that's taken place since, coming one on top of the other. It's wonderful! Why, everything's changed and made topsy-turvy. Look at that poor creature in the corner. Where's he now? And yet this morning we were all at the bother of gettin' up early and scrummagin' off to the station. And for what? To take *him* over to her father and get his consent to this precious marriage. *Now*, I ask you, where is he? And is it likely," here she dropped her voice, "you're a man of the world and know women well—is it likely, I say, that a girl like Cecy would *ever* look at him with anythin' but contempt? No, my dear sir, the thing's over, for good and all; and I'm glad of it."

"I am afraid so."

"And why should you be afraid, Mr. Ward?" said she significantly. "There's no reason for that. It's a deliverance surely to be rid of a person who's undesirable in *every way*. But, Mr. Ward, there's more than that—more than meets the eye. D'ye mark me?"

"Well, so far," he said, "I hardly think I do."

After a pause, she said abruptly:

"What d'ye think of Cecy?"

"One of the most interesting, natural creatures I have yet met."

"I thought so. She has a very exceptional sort of character. You have seen that coming out all this day. You did—I marked you. But with her it doesn't *always* come out. It's only when there's something congenial. Of course, it's not for me to be forward, but this I may say, being her mother, that any one who wanted to gain her must do so by being chivalrous and gallant, and not by behaving as our friend yonder did. A strange thing about Cecy is that, unlike girls, she cannot *bear* young men. She cannot abide their frivolous ways and their empty-headed chatter. No, her taste is a man past forty, sensible, reserved, just, and, above all, *clever*.

One that she can look up to, Mr. Ward, and, if need be, worship. That's the man for Cecy, Mr. Ward. And any man with those gifts, if he take her now, on the rebound as we may call it, has only to walk in and *hang up his hat*."

Mr. Ward laughed genuinely at this picture and odd phraseology, understanding perfectly what his companion wished him to understand. Both he and she, however, perfectly gathered that he was not "to be drawn," as it is called. All he said was:

"I see you believe in the May and December junction."

"October you mean. Well, I do, I do, Mr. Ward. But a word more. Cecy may have a nice, tidy fortune of her own, which however we had no notion of adding to for this. But it would be wholly different, highly different, if the match suited her father and myself; we'd make it up to a deal more, Mr. Ward."

"No doubt," he said rather coldly; "that is only natural."

Meanwhile, a fresh train had come up, in which the party was installed, and they were flying through the night, and Cecy still slept on, a soft, tranquil slumber, her head reposing and her figure in graceful lines. She was an elegantly-formed little person, and could not help taking graceful attitudes whether asleep or awake.

"She sleeps like a seraph," said her admiring mother, going over to her. "If you were a painter like our friend, you would make a pretty picture of her. I'm sure you would. I fancy you are one."

"Yes, I do such things, though I should like better to see her in marble."

"Won—der—ful man, you are! But hush! what's she saying?"

Cecy moved uneasily and turned round on her side. "Oh mamma! he saved me," she whispered—or faltered.

Then the delighted mother, to him, and shaking her head profoundly, "Well, well," she said, "after that. You hear?"

A sudden grinding and pulling up with jerks. Liège—in the middle of the night—men in hoods going along and ringing the changes on the wheels. The young man, who had not said a single word till now, roused himself and looked out.

"I see 'Buffet,'" he said carelessly, and pronouncing it as spelt. "I must go and have something." And he got out.

"You'd better be sharp," said Lady Jennings; "the train doesn't stay long." She lightly nudged Mr. Ward, somewhat to his astonishment, then indulged in a series of winks and nods of the most significant sort. "He won't come back," she whispered; "mark my words—he's gone to another carriage. It's too hot here."

"That's very likely," said Mr. Ward.

And indeed so it proved. For the train presently started and—no Reggie.

Lady Jennings presently became very restless and excited, whispering to herself, looking out of the window.

"My dear sir," she said, "I think it's something more than what we thought. What do you say?"

"I think I understand," he said.

"He'll go back as sure as a gun, and leave us. He couldn't face us any longer. It's what he *ought* to do, if he has any spirit. So now, thank Heaven, after all these weeks of trouble the ground's clear at last. What a deliverance! It's like a miracle."

"It looks very much as though it were what you say."

"And to come about so early. But it's all through you, and no one else, Mr. Ward. You've saved us all. Ah, Cecy awake again! Be cautious with her about him," she whispered. "We mustn't give her another fright."

Cecy had roused herself from her light slumbers, and was smiling on them. Smiling was her normal and natural expression occasionally. She became grave just as other folk occasionally smiled.

"Ah! but where's Reggie?" she exclaimed.

"Wool gathering, no doubt," said her mother. "He went out to get refreshment, and I suppose is left behind. Was there ever such a dunderhead? I'm sure I don't care."

Cecy received this news very calmly, then came over to them.

"Do you know I was dreaming of you?" she said to him. "And that you— Oh, but how good and noble of you it was. What shall I ever do to—"

"Oh, deary, deary," said her mother, wrapping a large Berlin wool cape about her head. "To think of my being kept out of my warm bed in this way at midnight. Well, we do funny things in this funny world. But, Mr. Ward, when one has children, you know that— Well, here's a snug corner that will just hold me. So good-night to both of you."

"Come over here and sit near me," said Cecy. "Now I can speak to you as I wish, and tell you so much! Oh, what have you not done, and how, *how* shall I be grateful? tell me, do! And how fortunate. Now we can talk."

"I am glad of that," he said, "but we sha'n't have much time for it. We are getting on to Cologne."

"Where we are to part, isn't it—or do we?"

"I fear so. I have come a good bit out of my way to be with you. My road was in another direction from Brussels."

"Well, that was kind of you, *very*—" He noticed that as she said that she had now assumed a grave, serious tone and spoke with a sort of hurried earnestness.

"You know," she went on, "that since that—since you saved me—I feel that I can speak to you as I could not before. My heart goes out to you in the fullest confidence. You will aid me, and not mistake me?"

"I will do both," he said, "indeed I will."

"But what a fortunate thing that I can have this opportunity," she went on, with a sort of wondering expression; "mamma asleep, and he—disappeared—most strange, isn't it, as if arranged on purpose? Well, what I want to say is this. It can't be any more, or any longer—never! I have changed and he has changed, and all since this morning. The scales are fallen from my eyes. It's like the magic in a fairy tale. It can't be, and it sha'n't be any more. That's settled!"

"I'm very glad to hear it," he said, "and I think you are right, very right. It would have been a disastrous business, I am certain."

"When he comes back he must be regularly told, by mamma or by myself. I can't endure it longer. How could I? *You* must see that—he, to stand looking on while I was being destroyed, and not put out a finger to help me, while a stranger—no, no, not a stranger, I should not say that. I know you better in this short day than I did him in all these months. You, my friend of this morning, saved me. I am sorry for poor, foolish Reggie. But do you know, on this day I seem to have lived half my life with him? No, no, I don't like him, and can't like him. But then, what am I to say to him, poor Reggie?"

"Your mother and I had the same thought, that he did this on purpose—purposely left himself behind, and that he has given up the journey, that with us to Cologne, and the longer life journey with you, that is my own belief. He felt too humiliated."

At this moment the dome and lights of the city of Charlemagne began to fly past. "What is this—where are we?" she cried. Lady Jennings still slept on in her worsted hood.

"Aix-la-Chapelle or Aachen," he said; "three-quarters of an hour more and we are at Cologne, and then this strange day with all its incidents is at last over."

Cecy was in a complete flutter and agitation. She had much that she wanted to say, yet knew not how to say it. For this charming, delightful man—so it seemed to her—she felt awe, and reverence, and admiration, and enthusiasm, and liking, all at once. Yet her

little resources—save indeed such as nature supplied her with—could not show her how she was to prove to him what was in her heart.

“Must you *really* go—go on to-night? We shall see you in the morning? Are we never to meet again?”

“I have lost time already and must make it up in that way. I have to go and see one who has a claim on my services and yet whom I have not seen for ten years.”

Cecy grew troubled. An uneasy feeling as to what this stranger might tell her took possession of her. “What! another departure and desertion!—two in one day?” she whispered to herself.

“Claim on you,” she repeated. “Who has—father, mother, who? Forgive my asking.”

“You recall that story I told you in the packet, and which there was no time to finish, that warning from the fate of two persons who would rush on ruin, where all the gold and jewels had turned into lumps of earth, and love had flown out of the window for ever.”

“It has been coming back on me all the day, at intervals,” she said with a shudder. “The poor unhappy pair—tell me more of them, what became of them, how did it end?”

He paused, and, after an effort, said, “I am on my way—or was on my way—now to a place in Switzerland where they look after hapless beings.”

“You,” she repeated. “Why, it cannot be that *you* were the——”

“Yes, yes, it can be and it is—and that is part of my penal servitude.”

Cecy, a natural, genuine girl, made no attempt to conceal her surprise and utmost disappointment at this disclosure, which, as it were, brought down the green curtain abruptly on all her little plans and hopes. She remained silent and dejected.

“And are we never to see you again, after this strange day? Oh, I shall never forget it. What! never see you again?”

“Perhaps yes, perhaps no! But it is *Things*—not you—which must decide that.”

They parted in the hall—  
A word, and she had gone—  
The waltz's dying call  
Was winding, winding on.

“Parting,” she said, “is pain—  
We go our different ways,  
But we may meet again  
One of these days—these days!”

There was a grey streak of dawn in the sky, and here were the spires and towers of Cologne drawing near. Lady Jennings, with the curious instinct of sleepers, had roused up at the exact and proper moment. As she returned to the world her eyes fell complacently on the pair. "Bless 'em both," she murmured, "surely never was anything more appropriate. A nice pair, indeed!" And yet she had noticed her child's silence and disappointed air. But—here was the station, and here the end! Here were the porters of the grand hotels, and here was little Cecy smiling on them as they took her, her hat smart and set off with flowers as though she had just put it on in her room. But her heart was heavy enough. There was no sign of Reggie, so all that had come about exactly as they had portended.

It was like a comedy to contrast mother and daughter as the moment came for them to take leave of their new old friend—for he was both—the former triumphant, with a joy in her heart that she had not known for months, a secure confidence in the future, no less exultant; while Cecy was smiling away as usual, but could scarcely conceal her despondency at the sudden revelation made to her. The dream of her long day had been very pleasant while it lasted. How fair were the castles she had been building, how many a palace where all was new, intensely entertaining, instructive, but now all tumbled in ruins! But "Never, never!" she thought with vehemence, "shall *that* come back!" She was done with him for ever. *He* had done that also for her. So, twice had she been saved by him.

Here was the omnibus of one of the hotels, and now they were inside and their trunks on the top. The two faces were bending from the window to that grave man.

"Well, you must have your way," said Lady Jennings, "and a wilful person you are. But if Cecy can't bring you to the hotel I can't, I'm sure. But what's the meaning of it all? Oh, nonsense, we must see you in the morning."

"Miss Cecy will tell you. She knows my secrets, or my secret."

"That I'm sure she does. Well, never mind now. We'll see you again soon. That's settled! There now, Cecy! Say your good-bye to Mr. Ward at once, and let it be a good good-bye."

With a sudden impulse Cecy took his hand in both hers. "Oh, dear Mr. Ward! I am *so* sorry," she cried, "and it was a very happy day."

"Oh, you dear child," he said fervently. "Well, we *shall* meet soon; we must!"



Then the omnibus drove away.

A moment later some one who had been waiting for him all this time came up and put a telegram into his hand.

He opened it hastily and read.

“Poor Lucy! a weary time for her—and for me!” He saw the hotel omnibus rolling out of the station, and made as though he would follow, but checked himself and turned back. “No, not to-night ; to-morrow we shall see.”

And thus the momentous journey ended—“All in one day” it was.

## *SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SCANDAL AT OXFORD.*

THE good stories that went the round of the Oxford Colleges during the latter half of the seventeenth century can hardly be expected to possess that piquancy which characterises the "Mémoires de Grammont" and the Diary of Samuel Pepys. They are not only purely local, but at the same time they are far more wholesome than the highly-seasoned scandal of the Court. They exhibit a state of society sadly deficient in refinement, but fairly moral on the whole: fonder of broad fun than polished rascality. Though gaining a good deal by contrast, they are by no means lacking in interest to the general reader.

Why—asked Anthony Wood in 1677—doth solid and serious learning decline, and few or none follow it in the University? The reasons he assigns are, the institution of common rooms, where the forenoon is lounged away previous to an adjournment to the coffee-house, and great drinking in taverns. Taking the decline for granted, these methods of passing away time would no doubt do much towards increasing it. But judging from the amusing letters of his contemporary, Prideaux, then at Christ Church, there was another good and sufficient cause—viz. lack of encouragement. Writing to his friend Ellis, in July 1674, he mentions the arrival of the Bishop of Winchester's visitors, and says: "In town one of their inquiries is whether any of the scholars of the colleges wear pantaloons or periwigs, or keep dogs; but which is more material is their inquiry whether any buy or sell places. If he can rectify this abuse that has crept in at Magdalen and New, to the notorious scandal of the University, he will do us a considerable kindness, and gain himself much credit; but I think not he is able so far to provide against this in such a manner as those which have found out so many tricks to cheat Almighty God and their own consciences will not likewise have store of them to evade all his provisions, especially since they have the old politician Satan to help them out,

and their damned avarice to entice them to hearken to his counsel." This is strong language, but the University had pointed out to the Long Parliament that the sweeping away of ecclesiastical preferment would deprive scholars of one of their chief incentives to conscientious study, and the traffic in college emoluments was bound to have the same effect. Unfortunately, the worthy Bishop himself, notwithstanding his apparent zeal in endeavouring to do away with such nefarious practices, was not entirely guiltless in the matter, as is evidenced by the following contretemps. "At New College he pretended to take great care for the resignations; but, unluckily, while the Commissioners were there a fellow cometh to the College with a letter from the Bishop himself for a fellowship by resignation, which he had procured for 160 guineas from one Bigs, which hath by the same Bishop been admitted into orders and instituted and inducted into a living of £300 per annum, not being yet a graduate, or exceeding the 21 year of his age." The visitors must have looked excessively foolish, since they had just suspended one of the fellows of Magdalen for declaring that "the Bishop did more hurt than good by visiting their college." Nor was this the only instance of his interference. He tried to persuade the fellows of Corpus to override their charter by transferring to the Channel Islands one of the two places entailed upon Hampshire by the founder, Bishop Fox. When they naturally refused to have anything to do with such a perversion of their trust, he excused himself by pleading a command from the King in favour of Sir George Carteret, who had held Jersey for Charles I. Failing in this endeavour, he expressed a determination of making arrangements with some other college: "But I suppose," says Prideaux, "it will be hard to find one that will receive his donation, except Pembroke, the fittest in the town for brutes," a singular example of a double-barrelled compliment.

The drinking in taverns complained of by Wood—himself a "good bowzeing blad"—appears to have been truly Teutonic in character. The favourite resort of the Christ Church men was the famous "Mermaid"—the old "Swyndlestock" of the fourteenth century—where the sanguinary riot on St. Scholastica's day originated, placing the city at the mercy of the University, and which the citizens were still expiating by an annual offering at the altar of St. Mary's. They were good customers, however, only in one sense of the term; for we are told that "the 'Marmayd' tavern is lately broke, and we Christ Church men bear the blame of it, our ticks, as the noise of the town will have it, amounting to about £1,500." At Balliol they were less particular about their house of call, patronising the one

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not?' With this story, the Alderman makes a great deal of work wherever he comes. He says he has often heard bad things of the King, but now his own eyes have seen it." But this was not all: even "the link-boys, those they call the black-guard, treated them very rudely, calling them Presbyterian petitioners, and Whiggish dogs, and saluted them in the bargain with stones and dirt." The worthy Alderman was not allowed to forget this incident in a hurry. He was passing Brasenose one day when a freshman happened to come out, who called after him, "Run, Alderman, run; the black-guards are coming," which put him in so violent a passion that he was scarce himself all the day after.

Prideaux was Dr. Fell's coadjutor in preparing works for the University press, a labour which he did not entirely relish, since the books selected were seldom entirely to his taste. Printing, however, was one of the Dean's hobbies, and a day seldom passed without his going down to the Sheldonian Theatre to see how things were progressing. Visiting it one day at an unusual hour he was horrified to find some All Souls' men surreptitiously striking off copies of the engravings which illustrate Aretino's sonnets. These reproductions infuriated the Dean as much as the originals had done Clement VII. He threatened to have all the culprits expelled, but was ultimately satisfied by breaking up the plates, and destroying all the impressions he could lay his hands on.

One of the Dean's undertakings was a Latin version of Anthony Wood's invaluable "History and Antiquities," with the text of which he took the same liberties that he did with the spelling in his edition of the Bible. His assistant translator was Richard Peers, whom Wood describes as "a sullen, cloggish, clownish, perverse fellow, and when he saw the author concerned at the alteration of his copy would alter it more, and study to put all things in that might vex him, and yet please his Dean." Anthony was not the man to suffer such treatment quietly, but avenged himself both with his pen and his fists. "They had a skirmish at Sol Harding's, and another at the printing house; but Peers, always coming off with a bloody nose or a black eye, he was a long time afraid to go anywhere where he might chance to meet his too powerful adversary for fear of another drubbing." On Peers being made pro-Proctor there was a temporary cessation of hostilities. Anthony took good care to be within doors by the time Great Tom tolled out the hour of nine from the cathedral tower, fearing lest right should overcome might; while Dick, despite his pride of place, carefully avoided his dangerous antagonist.

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caught at College's trial, having affected his brain. "But for my part," says Prideaux, "I attribute it to his gluttony, he being the greatest eater I ever knew." The tragi-comic martyrdom of librarian Hyde would naturally be a great source of amusement to the celibate dons. This unlucky wight was accused by his jealous Xantippe of being too familiar with her maid: "The poor man, to appease his wife, took a formal oath on the Bible he designed no such thing with the maid as he was accused of. This being not sufficient to satisfy his wife, she beat him so basely that he has kept his chamber this two months, and is now in danger of losing his hand which he made use of only to defend the blows, and beg mercy." Light comedy is represented by the absurdities of Woodroffe; his illogical sermons, his quarrel with the canons as sub-dean, his nearly beating the servant for handing wine to Dr. Pocock prior to himself, and his standing with Mrs. Walcup "at a great window near the quadrangle, where he was seen by the Dean and almost the whole house toying with her most ridiculously, and fanning himself with her fan for almost the whole afternoon." When the Queen was accused by Titus Oates, "a foolish fantastical fellow we have for one of our chaplains" took a similar liberty with the prayer for the Royal Family that was taken by a Guernsey clergyman when her present Gracious Majesty appeared off that island on Sunday morning, and his congregation was disturbed by a royal salute from the port, "but," continues Prideaux, "notwithstanding the censor laying down his office last night, we made this gentleman at his chamber drink her health by the title of most gracious." It may be admitted that loyalty was never more righteously enforced.

The woeful lack of conscience displayed by the clergy at that period is too well known to need confirmation. Pluralism was the least of their offences. It is rather remarkable that Dr. Fell should have submitted to be president of Christ Church, dean and bishop of Oxford at one and the same time; but no man was more worthy of preferment, both for his own services to the University and those of his father, and nothing could induce him to quit the college within whose walls his whole life had been usefully spent. It was monstrous, however, that scandal even should whisper that Sprat had sought promotion by marrying a cast-off mistress of the Duke of Buckingham, and that Brideoak—"such a knave as Bredoc"—had gained the see of Chichester by bribing the Duchess of Portsmouth. The marriages contracted by some of the lower orders of the Church were singular, to say the least of it. Mr. Penny was presented with a college living in Cheshire, and "now it appears he

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unreasonable manner disobliged every one of the prebendaries, except Hodges, and nothing will satisfy him but to be an absolute king over us. He comes little to church, and never to sacrament, though we have one every Sunday, and as for a book, he looketh not into any from the beginning of the year to the end. His whole life is the pot and the pipe, and go to see him when you will, you will find him walking about his room with his pipe in his mouth and a bottle of claret, and a bottle of old strong beer (which in this country they call nog) upon the table, and every other turn he takes a glass of one or the other. If Hodges comes to him (for scarce any other doth), there he reads 'Don Quixote,' while the other walks about with his pipe as before, and this is noble entertainment between them. Certainly the preferments of the Church were never designed for such drones, and yet these two fellows have about £300 per annum each, and never did a farthing's worth of service in their lives, professing nothing else but to live idly and feed their bellies upon what they have." It is to be hoped that this vigorous portrait is a little overdrawn, since Fairfax was dean there for thirteen years.

JOHN WOODHOUSE.

## AN IDYLL OF PROVENCE.

IN the churchyard of Audillac, a little village of Languedoc, not far from Aply, are two graves to which many a pilgrimage has been made. On one is an obelisk of white marble, on the other a simple wooden cross. These memorials mark the resting-places of a brother and sister, who, devoted to one another in life, are not separated in death, and are the "Finis" to one of the saddest stories in literary annals.

Eugénie and Maurice de Guérin were scions of a grand old race, Venetian by origin, who figured prominently in the chronicles of France from the ninth century until the great Revolution, which reduced its last representatives to poverty and obscurity. Both were born in Le Cayla, an ancient, half ruined, lonely château, built upon a rocky eminence and overlooking a stretch of undulating hill and valley clothed with vine and corn and orchard; close at hand was a little village to which the new ideas had never penetrated; neither the maddening strains of the Marseillaise nor the frenzy of the *Ça Ira*, nor the roll of the tumbrel nor the clang of the tocsin had ever disturbed its mediæval calm, and men and women prayed to *le bon Dieu*, to *la Sainte Vierge*, and to all the saints with the same childlike faith as their ancestors had prayed since the days of Clovis; and did obeisance to their lordly masters as though *la mère Guillotine* had never made the streets of Paris run with blood to assert *liberté, égalité, fraternité*.

Eugénie was *dévoté*; so was Maurice, a pensive boy who passed hours alone in the woods, absorbed in day dreams and nebulous reveries, with only the birds and the wild animals for companions, a soul which might develop into fanatic, poet, enthusiast, or their twin brother, cynic. At twelve years of age he was sent to the Collège Stanislas, at Paris; and then began the famous correspondence between brother and sister which so intimately reveals the hearts of both, and has bequeathed a beautiful legacy to literature. Eugénie remained at Le Cayla, never extending her horizon beyond Gaillac, or Aply, or Rayssac, and leading a calm, uneventful life made up of domestic duties, devotion, charity. Yet beneath this Madonna-like

calm throbbled an ardent soul teeming with possibilities, self-repressed yet yearning for expression, which now and again found vent, not in mere versified commonplaces, but in utterances of true poetic inspiration. "Oh, how much more you know, inspired by Nature and your own happy genius, than I do with all my Greek and Latin!" wrote Maurice.

Not until 1831 did the young student revisit Le Cayla, and then the dreamy boy had grown into a youth "beautiful as an angel," gentle, religious, retiring, unspoiled by his long sojourn in the syren city. He lost his heart to a new-found friend of his sister's, pretty, *petite* Louise de Bayne, who lived with her father up in the mountains of Rayssac. But it was a short-lived romance, as we shall see anon. After a few months' stay Maurice was back again in Paris, and, by his father's desire, studying the law, which he detested. All his inclinations tended towards literature, and he spent his evenings in evolving a drama out of the story of Peter the Hermit. "Behold, you are an author, you are famous, you are at last launched upon your career, and far, far from that code which weighed on you like Atlas." So wrote Eugénie, to whom Maurice revealed every thought of his daily life; and she, dear soul, already believed him crowned by the Academy, a shining figure on the heights of Parnassus. It need scarcely be said that poor Peter failed to excite any enthusiasm in the stony hearts of booksellers. But it was all over with Maurice's legal studies. His first published article was an essay upon the life of the Blessed Nicholas de Flûte, printed in the *European Review* for January 1832. But, alas! the *Review* did not pay for outside contributions, and a provincial journal, to which he supplied a weekly Paris letter, was equally economical.

Many an enthusiastic youth before and after Maurice de Guérin has tried the experiment of living upon pens, ink, paper, and the glory thereof, but it has never succeeded without mutton and beef as *et ceteras* with even the most ethereal natures, and my hero was no exception to the rule. When every resource failed, with a sad sense of humiliation he was compelled to return to the paternal roof, where there was only one dear heart to welcome him. Neither father nor friends had any sympathy with aspirations which had *failed*. They never have. I suppose the Jews were too practical a people to make such mistakes, or Moses would have put Failure among the sins of the Decalogue. Well, the Christians have done it for him. Failure lost Maurice his first love. Perhaps such a common result is not worth mentioning. Pretty Louise was not for him. There was no heart straining, however, on either side; it had been a sweet little

idyll while it lasted, but it was little more than the dream of a summer's night, fading with the grey dawn, though long remembered—at least by the man.

The heartaches of disappointed love and ambition turned the thoughts of Maurice towards a religious life, to which he had greatly inclined in his boyhood, and with much reluctance M. de Guérin yielded to his desire. On All Souls' Day, 1833, with the sere and yellow leaves falling about them, a sad omen, brother and sister again bade each other a sorrowful farewell. It was to La Chênaie, a small monastic establishment near Dinan, in Brittany, that Maurice was bound. The director welcomed him with the warmth of a father. He was a little thin man, dressed from head to foot in coarse grey cloth, with a pallid complexion, but brilliant eyes, large nose, and receding forehead deeply ploughed by thought. This unpretentious-looking individual, however, was no less a person than the Abbé de la Mennais, one of the powers of the age; once a staunch champion of papal authority, he had of late drifted into the whirlpool of democracy and the revolutionary doctrines of 1830, and had drawn to him the great preacher Lacordaire, the Abbé Gerbet, the Abbé Salinis, and other celebrities of the church. De la Mennais had founded La Chênaie as a retreat for young men of birth, where they could study, and, if they so desired it, find the seclusion of the cloister. The life they led, without being ascetic, was truly simple. The novelty of everything, a congenial friend or two, the wild romantic scenery of the neighbourhood, produced a very happy effect upon Maurice, distracted his thoughts from the past, and dispelled for awhile his morbid gloom. But after a time the beautiful face of the lost Louise began to haunt his dreams, and the vague unrest and dissatisfaction of unfulfilled hopes and aspirations to cloud the serenity of his days. During the first six months of his retirement he believed that the golden bowl of his youth was for ever shattered; but beneath this deathly languor the warm blood of virility was still stirring; the dreams and clouds came upon him more frequently; his soul began to yearn once more towards his kind. Dumb Nature, convent companions, and pious meditation are not enough for life in its third decade, and ere the summer had faded he knew that his vocation was not in the cloister. Novices were allowed one year's probation, and freedom was still optional to him; but he had not the strength of will to break the bonds that were woven around him, and so with a heart full of secret regrets he solemnly renounced the world and all its vanities and was initiated into the order of La Chênaie. Then the calm of prostration fell upon him.

But this self-immolation to a weak will was not to be. With the aid of Montalembert, De la Mennais had started a journal bearing the suggestive title of *L'Avenir* and the daring motto of "God and Liberty," certain utterances in which filled up the cup of his iniquities in the eyes of the Pontiff, and brought down upon his devoted head the thunderbolts of Rome. The seminary at La Chênaie was broken up and the pupils were transferred to another establishment at Ploërmel. This sudden change in the situation broke the spell of apathy which had paralysed De Guérin. An ardent admirer of his great master, he would not give obedience to his enemies. With this revolt was roused a longing once more to plunge into the battle of life, a longing for the delights of freedom, love, poesy, and all the joys of youth. Within a month after his transference to Ploërmel his resolution was taken: he would go to Paris, take up literature as a profession, and compete once more for that crown of thorns called fame.

At the end of January, 1834, he bade adieu for ever to the peaceful Breton home and to the last days of calm he was ever to enjoy. Even on the very threshold of his new life fell the boding shadow of the future: "I lose half my soul in losing solitude, I enter the world with a secret dread," he wrote in his journal on the eve of departure.

And so this young man, with his enthusiasms, his passionate love of Nature, his poetic dreams and untainted soul, fresh from the pure and ennobling influence of De la Mennais, cast himself among the seething crowds, the splendour, the misery, the burning hopes, the dull despondency, the brilliant intellect, the hideous vice, the mocking devilry of that great human *cloaca*—Paris; the Paris of Henri Murger and "La Vie de Bohême," of Henri Balzac and "Les Illusions Perdues," "La Peau de Chagrin" and "Père Goriot"; to seek fame and fortune with his pen in a struggle with a host of giants. Never in all its history, before or since, could the great city boast such a plethora of splendid genius as at that very time. Victor Hugo was in all the plenitude and freshness of his titanic powers; "Les Feuilles d'Automne" and "Les Orientales" had struck such grand harmonies as the lyre of France had never yet resounded to; all fiction had been dwarfed before "Notre Dame," while "Hernani" had shaken to its foundations the classic drama, which had held the French stage since the days of Corneille; Balzac was pouring forth his wonderful "Comédie Humaine"; the melodious, plaintive strains of Lamartine were being emulated by the pensive erotics of Alfred de Musset; Theophile Gautier was intoxicating

youth with the sensuous beauties of his exquisite style ; Alexandre Dumas had written his first plays, and George Sand her first novels, dividing with Frederick Soulié the exposition of moral problems ; Eugène Sue was struggling into notice with his sea stories ; and to these must be added the names of Prosper Mérimée, Charles Nodier, Jules Janin, Sainte-Beuve, and in the graver departments of literature Thiers, Benjamin Constant, Michelet, and others.

Yet, though he hoped one day to gain admittance to their charmed circle, it was not among these constellations of literature that Maurice de Guérin was to assert himself for the present, but rather with the Schaunards and Rudolphes of Murger, the Lucien de Beauprés, the Loustreaus, the Daniel d'Arthez of Balzac. Like all those heroes of the pen, he lodged in a garret, to which the sun never penetrated, save for a quarter of an hour at noon, when, reflected from an opposite window, it cast upon him a few cold rays that were quickly lost behind the stern walls enclosing the gloomy court in which the house was situated.

His first visit was paid to an old friend of his boyhood's days, Paul Quemper, a journalist. From him he received but cold encouragement. "It is very difficult to get into print," he told him ; "publishers have no confidence in new men ; they will not print even a *chef d'œuvre* if your name has not appeared in the reviews. To be acceptable you must discard all individuality, speak their language and adopt their views." Maurice had friends in the office of a second-class journal, *La Revue Catholique*, for which he wrote an article or two for sixty francs per month. But at the end of four months only four of his contributions had been published. "The lips of the new-born babe are strong enough to obtain nourishment from the breast, but I, in the flower of my youth, have not the vigour to earn my bread. What shall I do with my life?" he wrote in his journal on the 1st of May. He tried for pupils, but could not get any. He was in want of the barest necessities of life. At length an old college friend took him away to his house in the country, and for a few weeks he breathed pure air and ate again. In August he was back in Paris and in charge of a small class of scholars at his old college, Stanislas. For a pay of about twenty francs a week he gave up his time from half-past seven in the morning to half-past nine at night, and then robbed himself of sleep by studying for a degree. His life was now a monotonous, ceaseless drudgery. Genius died within him, he ceased to write, almost to hope. His letters to his sister were brief and hurried, being usually scribbled between the lessons.



Hitherto there had been one striking contrast between Maurice de Guérin and all other *bohémien*s ; he had never yielded to the temptations of Paris, never mingled in its orgies, or sought consolation among the Mimis and Musettes, or the Esthers or Coralies ; he had endured poverty in its grimmest and most austere forms—alone in his garret with his books and manuscripts. He had not forgotten his pure home life and the saintly sister who night and day was praying beneath the sunny skies of Languedoc for the poor wanderer in the gloom and fog of the great city. But misery and despair did their inevitable work at last and sapped the foundations of faith and purity ; Christianity no longer consoled him, and he ceased to lean upon it.

"My brain is drying up," he wrote in his journal. "When the wind blows I feel it in my head as the tree feels it in the withered branches of its crown. Work is insufferable to me, or rather it is impossible. Study brings on, not drowsiness, but an irritable, nervous disgust that drives me forth into the streets and public places."

And this was all that came of a chaste life, religion, high aspirations ! From his cell, *sous les toits*, he had hitherto looked down upon the teeming slough of Paris with the eyes of a Christian stoic. But now that the God of his faith had forsaken him, why should he not turn to the gods of Lutetia, whose bounties were for this world, whose shrines were set in the midst of warmth and light and joy and love, not among cold abstractions lost in the immensity of the stars ? The Dionysus of the Boulevards may have nothing better to offer him than a *petit verre* of fiery cognac, the Aphrodite of the Palais Royal might be painted and draggeltailed, "the Spirit that denies" might mock him to perdition, the joys of the cabaret and the *pavé* might be only the fever of the night, the pain and remorse of the morning ; but they would give a few hours of oblivion from leaden despondency, from self-reproaches, from the racking importunities of the future, from the ghastly spectres that haunted him sleeping and waking.

From this lurid picture of an earthly purgatory let us turn to the sweet, pure atmosphere of Le Cayla, where Eugénie's heaviest personal trouble is the devouring by a favourite cat of a little pigeon which she had rescued from the snow ; her days are filled up with domestic duties, and in the evenings she reads "Ivanhoe" to her father. "On Sundays," she writes, "we meet all our neighbours on the road to church, we have a curtsey from all the women, and as we go along such talks about the poultry and the sheep and the

good man and *les enfants*." Yet she is always thinking of the beloved exile. "A thousand times a day I dream of your return and anticipate how happy we shall be." But even if the growing brevity of his letters had not declared it, her own loving sympathies would have divined how ill things were with him. She implored him to pray against his black melancholy, to pray as a little child, for she little dreamed that he had fallen away from the Cross to which all her hopes were anchored. "Why did he not come home for his holidays?" she asked. "Because you have no wish to be here," was her bitter answer. Though in that she wronged him, for his heart was ever yearning for Le Cayla, but he was too poor to make the journey, and he would not pain his sister by telling her so.

"Christmas is come," she writes in her journal. "There is nothing in Paris to give you an idea of what Christmas is with us. You have not even the midnight mass. It was a glorious night, and we all went to it, papa at our head. I never saw a finer sky. The ground was white with hoar-frost, but we were not cold; besides, the air was warmed by bundles of blazing torch wood, which our servants carried before us to light the way. It was very pretty, I assure you, and I would fain have had you walking with us towards the church, through those lanes between hedges white as with the blossoms of May. The frost makes the most lovely flowers. We saw one long spray so exquisite that we wanted to take it with us as a posy for the altar. But it melted in our hands. All flowers fade so soon."

Alas! Eugénie would scarcely have recognised in the self-restrained, cynical tutor of Stanislas the ardent, sensitive youth who, only two years previously, had cast himself upon the stony bosom of Paris. Monetarily his position was improving, for he had been promoted at the college; he descended from his garret to more comfortable quarters near Stanislas. Casting off his reserve and shyness he became *un homme de société*; his distinguished appearance, his handsome face, his fascination of manner, his musical voice and conversational powers rendered him a universal favourite. But beneath this smiling mask all was an arid waste; he submitted to his daily drudgery of tuition uncomplainingly, not with resignation but with the hardness of a bitter soul. Yet the powers within him could not be wholly stifled; he was writing a prose poem, "*Le Centaure*," a work instinct with genius and conceived in the finest classical spirit. Other conceptions were seething in his mind, but that terrible inward wail, *Cui bono?* rendered them abortive.

During the fourth winter of his sojourn in Paris his health broke

down; patched up for a time, it again collapsed beneath the rigours of a wintry May. Only change of air could restore him to health, and in July, after a long and painful journey, he arrived at Le Cayla, so weak, so haggard, that at first sight of him Eugénie's heart was struck with mortal dread. Thanks, however, to the genial climate and loving care, Maurice quickly rallied. But Eugénie's heart was still heavy. He went neither to church nor to confession, and he never prayed. There was one bright hope in this dark picture when he confided to her that a mutual affection had sprung up between him and a young girl from India, of French parentage, named Caroline de Gervais, whom he had met in society. She was a lady of good family, possessed of ample means, very pretty, sweet-tempered, and only seventeen. So Mademoiselle was invited to Le Cayla, and fully realised her lover's description of her.

Maurice lingered in Languedoc until the January of the next year. "Maurice, dear Maurice," wrote Eugénie, when he had departed, "oh, what need I have of you and God! When you were gone I went to church, where I could weep and pray at my ease. What do you do, who never pray when you are sorrowful, when your heart is broken? . . . It is evening now, at the end of a very long mournful day. Good-night! You can almost hear me, you are not yet so very far off; but to-morrow and the day after to-morrow you will be farther and farther still. . . . It is a week since you left us, and just the same hour. I am going down the road where we parted. This is Candlemas Day, and I am going off to mass with my taper."

What a world of love is revealed in these entries! And so she went back to the old monotonous existence of quiet usefulness. There had been a time when she dreamed of another kind of life, of a home of her own, brightened by more than a brother's love. But it was not to be realised, and the pious soul never repined for what *le bon Dieu* had thought fit to withhold from her.

The winter and spring passed away, and the glorious summer, which always brought such joy to her heart, had come again; but its brightness seemed dim and the voice of the nightingale sounded sad and boding in her ears, for there was bad news from Paris; Maurice was ill again. From the time of his return he had been moping and melancholy. "This wretched brain of mine," he wrote to a friend, "will never produce anything excellent, yet I am sure it has that within it which is not without value. My destiny resembles that of the pearl in the oyster shell, which, though it may be of the first water, will never see the light."

Once more the doctors patched him up, and in November Eugénie

and her elder brother, Érembert, made a journey to Paris, to be present at his marriage with Mademoiselle de Gervais. And so at last he was freed from the bitterest of all curses, poverty, possessed of a charming wife and ample means, and everybody rejoiced over this happy ending to a sad romance. How "the eternal ironies" must have sneered at poor trustful humanity and its childlike confidence in the pity of Destiny! Before the honeymoon was half over the bride's orange blossoms had to be changed to a nurse's cap.

Months of rally and relapse, of languor and pain, of wasting and fading, and on July 8, 1839, a sad *cortège* arrived at Le Cayla—Eugénie, Érembert, Maurice and the young wife, so soon to be a widow. He so wan and worn and weak, that he could hardly hold the bridle of his horse. They hoped that the warm climate of the south would revivify him. But it was too late. Those terrible years of privation, disappointment, and despair had dried up the fountains of life, and on the eleventh day after his return he passed peacefully away, dying, as Eugénie prayed he would, in the bosom of the Church.

What an old, old story it is—the noblest and the best sinking down and trampled upon in the great battle in which there is no quarter. The pachydermatous common herd scarcely wince beneath the slings and arrows that Fortune hurls with deadly impartiality against all the combatants; their bullet heads, proof against all such missiles, force a way through all obstacles and are crowned with laurel. Yet, cruel as it is, such a selection is, perhaps, for the best; the energies are the omnipotence of the material world and seemingly of the human. An author recently dead endeavoured to prove that genius, like the pearl in the oyster, though the most precious of its belongings, is only a disease of the brain. If it be so, the fools have it.

On the day after her brother's death Eugénie began a new chapter in her journal, addressed to "Maurice in Heaven. Still to him, to Maurice dead, to Maurice in Heaven. He was the pride and joy of my heart. Death shall not divide us, shall not wrest you from my thoughts." As the weeks and months rolled on the dead was almost forgotten by father, brother, wife, to whom those sad eight months of married life must have seemed little more than a nightmare; only to Eugénie was he still a vivid memory, the ever present, the ever loved. In 1840 some poems by Maurice came under the notice of George Sand, who, recognising their power and beauty, paid them a glowing tribute in the "Revue des Deux Mondes." In this famous review, soon afterwards, appeared "Le

Centaure." Then a notice of his life and writings was published in the "Université Catholique," and the great Aristarchus, Sainte-Beuve, joined in the chorus of praise. George Sand undertook to publish his literary remains, and journals, letters, poems, and note-books were collected. With what eagerness and joy Eugénie entered into the project!—at last justice would be done to that genius which had consumed its frail tenement to ashes!

But the same cruel destiny that had destroyed the brother now fastened upon the sister; from causes which I have not the space to enter into, the work had to be abandoned. It was the fatal blow to the brave, noble spirit that had borne up so long against Fortune's malice, and from that time it began to fail. Like Maurice, Eugénie slowly faded away, and, in the May of 1848, laid down the heavy burden of her cross and sank to rest. M. de Guérin died two years afterwards, and was followed in 1851 by his elder son, Érembert.

Of all the family only Marie, the youngest member, now remained; and this brave woman nobly determined to rescue her brother's and sister's names from oblivion. Thanks to her efforts, in 1855, M. de Trébutien, the keeper of the library at Caen, a friend of Maurice's youthful days, published Eugénie's journal, for private circulation only; it was entitled "Eugénie de Guérin: Reliquiæ." It attracted so much attention that he was induced to take up the long-deferred "Remains."

The work was issued in Paris, and created such a sensation that the journal was reprinted. Both books roused a veritable *furor*; they were sold in thousands; they were crowned by the Academy; hundreds journeyed to Le Cayla to look upon the house in which brother and sister had lived and died, upon all the places mentioned in their letters and their journals, and to stand uncovered beside the twin graves beneath which lay broken hearts. The fame for which both had so hungered and pined was come at last, but its pæans fell upon the dull, cold ear of death, and when all who had witnessed and troubled over their sufferings, save one, were ashes. Was ever an irony more terrible? Was ever the vanity of human wishes more bitterly derided? The last entry in Eugénie's journal is their epitaph:

"My God! how sad a thing is time, whether it goes or comes, and how right was the Saint who said, 'Let us cast our souls into eternity.'"

## A GREAT CHANCELLOR OF SWEDEN.

PROBABLY very few Englishmen know the name of Bo Jonsson Grip ; there are even cultured and well-read Swedes who are ignorant of the facts of his life. Yet he was one of the strongest and strangest characters to be found in the authentic annals of any country, and his story reads like a legend. There was in it at least one incident as dramatic as any which Shakespeare wove into his tragedies or Scott into his romances. It has been difficult to collect the materials for a biography of this extraordinary man, but from various sources, Swedish, German, &c., a very life-like portrait can be drawn.

Bo Jonsson appears to have belonged to the powerful Algotsson race, from which West Gothland derived many *lagmen* (judges) ; and his maternal grandfather was the East Gotha *lagman*, Bo Nilsson, who wore armour day and night, and who married into the powerful "blue" races. Eric Karlsson was another prominent man of the day, and from 1364 appears to have taken part in the public actions of the realm. Duke Bengl was another leading statesman. All these nobles were nearly related to each other ; but Bengl's attempt to attain the highest position under the King was deeply resented by all his relations. Among them were the knight, Jon Knutsson, and his wife, Ingeborg Bosdotter. To them was born a son at the old manor of Winås, in Småland. This boy, the date of whose birth is not ascertained, became the famous and infamous Chancellor, Bo Jonsson Grip.

In order to understand Bo Jonsson's position, and how it was that he became mightier than even the King himself, it is necessary that we should know something of the times in which he lived. The government of the realm was in the hands of the nobles, the foremost of whom formed a kind of senate. These men had originally obtained their influence by giving the King advice on affairs of State. Afterwards they were summoned to meet in a body at certain places. Gradually their power became greater than that of the King, and

reached its climax during the reign of Magnus Eriksson (1319-1365). This prince was only three years old (he went by the name of the Lap King) when he ascended the throne, and the kingdom during his minority was governed by some of the Councillors. They were not able to subdue their equals, and all the nobles became entirely independent. When the King took the reins of government into his own hands he tried to combat their arrogance, and his reign was one long fight against an order of things which he could not alter. Then a new period ensued in the history of Sweden, characterised by the feebleness of the monarch and the omnipotence of the nobles. But no body of men can attain to great power without an able leader, and if such a leader be crushingly haughty and unscrupulously cruel, his success is assured. The leader of the nobility was at that time Bo Jonsson Grip, and for more than twenty-five years he held that position with never-slackening grasp.

With several other nobles he was exiled for the crime of plotting against the King; and in April, 1363, he revenged himself by offering the Crown of Sweden to Albrecht, second son of Duke Albrecht of Mecklenburg, the brother-in-law of Magnus. The young prince came into Sweden with his father and other German princes, and, thanks to the protection of the Hanseatic League, he met with no resistance from the towns on the Swedish coast. He was elected King, and invested at Mora with regal rights. But naturally the Germans who accompanied Albrecht were hated by the Swedes, and the more so that they oppressed the people and thought only of their own aggrandisement. In 1371 an insurrection was on the point of breaking out, and Albrecht only saved himself by signing a deed renouncing nearly all his power in favour of the Senate. He gave up all hopes of ever regaining it, and it passed entirely into the hands of the Swedish nobles. A reconciliation took place in the Franciscan church on the Riddarsholm, which is one of the islands forming the city of Stockholm. It was formerly one of the "chain" islands, so named in 1007, when they were chained together in order to prevent ingress to the Målar Lake. They were defended by lofty towers. The church, a fine though rather rough piece of work, belonged to the Franciscans, or Grey Friars. When it became the chapel of the Knights of the Seraphim (the highest of Swedish orders, hardly ever bestowed on any but crowned heads), the island came to be called Riddarsholm (Knights' Island). The arms of the Knights are hung in the church, and when one of the Order dies his shield is carried to the chapel, and there deposited in its last resting-place. In one of the towers hangs a bell, the especial property of the Order; it

never tolls except to announce the death of a Brother. King Magnus Ladislås, who died in 1290, was buried in the Riddarsholm church in front of the high altar. The floor is composed of slabs of stone, beneath each of which is a vault. Towards the end of Bo Jonsson's career he bestowed additional and very ghastly notoriety on this church.

Among other public acts, Albrecht delivered all his castles into the hands of the senators, from whose resolves he reserved to himself no right to depart. If one of the senators died, that body, and not the King, was to appoint a successor. This power of choice was entrusted to the bishops and twelve gentlemen of the Senate, of whom Bo Jonsson was the chief. In the month of May 1375 a general peace was proclaimed throughout the land, to last for three years. This agreement was sealed by the King, by his father, and by all the principal men, German as well as Swedish. In the same year Albrecht was compelled to confirm all the privileges of the nobles; and Bo Jonsson was named *Drotsete* or Chancellor. This term *Drotsete* seems to have been one of wide meaning, for Bo Jonsson wielded the supreme power over the departments of Justice and of Finance. The affix *Grip* to his name was taken from the *Griffin*, which appears in his coat of arms. His signet ring was a large cornelian engraved with the figure of a griffin. The days of chivalry were only just over, and heraldic distinctions were very highly esteemed in Sweden.

When the three years were past the King was obliged again to pledge himself to uphold the ancient forms of justice and other customs, to confirm certain exemptions from taxation, and to solemnly promise never to oppose the Church or the nobles. All this, however, only secured Albrecht's position for a time. In 1383 he was made to re-declare all his former declarations; the agreement to this effect was made out at the Castle of Gripsholm, which was the property of the mighty Bo. *He* was now the ruler of Sweden. No one any longer applied to the King for justice or mercy; everyone came to Bo Jonsson. Nor did they come empty-handed. By presents and by mortgages, and by high interest on loans, his wealth was increased. He was bent on acquiring gold and land, and he succeeded in doing so, using any means, even the most shameful and revolting, which would serve his purpose. His first wife had property which at her death her child was to inherit. She died in her first confinement, but before the child was born. Whereupon Bo Jonsson caused her body to be opened in order to prove that the child was alive, and therefore its mother's heir. No steps were



taken to preserve the infant's life ; but the father had attained his object, and took possession of the property.

He was at this time the highest government official, and the King had to sue to him for assistance. Albrecht came as a suppliant before his subject, who resided chiefly in his magnificent Castle of Gripsholm (Griffin's Isle). It was not for nothing that Bo Jonsson had brought the German prince into the land and placed him on the King's Stone at Mora ; that was certainly not done with the intention of remaining his obedient servant. It is supposed that Bo Jonsson was too proud even to receive knighthood, which would hardly have been an honour from the sword of this shadow of a sovereign, so inferior in every respect, save that of birth, to himself. It appears at first sight surprising that the mighty *Drotsete* never received the accolade in a country and an age when knighthood was very highly esteemed ; he was entitled to it by his noble descent, his immense wealth, and his enormous power. He could have demanded it ; but he remained only *wäpnare*, that is, *armour-bearer*, or perhaps rather *armiger*, one entitled to bear arms.

The immense riches which Bo Jonsson accumulated, and which were far greater than those of any other noble, made him in those unquiet times a personage of the very greatest weight. He possessed as fief the whole of Finland and two-thirds of Sweden. There were no hereditary fiefs in Sweden ; but the King, in order to reward a subject for some past service, or to ensure a future one, very often granted fiefs—very often, indeed, they were used as pledges for sums of money to be repaid afterwards. It was only by granting fiefs that the King could borrow money of his subjects. Thus the income of the Crown continually diminished, and the King had no choice but to continue granting fiefs, which could be transferred like other property. It was by taking possession of such fiefs that Bo Jonsson acquired the greater part of his wealth ; we find him buying, selling, and exchanging property, and never a loser in any of his transactions. He would lend money to the owners of land, and when they failed to redeem their pledges at the stipulated date he would forcibly take possession of their estates. Further, he would put pressure on the King, and force him to confer gifts of manors. He raised taxation to a point which made payment in many cases an impossibility, and then he recouped the exchequer by confiscating the property of the defaulter. And in every one of these transactions he took care that he should himself be largely a gainer. His desire for the increase of his riches was so great that he frequently violated that justice of which he was nominally the chief guardian. More than once when

he wished to take possession of land the owners refused to comply with his demands ; threats of imprisonment usually induced the refractory to yield. If they resisted further and complained to the King, they received for answer that it was a case in which he could not interfere. One of them went to Kalmar, and appealed to Albrecht. Bishop Nils, of Linköping, known as "The Good," interceded for him, but in vain ; the wretched semblance of a King replied that "he could not at that time dispense justice to the petitioner." Ludwig Clarus, in his "Schweden Sonst und Jetzt," remarks that Albrecht was a puppet in the hands of his *Drotsete* : "After the way he had behaved to Margaret's husband [Magnus] he could not complain if the widow entertained hostile feelings towards him." No help came to him from outside ; he and his German Court were unpopular, even hated by the people. "Bo Jonsson ruled, like a *major-domo* in the last days of the Merovingians, over the royal castles and lands. . . . Bo Jonsson governed Sweden like a violent and rapacious autocrat. It was said that he ruled the land with a nod ; and, if the nod was not enough, murder came to his aid."

Like most men who have heaped up riches for themselves, Bo Jonsson would have liked to have an heir to them ; but his wife had died, and also her unborn child ; and for a long time the Chancellor did not seem to think of marrying again. He adopted a young man named Karl Niklasson (or Nilsson) ; and this youth was to inherit his immense possessions, which included ten castles, with their lands and provinces, and a hundred and fifteen thousand marks, a vast sum in those days. The island of Stockholm, with its castle, belonged to Bo Jonsson. From it seven islands, which now form the capital of Sweden, take their joint name. They are connected by many bridges. The city is highly picturesque—a northern Venice—with narrow streets and high houses from which project curious sign-boards, all the town reposing upon the tideless Baltic Sea. Grips-holm is an island in Lake Mälär, about forty miles from Stockholm ; on it was built the castle, which seemed as isolated and impregnable as its owner, frowning upon the town of Mariefred, which lay on the shore of the mainland. Since 1280 it had been called *Ahl* ; but when the grasping and domineering *Drotsete* became known as the *Griffin*, the island took his surname and was called Grips-holm. The plan of the castle was an irregular pentagon, and the architecture was of no particular style, being built only with a view to strength. Huge, heavy, round towers guarded it on every side, and these were topped with fine-pointed turrets, like Eastern minarets.

There was a wide gateway, and within it courtyards, quadrangles, halls, and all the apartments usually found in feudal castles. 1100 was the date of building; the walls were nine feet thick. The castle of Bo Jonsson's days was destroyed in 1434; there is a view of the present castle in M. du Chaillu's "Land of the Midnight Sun." At the summons of the Chancellor the Senate used to assemble at Gripsholm; and Albrecht himself, at the call of his haughty nobles, had no choice but to present himself at this fortress, there to accept any terms offered by them or by their leader. After Bo Jonsson's death the island of Gripsholm became a monastic settlement, which was swept away, with all other such institutions, by Gustavus Vasa, the Henry VIII. of Sweden, who appropriated the revenues to his own use. To Stockholm, to Gripsholm, and to innumerable other properties, young Karl Niklasson was heir.

Although the Chancellor would not condescend to accept the honour of knighthood for himself, yet he took care that it should be bestowed on his adopted son, on whom he had also conferred the manor of Ferla. He then began to think that Niklasson should marry; and the young man was not averse from the project when he had made the acquaintance of the daughter of one Eriksson, who lived at Rimstad, on the shores of Lake Roxen. The Göta Canal, which now leads from the Mälars Lake to the Roxen Lake, was first planned by the famous Hans Brask, Bishop of Linköping, in the reign of Gustavus Vasa. The lake is a lovely little piece of water, about seventeen miles long by seven miles wide. The banks are wooded to the water's edge, oaks, chestnuts, and maples crowding together, and cranberry bushes spreading wherever they can find room. Here it was, in her father's castle of Rimstad, that Sir Karl Niklasson first met Margaretha Eriksson. The orphan, who owed everything to Bo Jonsson, had no doubt but that his generous patron would be pleased to further his suit for the hand of the beautiful girl, and it was probable that Eriksson (as to whose title no clear record has been found) would be only too glad to marry his daughter to a young man of the highest character and of the most brilliant prospects. Margaretha returned Karl's affection. She was beautiful and gentle and womanly, and between the young people there grew up an attachment which could only end with their lives. A formal betrothal took place.

Before any date for the marriage could be arranged Bo Jonsson found it expedient to employ his adopted son in some matters of business, and despatched him into the country as a messenger. In those days, before even canals were cut, travelling was very slow;

on horseback and in sailing-boats must the country and the lakes be crossed. Karl's journey must occupy some considerable time. While he was travelling on the Chancellor's business it came into the Chancellor's mind to visit Slott (Castle) Rimstad, and see with his own eyes what the maiden was like whom Karl had chosen for his bride. There is no reason to suppose that Bo Jonsson had at first any but kindly intentions; the marriage of his adopted son was naturally a matter of great moment to him, and the stronger his affection for Karl the greater would be his anxiety as to the happiness of his married life. With the loneliness which is the greatest trial of exalted position, there must have been the longing for domestic simplicity and intimacy; Karl's wife would be Bo Jonsson's daughter, Karl's children Bo Jonsson's grandchildren. The hard old Chancellor had one soft place in his heart, and in it Karl was supreme; room would be made in it for Karl's wife.

Unsuspecting of any possible evil, Margaretha Eriksson showed herself at her best to her lover's adoptive father. He praised her beauty and her goodness, and evinced a warm affection for her. She was overjoyed when she saw his partiality for her; and was even surprised at the eagerness with which he pressed forward the preparations for her marriage. The wedding day arrived, but no Karl Niklasson; the altar and the priest and the bride were ready, but the Knight of Ferla had not returned from his travels. Yet there was a bridegroom. Bo Jonsson had kept away his son in order that he himself might marry Margaretha. Her beauty and goodness had caught the fancy of the elderly Chancellor: her parents did not dare to resist the mighty *Drotsete*; the girl herself was terrified into compliance. The marriage took place; and when Karl returned to claim his bride he found that she was already the wife of another, and that other his own benefactor, his adoptive father. Instantly there flamed up within his heart a fierce desire for vengeance. His sword should avenge the treachery; he would snatch his Margaretha from the villain who had carried her off, even though that villain was the most powerful man in Sweden. He learnt that the Chancellor with his bride was spending the *smek-monad*, or honeymoon, at Stockholm, and thither Karl hastened, on fire with love and rage.

When he reached the castle he demanded to see its master, but was told that he was not at home. Had they met at that moment the young man, full of strength, and with his strength supported by every sentiment of his brave and noble heart, would have engaged his foe, lately his father, in deadly combat, and would have laid him dead at his feet. And no one could have wondered or have blamed

him. But Bo Jonsson was absent from home. Margaretha was within. Pushing aside the attendants who would have delayed him, Karl rushed into her presence.

He reproached her for her cowardice and treachery. She should have resisted every persuasion. Margaretha pleaded that it was not possible for her to resist. If she had refused to obey, Karl would have been cast into prison. The young man was too furious to listen to her excuses. "Vengeance! vengeance!" was all his cry. "What?" exclaimed the bride; "vengeance on my husband and your father?" "Yes, vengeance on the traitor!" Margaretha was filled with horror at the thought that her lover might kill her husband, or her husband her lover. She entreated Karl to put away thoughts of violence. She wept, she implored, she would have knelt to him. Moved at length by her entreaties, and feeling that the vengeance which would gladden him would add immensely to her already intolerable sorrows, he grew calmer, and inquired what she would have him do. She replied that she would have him abstain from violence towards the Chancellor. Karl seemed softened. She pressed him to promise her that he would never draw sword upon her husband. Karl tried to avoid making a promise; but her distress was so great that at length he solemnly swore that he would never under any circumstances draw his sword against Bo Jonsson. This promise made, the girl was less unhappy; for she knew that Karl Niklasson would keep his promise. She thanked him for it, she blessed him, she assured him that her heart would ever be his, though her life belonged to another. She then bade him go. He dropped on his knees in an agony of grief and farewell; she held out her hand to him; he bowed over it and kissed it.

Bo Jonsson had entered the room, unheard by Karl and Margaretha. He saw the pledge of farewell, and believed that it was the pledge of guilty love. With a torrent of furious words he rushed in between them, and brandished his naked sword above the young man's head. Bound by the oath which he had just uttered, Karl was unable to defend himself. Bo Jonsson pressed upon him as he backed towards the door. Margaretha's cries were drowned in the frightful din. Back, back went Karl, through the door, with the instinct to escape since he could not fight. Bo Jonsson's strokes were aimed at random, and Karl flew down the stairs, pursued by his enemy's taunts and commands to draw his sword. They emerged into the street, Karl wounded and bleeding. He swiftly crossed the *bridge which led to the Franciscan church*. Once in sanctuary he *would be safe*. *His foe was close upon him; the reeking sword*

still unsheathed. Karl staggered to the most sacred spot, and grasped the altar with both hands. With such tremendous force did he grasp it that he broke off the corner which he held. The grave of King Magnus Ladislås was beneath this spot. On the stone which covered it Karl Niklasson fell, crying for mercy. But there was neither mercy nor reverence in Bo Jonsson's heart. In the holy sanctuary lay the young man, wounded and helpless; his father hewed at his body until it bore no semblance to anything human, but lay, a shapeless, bleeding mass, upon the stone floor of the church.

It was on the 19th of June, 1381, that Bo Jonsson Grip, Chancellor of Sweden, murdered his adopted son, Sir Karl Niklasson of Ferla, before the high altar of the Franciscan church in Stockholm. We cannot paint, or imagine, his feelings immediately after the horrible deed. No doubt he justified it to himself, and remembered that there were methods of escaping ecclesiastical censure and all other spiritual penalties. No attempt was made by any authority to arrest him; for, in fact, there was no authority but his own. He was never seriously called to account for the horrible crimes of murder and sacrilege which he had committed. The crime was murder, not merely homicide, for his victim had made no resistance; and bloodshed in a church was undeniably sacrilege, an offence considered most heinous in the Middle Ages. He was left free and unpursued by justice and vengeance; and a few days later we find him at the castle of Wiby, in Upland, where the nearest relatives of the murdered knight came to meet his slayer. Karl's sister Ingeborg, and her husband, Greger Amundsson, appeared humbly before the Chancellor, not daring to reproach him for what he had done, or to expostulate with him for what he was about to do. He told them that since their brother's death he had taken possession of all Karl's estates, "because of his many and great crimes." No evidence can be found of any misdeed on the part of Niklasson. "His relatives inherit nothing that was his. I am willing, however, out of generosity, and because of the good-will which I bore to him before his crimes, to give you the manor of Wiby." On the 29th November following, Dame Ingeborg and her husband signed a letter, acknowledging in very humble terms that they had received Wiby from the Chancellor, not as an inheritance, or as if they had any right to it, but as a gift of Bo Jonsson's honesty, love, and benevolence. "In addition," the letter continues, "he has given to us two hundred *marker* in Swedish money, and I, Ingeborg, have also received half a piece of brown cloth, and one hundred and

sixty good furs of marten." Further on we find these words : "We renounce all rights to the estates in Södermanland that belonged to Karl Niklasson, and we acknowledge having been fully reconciled to Bo Jonsson, his inheritors, and friends, and we will hereafter never mention how Karl Niklasson was slain, nor think of it, but it shall be as if it had never been done."

Great indignation was felt throughout the country when the murder of Karl Niklasson became generally known, but the Chancellor was far too powerful for anyone, whether Bishop or King, to think of any trial or punishment. He conciliated the Church by great gifts, and on Wadstena especially he bestowed lands. He continued to administer what he called justice at those great meetings which he was in the habit of convening on the Bosläppen (Bo Plain), and where he harangued the people. It lay near his castle of Säby, on the Stångån river, on an island still called Bosholmen. The Bosläppen is a meadow by the river side ; a high stone shaped like a chair was the pulpit from which Bo Jonsson addressed his audience ; it exists to this day, beneath the shadow of three grand old oaks. But though he bore up with his usual audacity it may well have been that the horror of that scene in the Franciscan church never died out from his heart ; his home must have been a loveless one, and he could have had nothing which makes life really worth living. In the month of August, 1386, he died after a few days' illness.

His burial took place, with much ceremonial solemnity, in the convent church of Wadstena, which he had enriched with many gifts.

On the stone which covers his remains the following inscription was engraved :

Here lie  
the Swedish Chancellor, BO JONSSON,  
in safety buried,  
and his son, SIR KNUT.  
Ermegard thy wife follows thee, KNUT.

Afterwards were added these lines, referring to his daughter and her husband, who were interred beneath the same stone :

Under this stone are buried the bodies of the noble persons,  
SIR ALGOT MAGNUSSON  
and his beloved wife,  
LADY MARGARETHA BOSDOTTER,  
who died in 1414 at Easter, while he died in 14 (date incomplete).

Ermegard, wife of Sir Knut above-named, was one of the Bülow family, and her husband quartered the arms of Bülow, which are fourteen balls, and which were engraved upon this stone. These

balls appear to have given rise to the commonly received story that Bo Jonsson gave fourteen estates to the cloister of Wadstena, in return for the privilege of being buried fourteen yards within the walls of its church. We may hope that Bo's daughter, Margaretha, and Bo's son, Knut, brought some happiness into the life of their mother, whose early years had been so darkly shadowed by crime and sorrow.

Bo Jonsson's will directed that ten noblemen, whom he named, should administer his vast property ; he ordered that what had been unjustly acquired, or not paid for, should be restored to its rightful owner. But a posthumous conscience is seldom effective. King Albrecht, relieved of his terrible Chancellor, thought that the time had arrived when he might regain his lost independence. He strove to upset Bo Jonsson's will, and in defiance of it made himself guardian of the widow and her children, thus annulling all the arrangements contemplated by the executors. The nobles who had been associated with Bo Jonsson were unable to retain their power when he, their head, was gone. But they applied for and obtained assistance from the "Semiramis of the North," Margaret of Waldemar, Queen of Denmark and Norway. She went to war with Albrecht, defeated him, and united the three Northern kingdoms under one sceptre in 1397. This union lasted until the year 1521.

F. BAYFORD HARRISON.



*A STORY OF IDWAL LAKE.*

IT was early in the season, and only one passenger had taken his seat outside the coach which was bound for Ogwen from Bethesda. He was a tall, middle-aged man of pleasant appearance, with a knapsack slung across his shoulder and a couple of canvases, together with some sketching impedimenta put up carefully by his side. He sat leaning forward, his arms folded carelessly upon the back of the coachman's seat; his features wearing a smile betokening a genial amusement as he responded to the various salutations of the passers by. All up the village street tokens of interest followed him. Llewellyn Jones, the clockmaker, had come out of his shop to wave adieu. Mrs. Thomas, the greengrocer, and her little boy stood looking after him, as did also many other of the cheery inquisitive people who were lingering round the quiet shop windows or gossiping over the garden wall. With the delightful characteristic bonhomie of their nation, they had one and all, during the week that he had dwelt among them, made his concerns their own. On the second day he had found to his amazement that his name and address were common property; by the end of the week he had ceased to be astonished at their intimate knowledge of his plans. Nevertheless, he had still remained something of a mystery to them. Long after the coach had passed from their sight, wending its way along the beautiful Francon valley, speculations concerning him were being carried on with unflagging interest—upon the door-step, across the counter, or wherever a Griffith or a Thomas met in friendly converse with the inevitable Jones.

During the short but profitable summers these kindly people had become accustomed to the inroads of the tourist in his many varied forms. With the artist they were of course as familiar as with the ordinary nature-loving traveller, whose enthusiasm concerning the crags of Daffydd or the hollows of Snowdon they entirely failed to understand. Botanists, too, were known to them, and gentlemen of *the hammer bent* upon geological research; and if perhaps in their *secret thoughts they considered* these last as the maddest of the

community, they never wavered in their attitude of good-humoured politeness towards one and all. This stranger had made a lasting impression upon the good folks of Bethesda by his easy, pleasant ways. He had made friends with everybody, and, what was perhaps less usual with an artist, had spent his money with a lavish hand. But he had astonished them by his varied occupations. Not only did brush and canvas absorb his energies, but he would go collecting mosses and flowers, ferns and stones, until his good landlady was fairly bewildered at the rapid and methodical accumulation. "Eh! indeed," she said, in parenthesis, as she saw him and his belongings safely on to the coach; "indeed, but it's a queer way of spending a holiday." For the relaxation which is found in continuous activity does not commend itself to the untutored mind.

In the meantime the artist was enjoying his drive extremely, and when, after a run of four miles or so, the coach came to a standstill, he turned his face from the sweet fresh breeze with some regret.

"This is Tan-y-groes, sir," said the driver, indicating with his whip the small substantial farmstead behind which rose the green slopes of Carnedd Daffydd traversed by low stone walls. From the path to the house the barking of friendly dogs was heard in chorus, and the gate was held open invitingly by a young, bright-faced girl. Involuntarily, before he entered, the artist looked round upon the scene. It was strangely solitary. Only one other house was visible across the valley which narrowed to the base of the mountains on the other side. In front, the coach road, winding some fifty feet above the vale, terminated abruptly before the great mountain barrier of the Glyders, which showed deep purple shadows as the clouds played over the ridge.

"Beyond is Ogwen Lake," said a soft little voice; "and Idwal Lake is there, behind the mountain. That is Glyder fawr."

He turned suddenly and looked down into the bright smiling face.

"Ah! thank you," he said, laughing; "I shall have to find my way to Lyn Idwal presently. And what is your name?" he added as he followed her towards the house.

"I am Maggie," she answered; "I have been in England—in Manchester. I was in the drapery business, but now I am come home. The old people, they could not do without me; there is much indeed to do on the farm. There is Grannie coming to speak to you. She can talk English too. Grandfather can't say many things, but he tries, and he is so pleased to see a stranger. It is so very quiet here—oh! yes, very quiet."

The customary greetings and hand-shakings followed, emphasised by a babel of tongues. Questions multiplied with rapidity, and the answers received were commented upon in a voluble Welsh "aside." The stranger had come from London. That much they had ascertained from John Owen at the Post Office, who had heard it from the landlady's little boy. How many miles away was London? Eh! but it was a long journey to come. And yet people came every day and said they liked it. It was the air, they said, was so good. The gentleman would find it nice here all in the mountains; and the milk—he could have as much of that as he wanted; and the postman he came past here every day. And the gentleman had been lodging at Bethesda? Where? With Mrs. Davies. Ah? Davies. Now who could that be? Was the husband's name Thomas? No, William. Then he couldn't be the Davies who worked in the quarry and lived— Here the discussion broke off again into Welsh and became more animated; and the artist, seeing that his explanations were no longer of any value, gently withdrew. Into the parlour, where his possessions were deposited, the little girl ushered him forthwith. The window faced the mountains, and as he turned immediately to look out at the view, a strange sound that seemed to echo through the house arrested him. He glanced at his companion interrogatively.

"It's only the butter making," she explained; "and that's the great wheel that makes it. I'll show you all about it one day, if you like."

"Thanks," he said doubtfully. "Does—does someone turn the wheel?"

"No; indeed, it's the water from the mountain," she answered brightly. "That big mountain, you know, at the back. You can go over him—I'll show you where, if you like—and you can see for miles and miles."

Then she ran away again into the kitchen, lowered the kettle over a clear peat fire, and went to join the little group outside. They were still talking. The sound of their voices reached the artist through the open window. He smiled as he heard them. "So very picturesque," he said to himself softly.

A week passed, then another; and it became evident that the stranger had settled himself for a comfortable sojourn at Tan-y-groes. He had begun a picture below Lyn Idwal, and on fine mornings he went and painted there for hours. But once there came a spell of gloomy weather, when he could no longer work;

and on those days he would wander about on the mountains or in the valley until the great clouds encircled all the landscape and hid it from his view. On one such afternoon he stood upon the rough ground, strewn with boulders, which encompassed the gloomy shores of Idwal Lake.

He was not alone, for he had invited Maggie to accompany him, and she had left her milkpails to Grannie Owen, and had trotted off delightedly by his side. The life of these simple people was very pleasant to a man who professed himself a little weary of the world and its allurements, and who was apt to pose as a cynic and a pessimist among his familiar friends. There was something fresh and unalloyed about it all, and it amused him; he had adapted himself to the rough and ready ways of the household with that peculiar ease and charm of manner which was Nature's bountiful gift. He watched the stacking of the peat in the valley and the cutting of the hay. He was interested in the movements of the pretty, long-tailed sheep, which strayed so far across the mountains and were gathered in with such difficulty to the fold. He even tried to drink the buttermilk, and when the gooseberries were brought to his table in the bread-pan, he abstained from the slightest expression of surprise. In a word, he had made himself at home in this solitary dwelling, and the little girl who waited on him to the best of her ability was not the least attractive feature of it all. She was twenty-one, and her short experience of life in a crowded city had not robbed her of her natural charm. She had the dark hair and eyes and brilliant colour which so many of her countrywomen have in youth, and the artist was quick to observe a certain refinement in her simplicity as well as an occasional piquancy in her speech. He glanced at her a little curiously, as she stood there beside him. "I wonder if you will always be content here," he said, smiling; "or whether you will want to go out again into the world like the rest of us, and get tired and restless and discontented, too?"

"I think I will stay here," she answered simply.

A sharp wind had sprung up around them; the deep, sunless waters splashed in little waves upon the base of the dark mountains which brooded over them in infinite gloom. Rolling masses of cloud came over the head of the Glyders; there was no sound or vestige of any living thing.

The girl pressed her hat more firmly over her brow, and looked before her thoughtfully.

"It is so dark here," she said. "One does not wonder at the stories they tell of Idwal Lake. You know that long ago a prince

was thrown down there from the Glyder. They do say that when the storms come you still hear him cry. And the birds—they used to say that they would never fly over the water. But, indeed, that was a stupid thing to say.”

“And aren’t you afraid to take me to the Devil’s Kitchen?” he asked, half laughing. “Upon my word, it looks a wicked place enough,” he added, glancing up at the black chasm in the Glyder fawr. “I think, after all, I shall go for the flower by myself, and shan’t let you accompany me.”

“I? Indeed, I can climb,” she said scornfully. “Why, it’s nothing when you know the way. We’ll wait for a fine afternoon, and I will go with you. Tom has taken me heaps of times.”

“Ah! yes; naturally. I believe it was for Tom’s sake you came home.”

She shook her head. “Tom is a good boy,” she said sedately.

“Oh! excellent. I have every reason to think so. It was he who told me that the spiderwort grew up above the Devil’s Kitchen. When I find it, I shall be grateful indeed to Tom.”

She stooped and gathered a bunch of sphagnum, and offered it to him shyly.

“Have you found it before?” she said.

“I am not at all sure,” he said pleasantly. “I shall take it, any way; thank you. I shall have to send you a microscope, for you will be going mossing and grubbing about by yourself when I am gone.”

She stooped again and picked up a piece of pure, white quartz, holding it for a moment silently. “I think it is beautiful to know about all the things,” she said in a thoughtful tone. “It must make you very happy.”

“Well, they are such a rest, you see,” he answered, smiling; they don’t bore you, and they don’t talk and they don’t quarrel. They bring you long thoughts, and they are always beautiful and always the same.”

“Do you come again next year?” she asked suddenly.

“Perhaps. Would you like me to come?”

They had turned their faces homewards as great drops of rain began to fall, and he gave her his hand over the rough wet stone and hollows of the descending pathway. The innocent little *far* smiling an affirmative struck him at that moment as being particularly fresh and beautiful. Impulse stirred within him, and *pruden* threw up the game and flew. He took her in his arms and *kiss* her.

"I will come back," he said gently. "Dear little girl!"

Tom was waiting for her with the milk pails, and greeted her with a trace of impatience in his honest, sunburnt face. Things had gone wrong that afternoon. Visitors had come, and there was a babel of voices in the kitchen. His little sister, a child of eight, had fallen ill and feverish, and had been calling for Cousin Maggie to come home. "And it isn't right to be walking all the day with a gentleman," he said at last in a vexed tone; "you shouldn't do it, Maggie. What can a gentleman like him be having to say to you? You had best stay at home with your work."

She walked by his side quietly. Her face was flushed, but she seemed to take little heed of what he was saying. Only when the work was over, and the black cows were let out one by one through the gate to the sloping pastures, she came to him gently, and put her hands on his arm. "Don't be angry, Tom," she said.

He laughed a little and forgave her. He had loved her from boyhood, and thought that there was no girl in the world to equal her, with her pretty, winsome ways. Still, a certain uneasiness had taken possession of him, and as he went about his work stolidly and silently, he kept on thinking the same thoughts over and over again.

Towards evening the wind shifted; the clouds rolled away from the Francon valley, and a soft sunshine lay over the fields and upon the mountains in a flood of golden light. Grannie Owen was talking excitedly to the artist as Tom approached the kitchen door.

"Eh! but it's a bit of a cold," she was saying; "and in the morning it will be gone. There's Maggie, she's given her the medicines that's proper. There's the salts and the seidlitz and the assafoetida—aye, and the whisky," she added after a moment's pause. "It's a fine thing is the whisky."

"Mercy on us," said the artist, softly; "the child will die, that's certain."

But at the sound of an altercation in the scullery Grannie rushed back into the house. "Eh! it's those womans," she cried vengefully; whereupon voices grew louder in conflict, and Tom, seizing his opportunity, walked up to the artist's side.

"I—was wanting a word with you, sir, if convenient," he began steadily; "I wanted to say that I'd be pleased to go along with you up to the Kitchen yonder for the spider flower. And I was thinking as it might be better for me than for the little maid. It's a bit of a climb, sir, and Maggie—she's wanted here all the time."

"Just so," said the artist genially. "I quite made up my mind

when I saw the place that your services would be more suitable than hers. I am much obliged to you for mentioning it. Let me know, will you, when you can spare the time?"

And with a pleasant parting salutation he sauntered away to the stone wall above the garden, where it was his habit to sit and watch the sunset clouds. There he remained for a long time silently. Above him and before him were the mountains, majestic in outline, glorious in the ineffable splendour of the evening glow. High up on the crags the sheep were nibbling at the scanty grass and calling to each other across the tiny streams and water-courses, where the blue pinguiculas were flowering and the rarer mosses fruited unobserved. From the house below came the sound of the harmonium. The butter making and the quarrelling had ceased, and voices were singing in doubtful chorus to the music of Sankey's hymns. Strange, primitive people! How he had enjoyed this little sojourn in their midst. But now his mood had changed, and he was enjoying it no longer. On the morrow his picture would be finished, and then he should go away. It was characteristic of his irresponsible, pleasure-loving nature that directly a thing ceased to attract him, or began to weary him, he would gently put it aside. Always gently. There must be no painful scenes, no frank exposures. His hedonism had an æsthetic basis; and if he was fated to inflict pain or discomfort, he would at any rate not allow either to obtrude upon his peace. With the quick insight of a man of the world he had seen through Tom's politeness, and he realised that if he stayed here any longer friction might ensue. He had said so much more than he intended to that pretty little girl. But she was so simple; it probably would not hurt her, and she would forget all about it presently and marry Tom. It would be a pity, for she was really interesting, whereas Tom—was merely good. But it was the way of the world, the inevitable.

On the following day he finished his picture, and announced his intention of starting in a day or so for Bettws-y-Coed. It was not until his return in the afternoon that he met Maggie, who was playing with the child by the gate. He looked at the latter curiously. She had actually recovered; and he thought within himself that the drugs administered had probably been old.

At his approach the child ceased playing, and Maggie came towards him smilingly. "Have you finished the picture?" she said.

"Quite finished. Will you come and have a look?"

*She followed him into the parlour, and he placed the canvas carefully upon a chair. It was a beautiful picture. He painted as*

he did everything else, for pleasure merely; but his gifts were great. The girl drew a long breath of admiration. Her own perception, all untrained as it was, still led her to a knowledge of the beautiful in Nature and in Art.

"Ah, but to do things like that!" she cried. "To be able to say what you are thinking, and make for yourself what you see. It is wonderful!"

Her enthusiasm excited him.

"When I come back, it is you that I will paint," he answered, "and you shall see yourself then as I see you."

"When will you come?" she said. The clear eyes had grown a little wistful, and seeing it he drew her to him with the gentle caress and vague assurance with which he might have comforted a child.

"But the spiderwort must wait," he said, "for see, these wicked skies of yours are never to be trusted, and they are coming down again in mists. I am not going to let you run any risks upon those mountains, or face any danger, for my sake. If I didn't love you I shouldn't think of it perhaps so seriously. But never mind the spiderwort. You see, I have found all sorts of lovely things that I wanted, and I have painted a picture, and we have had a splendid time. But you must run away, for I hear Grannie calling. Give me one more kiss, then. Now you must go."

The artist was right in his prophecy concerning "those wicked skies." The afternoon brought rain in fitful showers over the valley, and the mountain peaks were wreathed in mist. At four o'clock the "pass" was quite deserted; the afternoon coach, finding no passengers for Ogwen, did not run that day; and in the fields the haymaking was suspended. Only one little figure, enveloped in cloak and shawl, was making her way rapidly along the winding road in the direction of Ogwen. As the dull waters came in sight she slackened her pace and breathed more freely. No one had observed her, she was sure; and if that stupid Tom had seen her and interfered she should not have listened to him. Tom had been cross lately, and silent; and after all, if she chose to do an act of kindness for someone who had been good to her, he had no right to interfere. She tripped on lightly, merrily. The rain blew in her face as she turned to ascend the rough stepping-stones in the path to Idwal, but she never heeded it. She would have sang for very gladness, only that she had no breath to spare. How glad he would be, she said to herself gleefully. And how astonished! To think that she should go and get the spiderwort for him after all!

Up and on, across the great rough stones and puddles. There



was the place where he had helped her down ; and up beyond that crag he had told her about the making of the mountains, and the story of the ice in former ages which had polished and marked the stones. He was so wise, and yet so gentle and so kind to her ; so different from anyone she had ever known before. How dreary it would seem when he was gone to-morrow. But then he was coming back again, back to her country and to her.

There was the lake now before her ; and, beyond, the black chasm in the Glyder fawr. Round to the right she hurried, her cheeks glowing with the excitement of the toil ; on and on, now across the short, stiff grass of the mountain side, now splashing through the treacherous bogs crimson with sphagnum, now at last beginning the actual ascent. She knew every step of her way, and never paused to look round her. The rain had ceased, and the wind, which had blown so fiercely in the valley, was now quite still. Below her the lake was dark and motionless, the mountains closing in around it wrapped in gloom. Steadily, with occasional short pauses, she clambered on, until the great cleft of the "Kitchen" loomed above her, obscured at intervals by masses of floating mist. As she went higher, and her progress grew slower and more difficult, she felt the mist encircle her with a damp, cold breath. If it would only clear away from the Glyders ! But alas ! it was rolling every minute lower and lower still. She was not far now from the home of the spiderwort. Resolutely, with undaunted courage, she pushed on. There, behind one of those large sloping boulders to the left of the Kitchen, clumps of oak and beech fern were growing luxuriantly ; and up a little higher grew the spiderwort itself. She had seen it before, and recognised it immediately. With a little cry of pleasure she seized the specimen ; a solitary flower expanded on a dainty stem. Down over the mountains came the mist, blotting out earth and sky. For one moment she stood irresolute. That dim, grey world, with its familiar landmarks hidden ; how should she find her way through it alone ? And yet as she descended, cautiously, slowly, there was no thought of fear in her mind. She knew it all so well—so thoroughly. There was a little track here somewhere between the boulders, if only she could light upon it ; she advanced cautiously, feeling her way among the stones. The mist lifted for a moment before her path, and gave her a fresh courage. She loosened her hold of the overhanging rock, and placed the spiderwort more securely in the folds of her woollen shawl. Then, suddenly, she felt the stones *beneath her feet give way, and she was slipping—slipping—slipping.*

At the base of the rocks they found her, just as the still grey dawn was breaking over the mountains, and Tom and his dog companion were nearly disheartened with the search. It was Tom who had first missed her, and had suspected on what errand she had gone. But when he raised her in his arms—the little passive figure that would never again trip by his side along the sheep tracks or by the stream, a great passion of rage and grief swept over him. Plucking the flower from her gown, he crushed it savagely, and with a curse he flung it from him over the mountain side.

The years have passed, and to this day the oak and the beech ferns still linger in the crevices ; but the spiderwort blooms no longer above Idwal Lake.

EDITH GRAY WHEELWRIGHT.

## *A FRENCH PRIMARY SCHOOL.*

“**W**HO is the best General?” is the question said to have been put to Count Bismarck after the battle of Sadowa, to which he replied, “The Schoolmaster.” Soon after the disasters of 1870-1 the French awoke, as they had never done before, to the truth of this seeming paradox. During the last quarter of a century education has advanced with rapid strides in France, as in England and most other civilised countries. In many important respects the system and methods of the French differ from our own. Their passion for centralisation here, as in other departments of social life, leaves less scope for private enterprise and individual tastes, judgment, and religious convictions, than we think desirable. Still it must be admitted that many of their schools are admirably conducted, and that the results achieved in them at such great expense have been a substantial gain to the country. During a residence of several years in France as British Chaplain, I had many opportunities of visiting schools and colleges of various descriptions, and I gave considerable attention to the study of the elementary system. An account of a visit to a group of primary schools in Lille, paid in company with the Chief Inspector, may interest my readers and present to them in a concrete form some ideas of the system.

Before, however, describing what I saw and heard, it may be well to mention a few general facts illustrating the subject. In the first place, it should be understood that the national universities, the lycées and secondary colleges, as well as the humblest village schools, which are maintained out of public money, are under the absolute control and supervision of the State. Even private seminaries, and the schools and colleges of the Roman Catholic Church and of other religious bodies, are liable to public inspection as respects their sanitary and moral condition, and cannot exist without the sanction of the civil authorities. Then, again, the State primary schools are open to all classes of society, and all children from the age of six to that of fourteen are compelled to attend these or other similar schools, unless the parents or guardians can satisfy the

authorities that they are properly taught at home, and they must pass an examination, and that a strict one, with a view to a "certificat d'études primaires." Even from their infancy they may be brought under the all-embracing system. In the large towns crèches are often provided for them, so as to allow the mothers to go to work ; whilst children from two to six years old are admissible to the maternal or infants' schools. Moreover, between the elementary and secondary schools are interposed as a missing link the "Ecoles primaires supérieures," which serve to some as stepping-stones to a higher education, or more often as a preparation for business or Government employment. There are many families which cannot afford or may not even desire for their children the classical or scientific training of the lycées or colleges, and yet wish them to receive more advanced instruction before they enter on active life. For such there exist either supplementary classes annexed to the Communal schools, or separate institutions under more highly qualified teachers. None can enter these without a certificate of having passed in the primary subjects. To meet the wants of poor but promising pupils, there are open to competition "bourses," or scholarships, to enable them to live without being a burden to their families. These are tenable during the whole of their remaining school time, but may be withdrawn on account of misconduct or idleness. This is a very admirable feature of the French system. Our own middle-class or high schools supply its place for those who can afford them ; but many a boy or girl of capacity and promise might rise to eminence if such education could be had, as in France, gratuitously, or at a sufficiently low charge, and if their support could be guaranteed during their school life. These schools, therefore, occupy a most important place, connecting the base of the educational ladder with the higher or secondary steps, and so with its summit, the degrees and professorships of the university. The ascent to Parnassus has also been made still easier by the establishment of "bourses" for the more deserving pupils of the superior schools, enabling them to pursue their studies at the lycées.

After this hasty survey of the whole field we shall probably be in a better position to examine in detail the working of an elementary school. Since the system is uniform throughout France, an account of such a school will afford a more or less correct notion of other schools of the same grade.

The group of schools in question is situated in a populous manufacturing suburb of Lille, the Manchester of France. They had then been opened about two years, and were built on a very large

scale with all the latest improvements. The buildings were therefore above the average in completeness. They were of brick without any superfluous ornament, but substantial and well designed for their purpose. The boys' and girls' schools faced each other on the opposite sides of a large square, and stood quite apart, separated by spacious well-paved playgrounds. An additional wing, not then finished, was intended to contain an infants' school. The inspector, who so kindly acted as my guide, was not expected, for inspection is not in France, as it has been till lately with us, an "annual parade examination," of which the day and hour have been previously announced, and on the results of which the fortunes of the year depend. It may take place at any time and as often as the inspector may think fit, very much as the inspector of a tram starts up suddenly to examine the tickets. The funds of the school are in no way affected by the visit, nor the salaries for the year of the teachers. At the same time his reports may seriously affect the future prospects of the latter ; for if it should appear to him that they are neglecting their duties or that their teaching is inefficient, they may be censured, or even removed to an inferior school ; whereas, if their classes be found well up to the mark, they may receive a small additional gratuity, and may in time be promoted to a higher class of emoluments. All, in fact, is left at the discretion (or indiscretion) of the inspector and the judgment of the central authorities acting on his reports. Whether this arrangement is calculated to produce the best results, and whether it is well that no room should be left for the influence of local managers, which is so noticeable in our own schools, are questions which we need not here discuss.

To return to our visit, all were hard at work when we arrived. The appearance of the representative of the State and of the mysterious stranger, whom he playfully introduced to the directress as "a new inspector," evidently caused a slight flutter through the community, although neither teachers nor scholars lost their heads in the least. The staff of the girls' school which we now entered consisted of the directress and six young assistants, whom she superintended, having no class of her own. Each teacher has her own room and separate class. The classes are graduated according to age and attainments, the lowest being on the ground floor and the higher on the floors above. All the rooms opened out on wide covered corridors overlooking the playground, where the children could run about in wet weather.

Beginning with the seniors, we entered a large lofty room in which the scholars occupied short forms with backs, each long enough to

hold two or three girls as might be required. In front of each bench was a small desk with a book board and a shelf underneath it. All face the teacher, who stands or sits on a slightly elevated platform in front of a blackboard extending along the whole length of the wall. The inspector first called for the time-table, which indicated the order of the subjects taught in this class at the different hours of each day of the week. This is the same in all the public elementary schools throughout France. French history was the subject for the hour when we arrived, and the girls were just concluding a lesson on the Crimean War. Having listened for awhile, the inspector asked a few leading questions about the causes, circumstances, scenes, &c., of the campaign, and elicited some very creditable answers. Geometry came next. The form and measurement of a cone were discussed and illustrated. The girls did not seem to be quite as much at home in this branch of their studies; indeed, its utility for the daughters of artisans might appear to be open to question. The reading and singing which followed were excellent. Two of the medium classes were next examined in reading and grammar. Their reading, though not quite so correct as that of the first class, was remarkably clear and intelligent. The meanings of the harder words were well given, as also the analysis and parsing of sentences. The inspector also carefully examined their "cahiers" or copy-books. And here we may remark how much importance is attached in the French schools to this part of their system. In these books each scholar is required, without any help, to make every month notes of the first lesson in each subject received in that month. They not only form a record of the progress made by the pupil in knowledge, but can be referred to in proof of his or her improvement in composition and penmanship. The habit of writing down what has been orally taught serves also to fix it in the memory. Their memories are still more effectually exercised by the recital of choice passages of prose and poetry. The singing was particularly pleasing as regards time and modulation of voice. Some of the girls took second, and the parts were sweetly blended without any shouting or screaming. There were decided evidences of both natural taste and careful training.

We next went down to the lower classes. These were, of course, the most numerous; indeed, one room seemed a little too crowded. Here I had an opportunity of observing the method of teaching to read. The children begin with the primary guttural sounds, so difficult to our English organs, and apparently not very easy even to French children, such as: an, en, on, in, un, &c. When these have been mastered, they are built up into monosyllabic words: *e.g.*

gant, mon, pin, pain, lent, &c. From these they go on to divide longer words into syllables, although later on they learn to read whole words at a glance for purposes of orthography, as is now generally done in England. Thus the French are trained to read by both the eye and the ear.

Whilst listening to a lesson given to the youngest scholars, I was surprised to see their efforts accompanied by gestures. At first it seemed as if this simply arose from the natural tendency in the French to use their arms and hands in speaking. But the inspector soon explained that this was the phonomimic method, originally invented by M. Gosselin for the deaf and dumb, and since found very useful for other beginners. Each letter and principal sound is connected in the children's minds with some story told them about everyday things. So, whilst they pronounce the letter or letters, they make an appropriate gesture, which expresses the story founded upon it. For instance, the vowel "u" is illustrated by the position of a coachman's hand in whipping his horses, and his call "hue, hue" represents the sound. The consonant "v" is connected with the flight ("vol") of a pigeon, and the whirr of its wings is expressed by saying "v-v-v." "T" is learnt by moving the hand to and fro horizontally like the pendulum of a clock and by saying at the same moment "tic tac." These exercises afford amusement to the little ones, and by impressing the value of the signs upon their minds, contributes towards that most desirable end, reading without tears.

Tears, however, even in the best regulated schools, cannot be always avoided, as a little incident of the examination proved. The kind inspector, whose genial manner is very attractive to the young, humorously, though unwisely, proposed that we should hear first one of the worst readers, and then one of the best. The mistress, not having noticed what he said, put a little girl on. The poor child, supposing herself chosen as one of the worst specimens, burst into tears, and could not proceed. At my request she was tried again, but in vain; her *amour propre* was too deeply wounded. The dear little soul had yet to learn the hard lesson that in this deceitful world things are not always what they seem, and that this remark was only meant as a joke. Very considerably the inspector directed that some "recompense" should be given her for the unintentional slight upon her fair fame. Very probably a paper of bonbons or a bunch of cherries went very far towards soothing her chafed spirit.

But now the long day's studies were drawing to a close, and, with all deference to our neighbours' judgment, we venture to think that six hours' studies in school, besides home lessons, are too severe a

strain upon the minds of young children, although a short interval for play is allowed. Still, the time was all too short for our visit, and did not admit of an examination of the boys' school. We could only look in at the workroom or *atelier* annexed to it. There the headmaster very kindly assembled a number of the pupils for my benefit, and it was most interesting to see the question of technical training, about which there has been so much discussion amongst us of late, practically solved. Here, as in many of the larger French primary schools, the elder boys are taught by experienced mechanics the use of tools, and how to work with wood and metals. Some were busy sawing and planing planks, others cutting and turning on a lathe brass and iron. There is also on the premises a blacksmith's forge; but it was not just then in operation. The little fellows worked with a will, evidently proud of giving proof of their latent skill and of using their hands to some purpose. It must be of great advantage for them to be thus early initiated into the mysteries of handicraft. The experiment seems to be very successful, if one may judge from the specimens of simple ornamental work preserved in a cabinet at the end of the room, and exhibited on prize days to the admiring parents and friends. These occupations are regarded as a recreation, which they are allowed to enjoy twice a week out of school hours. Imagining that the privilege involved an extra charge, I inquired what was the fee, and was not a little surprised to learn that, like almost everything else, except perhaps books and writing materials, it was gratuitous. In France there are no School Boards, no School Board rates nor Voluntary rates for the State Schools. As regards these things primary education is absolutely free for all; but consequently there is no local control over the schools, at least the local authorities have no voice in the appointment or removal of teachers or in the management of the schools. Schools in which religion is taught receive no aid whatever from the public funds, and have to depend entirely on voluntary support. On the other hand, it should be remembered that parents, like other citizens, as taxpayers as well as through the indirect duties levied on most articles of consumption, contribute their quota towards the cost of education and so pay very dearly for it. They are obliged to accept and use, if they have need of them, the schools provided for their children by the Government, just as they use the railways, canals, post and telegraph offices, &c., in whatever form or kind the authorities see fit to regulate them. There is thus much less liberty under a Republican Government than under our own constitutional monarchy. This system, of course, necessarily involves



the absence of what is generally recognised in England as in some form essential to sound education, the teaching of religion. The religious differences in France are unhappily too much accentuated to make any compromise possible. The clericalists and anti-clericalists are arrayed against each other in battle array, and no *modus vivendi* between them has been devised, nor is likely to be found. No conscience clause nor grants in aid irrespective of creed have been agreed to. Lessons on morality and on civic duties have been very unsuccessfully substituted in the State schools for the teaching of religion. Still, it is fair to add that this grave defect is in some measure supplied by the priests and other ministers of religion on Sunday and on Thursday, which is the universal school holiday. The difficulty of course is to collect the children on these days for such a purpose, as they are under no compulsion to attend classes. With this most important exception, the French system in the primary schools appears on the whole to be well devised and admirably carried out.

W. BURNET.

## THE HIGHLAND CLAN SYSTEM.

ONE of the most curious phenomena in the history of Scotland is presented by the fact that two races of people, each possessing sharply defined characteristics, should have co-existed for centuries in that country without coalescing to any appreciable extent. In England the fusion of two races so differentiated as the Anglo-Saxons and the Normans had in course of time been accomplished gradually, but none the less surely. The distinctive characteristics of the conquerors and the conquered had become less pronounced in the process of amalgamation; racial animosities had gradually become weaker until they were finally extinguished; and thus arose from such diverse elements the united nationality which for hundreds of years has existed south of the Border. In Scotland, however, the complete blending of the two dominant races has yet to be accomplished. True it is that racial enmities are happily extinct, and that by means of education, the railway, and other levelling agencies, the intercourse between Saxon and Gael has become intimate, and is daily becoming more and more intimate. No less true is it that by the migration of Highlanders southwards, and, in a smaller degree, the migration of Lowlanders northwards, the Grampians are being gradually removed from their place as natural barriers. But the fact remains that between the Gaelic-speaking Celt of the north and the English-speaking Saxon of the south there is a gulf fixed which has not yet been completely bridged. Corresponding race barriers exist between Englishmen and Welshmen, as also between the Saxons of the north and the Celts of the south of Ireland.

Chief among the agencies which tended to promote and accentuate the cleavage between the two races was the clan system, which was so long an active factor in the making of Highland history. The inception of the system may be traced to circumstances which had apparently no direct bearing upon it, but to which, nevertheless, the origin of the Highland clans can be attributed.

Malcolm III. of Scotland, better known as Malcolm Ceanmore, or Big-Head, brought with him from England, where for years he

had resided as a fugitive, a Saxon princess as his wife. The Scottish Court language had until then been Gaelic, but the English language, introduced by the semi-Anglicised Malcolm and his Saxon wife, superseded it. This was the beginning of the line of demarcation which subsequently divided so completely the Highlanders from the Lowlanders. It was not, however, until fully two centuries later that English became the language of the Lowlanders generally. By that time Anglicising and Norman influences had thoroughly permeated the south of Scotland. Anglo-Saxon colonists from the time of David I. onwards had found a home there, bringing with them a Teutonic language and Teutonic customs, which were alike *caviare* to the Gaels north of the Grampians. In course of time the Gaels in the south became completely absorbed by the Teutonic element, while those in the north retained their pristine purity of blood, language, and customs. Thus the process of estrangement between the two sections of the Scottish people, culminating ultimately in their complete severance except in name, dates from the substitution of Saxon for Gaelic as the Court language of Scotland. But the act that more immediately led to the adoption by the Highlanders of the clan system was the removal by Malcolm Ceanmore of his Court from Scone to Dunfermline. Increased distance from the seat of power meant increased danger to life and property. The administration of the laws from Dunfermline became, in the remote Highlands, a matter of impossibility. The inevitable result was that, failing to receive adequate protection from the laws of their country, the Highlanders became a law unto themselves, revenging injuries in person, and gradually reversing the modern axiom of civilisation that "the pen is mightier than the sword." From this state of anarchy arose the clan system. Gradually the people grouped themselves together for mutual protection, the division of the groups naturally resolving itself, on a territorial basis, into communities having common interests in the various districts of the Highlands.

It is a grave error to suppose that the clan system in the Highlands was merely a counterpart of the feudal system in England. True, the two systems had certain features in common, but at the root of the clan system there lay a principle which at once classified it as a plant of a different species from the other. Both systems were the outcome of an ineffective central authority. The growth of both was promoted by the first law of Nature; and the fertile soil in which both grew was watered by rivers of bloodshed. But whereas *the feudal system* was based upon a condition of absolute lordship *on the one hand, and a condition of absolute serfdom on the other,*

the relations between a Highland chief and his clansmen were of an entirely different order. Originally a Highland chief did not owe his ascendancy over his dependants entirely, or even primarily, to the extent of his landed property. That qualification was of minor importance as compared with natural qualities which were required of him. In a country where bravery was a commonplace and cowardice a crime, the possession of extraordinary courage was a *sine qua non* of chiefship, and the possession of other natural talents was also a necessary qualification for the leadership of a clan. Once, however, a chief had, by the exercise of his talents, established his right to the position to which he had been elected, the respect and devotion of his clansmen knew no bounds. To this alone is to be attributed the great powers which were vested in the chiefs. They became leaders and judges as well as landlords, and established within the bounds of the territories which they controlled a jurisdiction which, time and again in the history of the Highlands, was sufficiently independent to set at defiance the authority of the king himself. But the supremacy thus constituted more closely resembled the power which the president of a republic exercises by the free-will of a democratic community than the sceptre which is wielded by an autocratic sovereign. The absolutism of chiefship was, indeed, considerably modified by the necessity which existed of consulting in all matters of importance the leading members of the clan, and where differences arose between the chief and his advisers, the former consulted his own dignity and safety when he gracefully gave way. So jealously, indeed, did the clansmen maintain their right to resist any abuse by their chiefs of the authority bestowed upon them, that more than one instance is on record of the latter being deposed from their position by the will of the clan when they proved unworthy of the trust confided in them.

In course of time, however, the influence of the chiefs became increasingly great, while the independence of the clansmen gradually diminished. The result was that while the ties of clanship still remained close in theory, the common people became in practice simply the dependants of their landlords. But, whether treated as members of one family or as tenants bound to do the laird's bidding, the people in their blind devotion never complained; their chiefs, they argued, could do no wrong.

In its ideal state, the clan system had a patriarchal basis.<sup>1</sup> The chief was regarded as the father of his clan, and was looked up to

<sup>1</sup> It is probable that the patriarchal element lay at the root of the system of government which prevailed in the Highlands from the earliest times.

as such by his clansmen and namesakes. If he was feared it was the fear of reverence and not of servitude; if he was implicitly obeyed the obedience was that of a family to its head; if he judged he also advised; if he punished he also protected; if he exacted rent he also provided against want. As landlord, as leader, as judge, as adviser, as protector, his influence was paramount, and the attachment of his clansmen to his person, sealed by blood freely shed on his behalf, was a governing principle to which history offers no parallel.

The family ties which thus existed between the chief and his followers were strengthened by the self-contained nature of their lives. Each district was practically an independent State, and the instances of intermarriages with other clans were rare. Hence the members of a clan were generally blood relations, and this fact largely contributed towards the inception and the perpetuation of the inter-clan feuds, which formed one of the most notable features of the system. No less did it contribute towards the feeling of self-respect which was a characteristic of every clansman, whatever his station. Pride of birth was an influence which ruled his life, and the fear of disgracing his name and his blood had a wholesome effect upon his actions. His standard of ethics was different from that of the present day, but he lived up to his standard with all the strenuousness at his command. He counted it a meritorious act to raid the cattle of a hostile clan, and the cattle of the alien Lowlanders were considered fair spoil, as a matter of course. But within the bounds of the clan territory, the eighth commandment was rigorously observed, and the general morality was a pattern to contemporary communities.

The wealth of the clans consisted not in silver and gold, but in flocks and herds. Some of the latter were bred in districts from which they had been forcibly "lifted," but their possessors could point to the consideration that their late owners probably held four-footed property of which they also had, by similar means, forcibly deprived their original owners. And thus the practice of "cattle-purloining" among the clans was based upon a give-and-take principle, which, however, was characterised by a maximum of "taking" and a minimum of "giving." The cattle forays, or *creachs*, as they were called, were ordered by the chiefs, and were naturally enough, regarded as a declaration of enmity against the clan thus despoiled. They were conducted with great secrecy, and bloodshed was, if possible, avoided. When, however, as was frequently the case, these predatory incursions were accompanied by *loss of life*, the feud became interminable until ample vengeance had

been taken. Revenge was inculcated as a duty, the neglect of which was accounted a disgrace to the living and a dishonour to the dead.

But cattle-raiding was not the only, or indeed the primary, cause of the feuds which for centuries made the Highlands the seat of internecine warfare between the clans. The most trifling incidents generally operated in the same direction. An insult, sometimes a fancied insult, was sufficient to set the heather on fire. Nothing more clearly exemplifies the relationship which existed between the chief and his clansmen than the fact that the most unpardonable insult which could be offered to a clan was to speak in disrespectful terms of its chief. That insult could only be wiped out in blood, and as a rule no time was lost in so expurgating it. It sometimes happened that a clan smarting under an affront was numerically too weak to take its revenge in the only way which was open to it. It bided its time, however, and sooner or later tasted the sweets of revenge. The clans had long memories for injuries sustained, and the germ of implacable hatred was often transmitted from father to son, growing in intensity, until finally extinguished in propitiatory blood.

The succession to the chiefship was determined by the law of tanistry, which placed a brother a degree nearer than a son; while the law of gavel, providing for the distribution in certain proportions of the clan's property among the various male members of the chief's family, regulated the succession to the land. These laws of succession were best suited to the clan system, which was upon a military basis. Military ranks were strictly defined under the system. Next to the chief, who was the principal commander, came the oldest cadet of his family, who commanded the post of honour, the right wing, while the youngest cadet commanded the rear. An office of peculiar honour was that of standard-bearer. This office was hereditary, and a small salary was attached to it.

The importance of a chief was gauged by the numerical strength of his adherents, and by the lavishness of his hospitality. Hospitality was in those days counted a duty of primary importance, and traces of its influence are apparent at the present day in the Highlands. Every member of the clan was made welcome on festive occasions. He claimed and received at the hands of his chief a courteous reception, which made him respect himself more, while he revered his chief none the less.

The "fiery cross" of the clans consisted of two pieces of wood shaped like a cross. One end of the horizontal portion was set alight, and a piece of cloth stained with blood was hung from the

other end. Two men, each bearing a cross, were sent by the chief in different directions, and, as they ran with all the speed of fleet-footed mountaineers, they kept shouting the war cry, or *slogan*, of the clan. The cross was delivered from hand to hand, and so it was passed on, those who had already been summoned assembling meanwhile at the *rendez-vous* of the clan. By means of this system of human telegraphy, the gathering of a clan was accomplished in a few hours. It was only in cases of emergency that use was made of the fiery cross, but, as these were of frequent occurrence, owing to the constant incursions of their foes, the clansmen had sufficient opportunities of acquiring expertness in passing on the *tarie*, and celerity in obeying its call.

The original system of land tenure was a curious exemplification of the clan principle. Theoretically, the chiefs held the land from their overlords or from the reigning monarch, but in practice it was the property of the clan, vested in the person of the chief, and the rents which were paid, principally in service and in kind (a small proportion only being in money), were regarded not in the light of payment for the use of the land, but as contributions for the maintenance of the dignity and comfort of their leaders, tributes of affection and reverence from the family to its head. The chieftains and the duinewassels (who were afterwards called tacksmen) held land under their relative the chief—at a nominal rent as a rule—and they in turn sub-let to tenants, the latter again sub-letting to the cottars. The great *desideratum* of the chiefs was to have as many fighting men as possible available for their service at a moment's notice, and, as the tenure of land carried with it compulsion for military service, a system of subdivision of the land into small lots was introduced, which was subsequently a fruitful source of congestion and want.

Culloden was a staggering blow to the clan system. The Acts which were passed in 1746-7 providing for the disarming of the Highlanders, the prohibition of the Highland dress, and, most important of all, the abolition of the hereditary jurisdiction were the finishing blows. By these Acts the spirit of the people and the power of the chiefs alike were broken.

But the death of the clan system has proved the birth of a new era for the fighting Highlanders. The proscribed tartan has since those days fluttered in the van of many a British army in the hour of victory; for in the interval which has elapsed between Culloden and Omdurman, the prowess of the mountaineers has been diverted *into channels of marked usefulness* to their country and immortal *honour to themselves.*

W. C. MACKENZIE.

## THE SUN'S JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE,

THAT the sun, together with the earth and all the planets and satellites constituting the solar system, is speeding through space towards the constellation of the Lyre is now a well-established scientific fact, and some account of the researches which have led to this result may prove of interest to the general reader.

The ancient astronomers, who had no telescopes, and could only observe the heavens with the naked eye, thought that the constellations preserved through all ages the same forms and dimensions. Hence the term "fixed," which has been applied to the stars from the earliest times. To show this apparent fixity we may mention the unchanged alignments frequently observed between three stars in various parts of the sky, which were noted by Ptolemy and which still exist. There are many combinations of three stars nearly in a straight line. Twenty-five of these are noted by Riccioli. Of these may be mentioned the straight line formed by Aldebaran, Iota Aurigæ, and Capella. Iota Aurigæ, which is of the third magnitude, lies nearly midway between the other two, which are first magnitude stars. The three stars are, however, not exactly in a straight line, the middle star being distant more than half the moon's apparent diameter from the line joining the two brighter stars. But such a small difference would hardly be appreciable to the naked eye.

Even Copernicus and Kepler believed the stars to be absolutely fixed. Halley was the first who suspected—in 1718—that Aldebaran, Sirius, and Arcturus had a "proper motion," as it is termed, on the face of the sky; but to Cassini is due the credit of having proved beyond doubt the apparent motion of certain stars. Observations made by Ptolemy and other ancient astronomers were too rough to rely on for an accurate determination of the motions in question, so Cassini discarded them, and had recourse to more accurate observations made with the telescope. He therefore compared his own observations of Arcturus, made at the Paris Observatory in 1738, with those made by Richer at Cayenne in 1672. From these obser-



vations he found that during the sixty-six years which had elapsed, this bright star had approached the ecliptic by nearly two minutes of arc, which gives an annual motion of about two seconds. Observations made by Flamstead at Greenwich in 1690 were also in favour of this apparent motion. To test the accuracy of this result, Cassini examined the observations made by Tycho Brahé in 1584—observations which, although made with the naked eye, were probably as accurate as they could possibly be without the aid of a telescope. He found that in the 154 years which elapsed between 1584 and 1738, the latitude of Arcturus, or its distance north of the ecliptic, had diminished about five minutes of arc. This gives an annual motion of about two seconds of arc, thus agreeing closely with measures made with the telescope. Modern measures give Arcturus a "proper motion" of about 2·3 seconds of arc per annum. The neighbouring star, Eta Boötis, showed no such change in its apparent position on the celestial vault. Cassini also showed that Ptolemy's observations of Sirius compared with those of Halley gave a considerable "proper motion" to that brilliant star. Observations in recent years give a motion of about 1·32 seconds per annum.

Modern observations have revealed the existence of still larger "proper motions." Thus the small star Groombridge 1830 (the so-called "runaway star") has an annual motion of about 7 seconds of arc; Lacaille 9352 about 6·9 seconds; Cordoba 32416, 6·1 seconds; 61 Cygni, 5·2 seconds; Lalande 21185, 4·7 seconds; Epsilon Indi, 4·6 seconds; Lalande 21258, 4·4 seconds; 40 Eridani, 4·1 seconds; Mu Cassiopeiæ, 3·7 seconds; Alpha Centauri, 3·7 seconds; and many others of smaller amount. Quite recently it has been found by Dr. Kepteyn that a star in the southern constellation Pictor has a "proper motion" of no less than 8·7 seconds per annum, a motion which would carry it through a space equal to the moon's apparent diameter in about 214 years. The proper motions of over five thousand stars have now been accurately determined, and further researches may perhaps show that no really "fixed star" exists in the heavens.

Of twenty-five stars with proper motions exceeding two seconds of arc per annum there are only two—Alpha Centauri and Arcturus—whose magnitude exceeds the third. As a large proper motion is considered as a test of proximity to the earth, this result is very significant—a significance accentuated by the fact that about half the number have yielded a measurable parallax. M. Ludwig Struve *found for stars of the sixth magnitude an average proper motion of eight seconds per century.* As the mean distance of stars of this

brightness should be—on the assumption of uniform size and brightness—ten times that of a first magnitude star, we should find the mean proper motion of first magnitude stars to be eighty seconds in a hundred years. The twenty brightest stars, however, show an average motion of only sixty seconds in the same time. Stars of the second magnitude show a still slower motion. Instead of fifty seconds per century due to their hypothetical distance, twenty-two stars of this magnitude yielded a mean motion of only seventeen seconds. From these results we see that the brightness of a star is not an absolute criterion of its distance, but generally speaking we may assume that the fainter stars are on the whole farther from the earth than the brighter ones, and that as a general rule faint stars have small proper motions.

How are these "proper motions" to be accounted for? They may be due to two causes: either a real motion in the stars themselves, or else by a motion of the earth and sun through space, which would produce an apparent motion in the opposite direction. Probably in most cases of proper motion both causes combine to produce the observed effect. The sun's motion through space was suggested by the famous Bradley so far back as 1748. He says: "If our own Solar System be conceived to Change its Place with respect to Absolute Space, this might, in Process of Time, occasion an apparent Change in the angular Distances of the fixed Stars; and in such Case, the Places of the nearest Stars being more affected, than of those that are very remote; their relative Positions might seem to alter; tho' the Stars themselves were really immovable. And on the other Hand, if our own System be at Rest, and any of the Stars really in Motion, this might likewise vary their apparent Positions; and the more so, the nearer they are to us, or the swifter their Motions are, or the more proper the Direction of the Motion is, to be rendered perceptible to us. Since then the Relative Places of the Stars may be changed from such a Variety of Causes, considering that amazing Distance at which it is certain some of them are placed, it may require the Observations of Many Ages, to determine the Laws of the apparent Changes, even of a single Star: much more difficult therefore must it be to settle the Laws relating to all the most remarkable Stars" (*Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society, Vol. xlv. For the year 1748, pp. 40, 41).

In 1760 Tobias Mayer published the proper motions of eighty stars, and from an examination of these Mayer thought them unfavourable to the hypothesis of the solar motion. Lambert in 1761 thought it possible that all the stars, including the sun, had a motion

through space, but that the sun's motion of rotation on its axis did not necessarily imply a motion of translation. Lalande, however, considered that a motion of rotation on an axis *does* necessitate a motion of translation, and this conclusion is now looked upon as highly probable, although we cannot absolutely prove it to be true.

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Subsequent researches on this interesting question have fully confirmed the general accuracy of this conclusion, at least so far as the *direction* of the motion is concerned. The following are some of the positions found for the solar “apex”—as it is termed—or the point towards which the sun is moving. O. Struve placed the apex a little following the star Rho Herculis, and between that star and Theta Herculis; Ubaghs and Airy found a point not far from Sir W. Herschel's—near Lambda Herculis; L. de Ball between 84 and 106 Herculis; Rancken and O. Stumpe near Gamma Lyrae, and L. Boss a point near Epsilon Lyrae, a little north following Vega. Subsequent calculations by O. Stumpe place the “apex” at various points in the constellation Lyra, the position of the point found varying with the mean magnitudes and proper motions of the stars used in the computation (*The Observatory*, November 1896), but as Lyra is a comparatively small constellation, the results may be considered as fairly accordant.

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divided by 600,000. Now the mean parallax of stars of the first magnitude has been found by Dr. Elkin to be 0.089 of a second of arc, which corresponds to a distance of about 2,317,500 times the distance of the earth from the sun. Hence the distance traversed by the sun in one year is about four times the sun's distance from the earth, or about two-thirds of the earth's velocity in its orbit round the sun. Now as the latter velocity is about eighteen miles per second we have the sun's velocity in space about twelve miles per second. Following Struve's method other astronomers have found a velocity ranging from about six miles to thirty miles a second. The discordance in these results is chiefly due to our imperfect knowledge of the distances of stars of different magnitudes.

By means of the spectroscope we can obtain a probably more accurate determination of the sun's velocity through space. As is well known, the velocity of a star in the line of sight can be found by measuring the displacement of the lines visible in the star's spectrum. Now the stars near the position of the solar "apex" should be approaching the earth on account of the solar motion, and those at the opposite point of the sky—called the "ant-apex"—should be receding. This method has been employed by several astronomers, especially by Vogel at the Potsdam Observatory. This able astronomer has found from an examination of forty stars that the sun's velocity through space is about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  miles a second, but an examination of a larger number of stars would be necessary before we could consider this result as thoroughly established. From an examination of the spectra of fourteen nebulae, Professor Keeler, of the Lick Observatory, has found velocities in the line of sight, and from these the French astronomer Tisserand has deduced a velocity of about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  miles for the solar motion, a result which does not differ widely from that found by Vogel. We may therefore perhaps conclude that the velocity of the sun's motion through space is between six and twelve miles per second. The average velocity of the stars measured at Potsdam is about  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles a second, and possibly the sun may have a similar velocity.

An interesting question suggests itself with reference to the sun's motion through space. Does this motion take place in a straight line or in a gigantic orbit round some unknown centre? In *The Observatory* for January 1896 Mr. G. C. Bompas considers that the various determinations of the solar "apex" show a tendency to a drift along the edge of the Milky Way, and that this drift "seems to point to a plane of motion of the sun nearly coinciding with the plane of the Milky Way, or perhaps more nearly with the plane of

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Recent researches seem to show that the centre of the Milky Way probably lies in a direction south of Cassiopeia's Chair and a little south of the Milky Way (about R.A.  $24^h$ )—the sun and solar system being probably situated a little to the south of the galactic centre and a little to the north of the plane of the Milky Way. Now the "apex" of the solar motion lies roughly  $90^\circ$  from this position, and judging from the position of the apex found by Sir William Herschel, Argelander, and Airy (about R.A.  $17^h 30^m$ ) and that indicated by recent researches (about R.A.  $19^h$ ) there may perhaps be a shift of the apex towards the centre of the Milky Way, which should be the case were the sun revolving round that centre. This supposed "shift" in the position of the "apex" may of course be more apparent than real, and may perhaps be partly or altogether due to errors of calculation. The various positions, however, found for the apex show a tendency at least to a shift in position towards the supposed centre of the Milky Way. However this may be, it seems not improbable that the sun may be revolving round the centre of gravity of the Milky Way, which may also be the centre of gravity of the whole system of stars composing our visible sidereal universe.

The existence of dark bodies in the universe has been suspected by astronomers. Should the sun, in its journey through space, come into collision with one of these dark bodies, the result would be—were the body a large one—most disastrous to the earth. The sun's heat would be increased to an enormous extent, and—as foretold by St. Peter—"the heavens being on fire" would "be dissolved" and "the elements" would "melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein" would "be burned up." As, however, the approaching dark body would—at a certain distance—begin to shine by light reflected from the sun, it would be visible for some time previous to the final catastrophe.

J. ELLARD CORE.

## THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF ITALY.

ON the 23rd of March of the present year the Italians celebrated the Jubilee, if such it can be called, of the battle of Novara, the battle which once more made the Austrians masters of Northern Italy, crushed for ten years the movement in favour of national independence, and drove Carlo Alberto to abdicate and to seek exile and death at Oporto. Although Radetzky's victory at Novara was not quite the last event in the Austro-Italian struggle of 1848-9—for the "ten days of Brescia" and the capitulation of Venice were as yet uncompleted—still that memorable day, followed on the morrow by the accession of Vittorio Emanuele to the throne of Sardinia, may be regarded as the turning-point in the fortunes of Italy. Fifty years have now passed away since then, and the moment seems opportune to consider the question suggested by this anniversary, whether the Italians are really happier and more prosperous now than they were before the *Risorgimento*.

A generation has nearly elapsed since the completion of Italian unity by the occupation of Rome, so that there has been some time to judge of the results achieved in the strenuous years which preceded that event. In the first flush of enthusiasm it was, of course, accepted as an article of historic faith that the Unification of Italy had been one of the grandest successes of the century, and this is still the view which finds a place in most history-books. But those who have passed much time in Italy, talked politics with the people and studied the Italian newspapers of all shades of opinion, will hesitate to accept this congenial theory. Last year, during the so-called *Cinquantenario dello Statuto*, or "Jubilee of the Constitution" granted by Carlo Alberto on March 4, 1848, nothing was more remarkable than the despondency and disillusionment of the nation. Yet the ceremony might have been expected to unite all classes and parties, for the time at least, in the celebration of the first step towards the *Risorgimento*. So far from that being the case, the people have been engaged in showing, by a series of object

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A generation has nearly elapsed since the completion of Italian unity by the occupation of Rome, so that there has been some time to judge of the results achieved in the strenuous years which preceded that event. In the first flush of enthusiasm it was, of course, accepted as an article of historic faith that the Unification of Italy had been one of the grandest successes of the century, and this is still the view which finds a place in most history-books. But those who have passed much time in Italy, talked politics with the people and studied the Italian newspapers of all shades of opinion, will hesitate to accept this congenial theory. Last year, during the so-called *Cinquantenario dello Statuto*, or "Jubilee of the Constitution" granted by Carlo Alberto on March 4, 1848, nothing was more remarkable than the despondency and disillusionment of the nation. Yet the ceremony might have been expected to unite all classes and parties, for the time at least, in the celebration of the first step towards the *Risorgimento*. So far from that being the case, the people have been engaged in showing, by a series of object

lessons, that the Unification of Italy and the grant of the Albertine constitution have not in the least diminished, but have perhaps rather exaggerated, the social misery of the working-classes. The very year which witnessed the fiftieth anniversary of the historic "five days of Milan," when the Milanese, or some of them, rose against the Austrians, saw also the Milan riots, when barricades were thrown up in the streets of the most prosperous town in Italy, and Italians fought Italians with quite as much zest as an earlier generation had shown in fighting "the foreigner." The Jubilee year, which should have been one of rejoicing, saw too the establishment of the state of siege, the sentence of numbers of rioters and journalists to prison—where many of them, in spite of the pardon or *indulto* of December 29, limited to those who had received sentences of not more than two years, still remain—and a general expression of discontent and dissatisfaction all over the country. Ask the average Italian to-day whether his fellow-countrymen were not happier before his country became a first-class Power, and he will tell you in an epigram that *quando si stava peggio, si stava meglio*, or, "When we were worse off, we were better off." I have heard Venetians lament the decline of material prosperity in Venice since the departure of the Austrians; I have met Sicilians who declared that the poor of the south were better cared for under the tyranny of the Bourbons, who reserved their punishments for the political personages of the middle classes, than under the present constitutional system; and I have been told that the golden age of Tuscany was before the Unity of Italy. No doubt great ideas have been accomplished, splendid ideals have been achieved; but now that the poor Italians have to sit down quietly and count up the cost, they not unnaturally feel that in many respects they are worse off than they were before.

In no country with which I am acquainted is the burden of taxation so appalling as in modern Italy. Talk politics for even a few minutes with an Italian, and he will inevitably complain of what he has to pay in rates and taxes to the Commune and to the State. Over-taxation is draining the life-blood of the nation. I have before me the figures of the national expenditure in 1871, the first year of complete Italian unity after the occupation of Rome, and those for 1897. In the former year the expenditure was 1,013,286,422 lire, while in the latter it reached the total of 1,624,029,899 lire, being an average increase of 23 million lire a year. During the same period the national debt has risen from 441 million to 687 million lire, and this absorbs no less than 43 per cent. of the annual revenue of the State, 27 per cent. more being eaten up by the Army and Navy.

Thus only 30 per cent. of the revenue is left over for all other purposes. In Italy practically everything is taxed—even billiard-tables and pianos have just been made to yield their quota to the revenue—and a leading comic paper lately amused its readers by exhibiting in human form the various taxes which beset the life of the Italian citizen. But not only is everything taxed, but the taxes are so arranged that, in the words of Signor Giolitti, the poor pay in proportion twice as much as the rich. For in Italy it is the necessaries of life—at least, we should consider them as such—the bread, the meat, and the sugar, which pay, while the luxuries, though generally taxed too, bring in comparatively a small amount. One luxury, indeed, is an exception—the Italian State Lottery, in which all classes of the community, down to the very poorest, who can scrape twenty centesimi together, take tickets every week. A brilliant Italian novelist, Matilde Serao, has shown in her admirable “Paese di Cuccagna,” and in some of her shorter stories, the far-reaching harm which this system of State-encouraged gambling causes, the superstitions which it engenders, and the deprivations which it sometimes necessitates. But it brings in 60,000,000 lire a year to the Government, and all but the smallest places in Italy have their *banco lotto*, where tickets for Saturday’s draw at the eight “wheels” can be taken, and where, on Sunday, lists of winning numbers, with perhaps a yellow and a red rose against those held by local gamblers, may be seen. But, after all, the *lotto* is optional, while the taxes are not. So bread and sugar cost about thrice what they do in England, the *sopratassa* on railway tickets makes travelling in Italy dearer than anywhere else, while salt is heavily mulcted for revenue purposes.<sup>1</sup> Hence genuine discontent arises, though here it is necessary to distinguish. In spite of the assertions of the *Secolo* and other advanced papers, the correct view appears to be—so Milanese eye-witnesses of last year’s riots inform me—that whereas in most other places, and especially in the south, the disturbances were really due to want of food and abject poverty, there, on the contrary, where trade is much more flourishing and work much more plentiful than elsewhere, the agitation was industriously fomented for political ends. Too much importance must not be attached to the “protest” elections of two of the political prisoners to Parliament at Milan and Ravenna, or to the

<sup>1</sup> In one instance, an English land agent in Italy put up a notice in English, “Land for sale.” Next day the revenue official informed him that he had infringed the law. The official had mistaken “sale” for the Italian word *sale*, “salt.”

election of several of them to the local chambers of commerce ; for on these occasions few voted. Certainly the stringent measures of the Pelloux Ministry against the Press, which the *Secolo* lately declared to be "worse than anything done by the Austrians or the Bourbons," indicate that, in the opinion of the Government and of the vast majority of the deputies, subversive articles in the papers have a great influence upon the inflammable Italian temperament. But no one denies that there are large parts of Italy where poverty is simply terrible, while it has been proved statistically that the two nations of Europe which consume least meat per head of the population are Spain and the other Latin race south of the Alps. Italian ministries come and go, but the taxes, once imposed, come to stay. The one part of Italy where the people are not ground down by taxes is the little Republic of San Marino.

It is not, however, in respect of taxation alone that Italy is at present in a parlous condition. One hardly ever finds an Italian who is contented with the way in which the country is governed. One of the blessings which Italian unity and independence were to bring was a national Parliament. Well, Italy has now had for many years its Legislature, and the result is that almost half the electorate never takes the trouble to vote at elections, while a not inconsiderable number of people openly advocate the closing of the Senate and Chamber indefinitely. Parliamentary debates have quite ceased to interest the electors. At no previous period were the galleries at Monte Citorio so empty as they have been of late ; and, even when the estimates were under discussion—a subject of the most vital importance to the over-burdened taxpayer—there was hardly a soul in the public tribunes and only a comparatively small number of deputies in the Chamber. "Our deputies and our senators," once said to me a very intelligent Government official, "are chatterboxes, who do nothing but talk." "With us," remarked another Italian, who followed politics closely, "parliamentary institutions have had their day ; we should be better without a Parliament than with one." This appears to be the opinion of some of the constituencies, one of which, Pietrasanta, has been unrepresented for more than nine months, and is said to have not the slightest desire for a representative. Whenever an election takes place the number of actual votes recorded is comparatively small, and this is due, not merely to the abstention of the clericals in obedience to the papal commands (not always obeyed in practice), *but to the utter indifference of the electorate, and to its disgust with*

public affairs and with the men who conduct them. Nor is this to be altogether wondered at. For, with the sole exception of Signor Crispi, whom age, Africa and the bank scandals have now relegated to the position of a private member, what statesman of eminence has Italy produced since the heroic period of the struggle for unity ended? The Marchese di Rudini, who has been twice Prime Minister, is a very honest Sicilian nobleman of great wealth but little strength of character. He is an ideal Opportunist, a sort of Italian De Freycinet, who is a useful stop-gap, but in no sense a great man. Signor Giolitti, who has once held the post of President of the Council and enjoys a considerable amount of authority in the Chamber as a party leader, made no mark as a constructive statesman, though his speeches are listened to with attention, because he was a patron of the late Ministry, in which one of his nominees held a subordinate post. He has lately insisted on the need for more equitable taxation, and proposed *scrutin de liste* as the best means of raising the tone of Parliament. General Pelloux, the actual Premier, is honest and outspoken, and has shown a creditable contempt for humbug and claptrap, which proves him to be a man of sense. He is, even by the admission of his opponents, kind-hearted, and there is no ground whatever for the charge of cruelty brought against him by "Ouida"; when in command at Bari last year during the disturbances, he showed that he was desirous to avoid bloodshed. But he does not lay claim to the title of statesman, nor is he likely to remain very long in office, in spite of the reconstruction of his Cabinet—for Ministries in Italy are not only short-lived but are liable, in spite of large Ministerial majorities, to be overturned, as Signor Crispi twice experienced, by sudden gusts of temper. Signor Zanardelli, the present Speaker of the Chamber, who has often been a Minister but never a Premier, is a learned lawyer and a powerful party chief, who has to be consulted in every Ministerial reconstruction and has a finger in every rearrangement, or *rimpasto* as the Italians call it, of the Cabinet offices. But he again, though he exercises considerable influence both personally and through his organ, *La Tribuna*, is not a Cavour. As for the three parties of the extreme Left, the Radicals, the Republicans, and the Socialists, they have a great number of orators who are always on their legs in the Chamber, but not a single man of note, now that Cavallotti is no more. Cavallotti himself was more of a poet than a practical statesman; and though his policy of friendship with France has partially triumphed this year with the conclusion of



the Franco-Italian Commercial Treaty<sup>1</sup> on February 12, he never had an opportunity of putting into force in office the theories which for years he had advocated in opposition. The Foreign Secretary, the Marchese Visconti-Venosta, is a very honest and experienced diplomatist, who held that office as far back as 1863, and, after a long absence from public life, resumed it in 1896 and again a few days ago. He is a conservative of Francophil tendencies, universally trusted, but not a genius.

Another cause of dissatisfaction in Italy, which tends to sap the religious feelings of the people to a degree scarcely known elsewhere, is the continued schism between the Quirinal and the Vatican. During the late illness of the Pope the question of reconciliation between the State and the Church was frequently discussed, and the somewhat earlier publication of a book, entitled *Il Papa futuro*, led to a vigorous debate in the Italian Press as to the possibility of finding a *modus vivendi*. Now it must be apparent to everyone that the position of an Italian who is at once a good Catholic and a good patriot is most embarrassing. Moreover, this animosity between Church and State enters into all the relations of life and embitters everything which it affects. By this time it must be tolerably obvious that the restitution of the Temporal Power is impossible. No Government could so stultify itself as to withdraw voluntarily from what is, after all, the natural capital of the country, after a continuous occupation of nearly thirty years. On the other hand, the Vatican policy of abstention from Italian politics, summed up in the phrase *nè eletti, nè elettori*, prevents the formation in Parliament of a compact Clerical party, which perhaps, like the Catholic Centre in the German Reichstag, might, under able leadership, have wrung some concessions from a Government in need of a majority. There remain then only three courses open: one, intervention on behalf of the Vatican by some foreign Catholic Power; two, the submission of the Papacy to the order of things established in 1870; and three, the continuance of its present irreconcilable attitude. As to the first of these causes, it seems unlikely that France, "the eldest daughter of the Church," will repeat her policy of supporting the Pope by bayonets, which so disgusted the Roman Republicans in 1849, and led to the battle of Mentana in 1867. Neither Austria-Hungary nor Spain would be in the least inclined to interfere, especially as the former, like Germany, is the ally of Italy. As for

<sup>1</sup> *The Treaty passed the Italian Chamber by 226 to 34, the Senate by 105 to*

any concession by the Vatican, that, according to a recent and evidently inspired article of the *Osservatore Romano*, the papal organ, is quite out of the question. All things point at present to the election of a cardinal as Leo XIII.'s successor who will continue Leo XIII.'s Italian policy. Some day, perhaps, when an entirely new generation of cardinals has grown up, to which the Temporal Power will be nothing more than an historic memory, the Vatican will see the wisdom of coming to some agreement with the Quirinal, and thus the Conservative party will receive additional strength from its natural ally, the Church, in its struggle against Socialism. At present it is significant that one of the most prominent leaders in the agitation of last year was a Catholic priest, Don Davide Albertario, while one of the clerical chiefs, Signor Crispotti, lately urged that the Catholic party should no longer abstain officially from participation in the legislative elections.

Perhaps no part of the Italian kingdom's recent history has been more unfortunate or made it more unpopular with its subjects than its colonial policy in Africa. It is well known that those Italians who emigrate—I am not speaking merely of those temporary emigrants who seek work in the south of France or in the Canton of Ticino—almost invariably go to America, and for preference to the Argentine Republic. The Italian Press gives the greatest prominence to all that goes on in Argentina, and climate and other considerations seem to mark it out as the natural resort of the surplus population of Italy. But it had the artificial disadvantage of not being Italian territory, and therefore Italy, anxious to imitate the other great Powers, must needs embark on a costly and inglorious series of adventures in Eritrea. The result of those adventures is matter of history, and is, alas! commemorated by a long line of memorial tablets and funeral wreaths in many an Italian city. It was remarkable that, last December, on the vote for abandoning the colony of Eritrea, no less than 83 deputies supported the motion, showing thereby their eagerness to be rid of a dependency which has swallowed up funds more profitably applicable to Sicily or Sardinia. Having conspicuously failed in Africa, the Italian Government must needs begin again, and begin badly, in China.

The present writer, who heard Admiral Canevaro's memorable statement in the *Camera dei Deputati*, can testify to the general effect of mismanagement which that confession produced. Were Italy really a great and rich Power there would be no particular reason why she also should not compete in the race for colonies. But she is poor, and most of her well-wishers will probably think that she

should expend such spare funds as she has upon those portions of her own immediate dominions which so sorely need development. The condition of Sicily, and even more of Sardinia, calls for urgent and thorough remedies. The long-promised visit of the king to the latter island, which, in spite of the fact that from 1720 to 1861 it conferred upon his predecessors their royal title, has always been the Cinderella of the Italian realm, may perhaps at last call the serious attention of the sovereign and his ministers to that neglected island. As another instance of the neglect of the Italian islands may be quoted the case of the little Tremiti group in the Adriatic, off the promontory of Gargano, whose oak forests inspired Horace with one of his most sonorous lines. These islands, comprising a population of some hundreds, partly convicts and partly warders and fishermen, have actually been overlooked altogether for nearly forty years, and a Bill is at present before Parliament for incorporating them at last with one of the provinces of the mainland. Altogether, according to a calculation made in the *Bollettino di notizie agrarie* a few weeks ago, there are at present no less than 4,500,000 hectares, or about one-sixth of the entire kingdom, in an uncultivated condition. Even within a day's walk of the walls of Rome there is land that might be reclaimed, and the outskirts of the "eternal city" remind one, for desolation and solitude, of that vast and neglected plain which stretches up to the ramparts of Constantinople. Italy may therefore look at home before she spends her hardly raised revenues in "ploughing the sands" of Africa or aiding in the partition of China. Certainly the colonising genius of the ancient Romans has not descended upon the modern Italians; and even the ancient Romans, like the modern Italians, allowed their own country to be agriculturally ruined by that system of vast estates which Pliny the Elder, and after him many a contemporary journalist, declared to be the curse of the land.

Foreign affairs are in these days closely connected with colonial adventures, and even in Italy the connection has been observable. From the time that France, at the instigation of Bismarck, occupied Tunis, Italy was driven into the arms of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and ever since 1882 the Triple Alliance has been the corner-stone of European politics. But, looking at the question purely from the Italian standpoint, it may be doubted whether this arrangement has greatly benefited Italy, and has not rather been a source of unnecessary expense—the first point to be considered in any estimate of Italian affairs. No doubt the Italians have, as a *general rule, that aversion from the French which closely-related*

nations, like near relatives in private life, usually demonstrate in their mutual dealings. But I do not think that any fair-minded man can accuse the Italians, as many a French journalist has accused them, of base ingratitude towards France. In the first place, gratitude rarely exists in politics; and, in the second, Napoleon III. was very well paid by the cession of Nice and Savoy for what he did for Italy, which, after all, he did not "free," as he promised, "from the Alps to the Adriatic." Mentana, too, as a prominent Italian politician exclaimed at the time, "killed the memory of Magenta"; and, on the whole, it would be as irrational to blame the Italians for being "ungrateful" to the French as to censure the Bulgarians for "ingratitude" to the Russians. But was there really any serious danger of a French attack upon Italy such as would justify the expenditure involved in the adhesion of Italy to the *Triplice*? There was, of course, for years a vigorous newspaper war kept up from either side of the Franco-Italian frontier, especially while Signor Crispi was Premier. But subsequent events have shown that in Paris, at least, the attacks upon Italy were not always the genuine outpourings of public opinion, but were inspired, in one case notoriously, from the Russian Foreign Office. Now, at any rate, the French Press is quite polite to Italy, and, except for one foolish and ignorant speech by an obscure deputy, the Franco-Italian Commercial Treaty passed almost unopposed through both the Senate and Chamber in Paris, while the Italian representatives at President Faure's funeral were exceptionally well received. Whether this revival of commercial harmony between the two Latin nations will have political results is, even after the visit of the French fleet to Sardinia, rather uncertain, especially as the King was studiously guarded in what he said on that occasion. A thoroughly good understanding between the two countries is much to be desired in the interest of general trade and intercommunication, which was immensely impeded during the eleven years' interruption of their commercial relations. The pecuniary advantages of the Treaty have not yet been felt to the full, but the general opinion in Italy seems to be that slowly but surely Italian trade will benefit by it. It is said that the Calabrias and Sicily, where poverty is specially severe, will thus recover the largest market for their figs and olives. The north, on the other hand, will be stimulated by the competition of French products, which were practically excluded from the Italian market owing to the previous high tariff. On the other hand, it is a distinct advantage that Italy should remain on good terms with Austria-Hungary, a Power which no sensible body of public opinion among

Italians—for the so-called “Irredentists” are an insignificant, if noisy, minority—wishes to have as an enemy. Daniele Manin, the President of the short-lived Venetian Republic of 1848–9, himself declared that, after the annexation of Lombardy and Venetia to Italy, Austria should be the friend and ally of the Italians, thus anticipating the alliance of 1882. The efforts of some Italians at Trieste and of Signor Barzilai and his friends in Italy to keep up an agitation<sup>1</sup> for the “redemption” of Trieste, Istria, Gorizia, and the Trentino are likely to be futile, for this excellent reason, among others, that Trieste would be commercially ruined if annexed to Italy, while the people of the South Tyrol pay smaller taxes now than they would if included in Italian territory. Thus, as Italy and Austria-Hungary have no serious cause of difference now, there is every reason to desire the continuance of friendship between them. With Italy, now officially styled by the British Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs “our friend *and ally*,” we have, as has long been understood, a secret treaty, of which the precise terms have always been a mystery, but which is supposed to contemplate a mutual action of the two fleets under certain contingencies. It should be mentioned, to the credit of the Italian Foreign Office, and more especially of its late occupant, that the share of Italy in the settlement of the Cretan question, largely owing to Admiral Canevaro’s practical and personal experience in Cretan waters, was considerable. The practical unanimity with which the Chamber of Deputies voted the Italian quota of the Cretan loan, proves that Italy still sympathises with the aspirations of another people for independence. And, more recently, an energetic Genoese journal has been urging the citizens of Genoa to take up the mediæval traditions of the Italian Republics in the Levant and develop Italian trade in that island, which so many traditions connect with Italy, and for the scientific exploration of which the Italian Government is about to send out a commission of *savants*, as it is also sending on full-pay six officers and eighty-six non-commissioned officers of the *carabinieri* to organise the Cretan *gendarmérie*.

As a result, then, of a review of Italian affairs after over fifty years of Constitutional Government and nearly thirty of complete unification, the sympathiser with Italian aspirations must confess to a sense of disappointment. The heroic age has given place to one

<sup>1</sup> Somewhat accentuated this year in consequence of the proposal to establish a Slav school at Pisino in Istria, and the subsequent meeting of the “Italian” party at Trieste on January 15.

of bronze ; the great ideals of the *Risorgimento* have been tarnished by contact with the world of dull, prosaic facts. Italy is experiencing the disadvantages of liberty without prosperity, and of independence without resources. Too much has been attempted in too short a time ; vast sums have been wasted on unproductive, and sometimes unnecessary, public works for political reasons ; the country has aimed at being a great Power, while as yet it was hardly out of its swaddling clothes ; taxation has grown, and goes on growing, without any sign of diminution, until not a few ask themselves whether the game is worth the candle. There are too many officials, whose salaries, small individually, form in the aggregate a serious item in the budget. The currency is, in spite of the re-issue of silver in March, still largely paper and still greatly depreciated, so that the sovereign fetches over twenty-seven lire instead of twenty-five. Social strife, the division of Church and State, the burden of armaments beyond the strength of the people, the impoverishment of the country—such was not the picture of the future which presented itself to the enthusiasts of 1849. Yet truth compels one to describe it as a faithful account of free and independent Italy up to date.

W. MILLER.

## TABLE TALK.

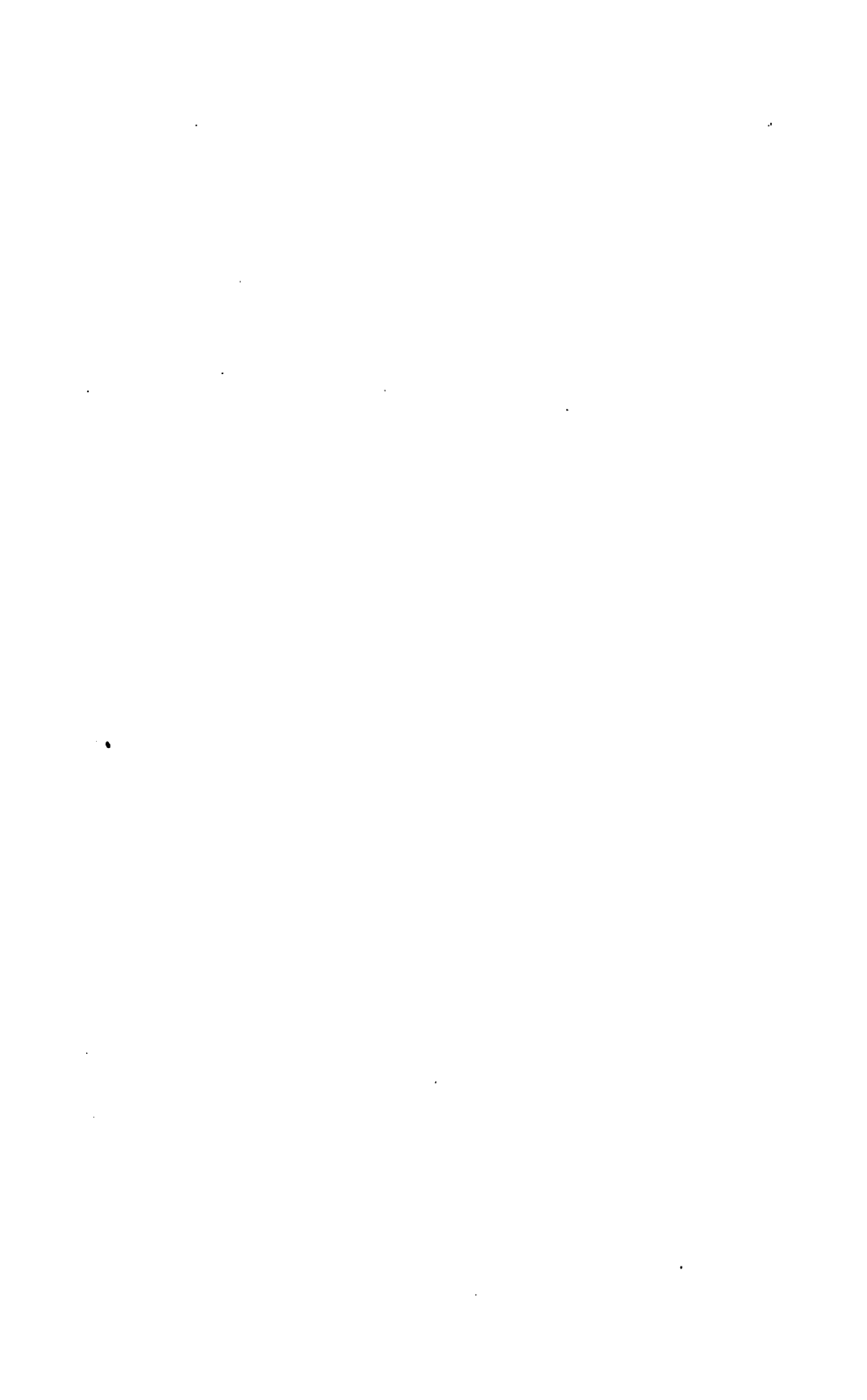
### INHABITANTS OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

SINCE the appearance of Mr. J. G. Frazer's article on Totemism, contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and subsequently, with additions, issued in book shape,<sup>1</sup> materials for an account of the subject have multiplied; new and important observations upon the practices of the aborigines of Central Australia have been accumulated by Mr. Baldwin Spencer, M.A., and Mr. I. F. Gillon, Special Magistrate and Sub-protector of the Aborigines, and published in their just issued work "The Native Tribes of Central Australia."<sup>2</sup> In this new and important book Mr. Frazer takes a keen interest, declaring it to contain "a full description of what is perhaps the most extraordinary set of customs and beliefs ever put on record." On a subject such as this, no living scholar can speak with so much authority as the author of the "Golden Bough," which I have already described, without winning universal consent, as the most epoch-marking book of the last half-century. In due time I hope to have something to say concerning the book of Messrs. Spencer and Gillon itself, and concerning Mr. Frazer's comments upon it. At present I may only venture with some timidity upon one or two points. The Australians with whom Messrs. Spencer and Gillon deal are, Mr. Frazer holds, entitled to rank at the very bottom of the savage scale. Two points are advanced as illustrating this. They have never yet, though suffering much from cold, had the idea of using for purposes of warmth the furs of the animals they kill and eat, but "huddle, naked and shivering, about little fires, into which, when they drop off to sleep, they are apt to roll." Once again, and more remarkable still, they steadfastly reject the idea that mankind is propagated by the union of the sexes. What beliefs on the subject they entertain I may not at present declare, but will content myself with taking Mr. Frazer's assertion that every connection is in the opinion of these races what, chiefly in the case of personages for whom supernatural gifts are claimed, we are accustomed to call immaculate.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

<sup>1</sup> *A. & C. Black.*

<sup>2</sup> *Macmillan & Co.*







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